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THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES HERVEY, M.A.

LATE RECTOR OF WESTON FAVELL,
IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION,

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LETTERS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;
BY BYE AND LAW, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE, CLERKENWELL.

1804.

SERMONS,

MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS,

AND

LETTERS.

BY JAMES HERVEY, M. A.

LATE RECTOR OF WESTON FAVELL, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A NEW EDITION,

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

Which, with the MEDITATIONS and CONTEMPLATIONS, and THERON and ASPASIO, complete

MR. HERVEY's WORKS.

VOL. III.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS, AND LETTERS TO LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON, No 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

M DCC XCVII.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

OF THE LATE

REVEREND MR. HERVEY.

LETTER CXLII.

Remarks on the earneſt Invitation to the Friends of the eſtabliſhed Church, with a Prayer for their Uſe.

Weſton-Favell, Monday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I AM much obliged to you for your generous Donation of thirty Shillings to purchaſe five Hundred of *An Earneſt Invitation to the Friends of the Eſtabliſhed Church, &c.* *—I have put the Money into the Hands of

* An earneſt Invitation to the Friends of the eſtabliſhed Church, to join with ſeveral of their Brethren, Clergy and Laity, in ſetting apart one Hour in the *Sunday* of every Week for Prayer and Supplication, eſpecially during the preſent troubleſome Times. Price one Penny, or ſix Shillings per Hundred. This Pamphlet is wrote with great *Spirit*, and a very good *Intention*. It well *deſerves* the moſt ſerious *Conſideration* of the Community; and their hearty *Concurrence* in ſo laudable and uſeful a *Deſign*, may very reaſonably be expected. Let us *reflect*, that our heavenly Father, high and mighty, who from his Throne looks down on all the Dwellers on Earth, and ſees what Multitudes in the different Parts of this Kingdom,

of one, who loves our Lord Jesus in Sincerity; and who will take care that the Pamphlet is properly dispersed according to our Desires.—'Tis an excellent Design:—I daily beg of God to *bless* it; for what *He vouchsafes* to *bless*, will be blest *indeed*.

Inclosed I send you a *Form of Prayer* founded on the Plan laid down in the *Earnest Invitation*, &c.—It was transmitted to me last Night by a very pious Clergyman, who, I believe, was *Himself* the Author of it. You may get one of your *Sons* to transcribe it, if you have not Leisure enough to do it *yourself*; and permit such serious Persons to take Copies, as you think will make a proper *Use* of it.

I wish you that *Promise* for your Counsellor, which we read this Morning at Breakfast in *Isaiah* (Chap. lviii. 11.) "The Lord shall *guide* thee continually."

I am, my dear Friend, ever your's, while

JAMES HERVEY.

A solemn Act of Confession, *and* Intercession *suited to the* Plan *of those* London *Clergy, and other Friends to the established Church, as specified in* The Earnest Invitation, *&c.* requesting *all the well-disposed Christians* (*Laity, as well as Clergy,*) *throughout this Nation, to* join *with them in a solemn Act of Humiliation for* one Hour *every* Sunday *Evening*, viz. *from eight of the Clock till nine, on Account of their* own *Sins, and the Sins of this* Nation; *especially during these calamitous Times*; viz. *in* 1757.

are at *that* Hour fervently praying to him in secret; and all united too in the same Requests, cannot but be *pleased* with such a Prospect; and may probably for *their* Sakes avert the impending *Calamities*, which are too justly deserved by so irreligious and dissolute a Nation. See *Genesis* xviii. 32.

1. O blessed

1. O Bleſſed Lord, let the Words of my Mouth, and the Meditation of my Heart, be at this Time acceptable in thy Sight as the Incenſe, and let this now lifting up of my Hands be a ſweet ſmelling Sacrifice!—Lord hear my *Prayer*, and let my *Cry* come unto thee.

Moſt great and glorious God! juſt and terrible in thy Judgments to all obſtinate and rebellious Sinners, but of infinite Mercy to ſuch as with true Sorrow and hearty Repentance turn unto thee; look down, I beſeech thee, with Mercy and Compaſſion upon *me*, now preſenting myſelf before thee; owning that I am not worthy ſo much as to lift up my Eyes to the Throne of thy glorious Majeſty! O Lord, my Sins are ſo many and ſo great, that it is owing to thy Mercy alone, that I have not been long ſince conſumed, but yet have another Opportunity of humbling myſelf before thee, and begging Mercy for my own Soul, who have ſo grievouſly ſinned againſt thee: I confeſs, O Lord, what thou knoweſt already, but I confeſs it to manifeſt thy *Juſtice*, and to glorify thy *Mercy*, which has ſpared me ſo long. I confeſs and acknowledge, O Lord, that I brought a depraved and ſinful Nature into the World with me, from whence all my actual Sins have flowed, and proceeded as impure Streams from a polluted Fountain: Bleſſed God, I *beſeech* thee, for thy dear Son Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, to *humble* me, and that greatly for this my original Corruption! Lord, let me ſee it in the ſtrongeſt Light, and never give me Reſt and Peace, till from my Soul I cry out for, and rely upon the unſinning *Obedience* of my dear Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt, and the *Aſſiſtance* of the Spirit for Deliverance from it; and grant, that this precious Balm may be my Cure, and reſtore me again to the Image of my God!

O Lord, I have ſinned againſt thee by wilful and actual Sins; "I have left *undone* thoſe Things which I

ought to have done, and have *done* thoſe Things which I ought *not* to have done!" particularly—by ſuch—and ſuch—a Sin.

As it is taken for granted, that every one, *who uſes this Prayer, has firſt of all ſtrictly* examined *himſelf, and* wrote down *all the notorious Sins, both of Commiſſion and Omiſſion, of which He could recollect, that he had been guilty during the whole Courſe of his Life, it would* here *be proper for him to read over that* Catalogue *of his Offences very deliberately, that he may be deeply* humbled, *and truly* penitent.

BLESSED God, I can give but a wretched Account of myſelf.—I cannot remember the ten thouſandth Part of my Offences. Lord ſave, or I periſh; my Crimes are intolerable and ſhameful; and my Omiſſions as well as my Commiſſions are innumerable: Oh! what ſhall I *ſay* unto thee, or what ſhall I *do!*—Oh! Thou Preſerver of Men! I am ſo vile, that I cannot expreſs it; ſo ſinful, that I am hateful to *myſelf*, and much more abominable muſt I needs be in *thy* Sight!

Oh! I have ſinned, I have ſinned! my Sins are grown ſhameful and aggravated to Amazement! Lord! I can ſay no more; I am aſhamed, I am confounded in thy Preſence!

But yet, O God, thou art the *Healer* of our Breaches, and the *Lifter up* of our Head; and I muſt not, I dare not *deſpair*. Thou haſt opened a Fountain for Sin and for Uncleanneſs; and therefore I am ſure, thou delighteſt not in the *Death* of a Sinner! and though my Sins are great and numberleſs, as the Sand which is upon the Sea-ſhore, yet they are infinitely leſs than thy Mercies, which thou haſt revealed to all penitent and returning Sinners in Jeſus Chriſt!

For *his* Sake therefore be pleaſed to look down into the Duſt, and lift up a poor helpleſs Sinner from the

Dunghill!

Dunghill! for Chriſt's Sake let me not periſh in my Folly, nor be conſumed in thy heavy Diſpleaſure! For Chriſt's Sake give me *Time*, and *Space* to repent, and give me alſo *Power* to do it by the Aſſiſtance of thy bleſſed Spirit!

Support me with an holy *Hope*; confirm me with an operative and lively *Faith*; and kindle a bright and burning *Charity* in my Soul; give me *Patience* in ſuffering, and *Severity* in judging, and in condemning my Sins! that judging *myſelf*, I may not be condemned of *Thee*; that, mourning for my Sins, I may rejoice in thy Pardon; that deſtroying my Sins, I may live in Righteouſneſs; that denying *my own* Will, I may always endeavour to perform *thine*; and that by the Aſſiſtance of thy bleſſed Spirit, I may overcome all carnal, and ſpiritual Wickedneſs. May I walk in thy Light! may I delight in thy Service! may I perfect my Obedience; be wholly delivered as well from the *Power* of Sin, as *Puniſhment* of it; and ſo be for ever preſerved from thy Wrath; and at laſt paſs on from a certain Expectation to an actual Enjoyment of the Glories of thy Kingdom, through Jeſus Chriſt my bleſſed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

2. And *now*, Lord, as I have been *confeſſing* my own Sins, and *humbling* my Soul before thee as a *private* and *particular* Perſon, I think myſelf bound in Humility and Duty, after the Example of thy Servant *Daniel*, to look upon myſelf in a ſtill farther ſinful Light, *viz.* as an Inhabitant of a profligate and rebellious *Nation*; and ſo, like *Daniel* alſo, to confeſs the Sins of *my People!* May I feel the *Concern of the Pſalmiſt*, when he exclaimed, "Rivers of Tears run down mine Eyes, becauſe Men keep not thy Law;" (*Pſal.* cxix. 130.) and oh! that *my* Supplications, and the Supplications of *all thoſe*, who, at this appointed Hour, have agreed ſolemnly to ſeek thy Face, and to confeſs their own

Sins, and the Sins of the People of this Land; oh that they may meet with the ſame gracious Acceptance with thee, as *Daniel* did! oh that the Commandment may come forth at the Beginning of our Supplication, "to make an *End* of our Sins, and to make Reconciliation for our Iniquities, that *thou* mayeſt once more be *our* God, and *we* be *thy* People!"

Let thy merciful Ears, O God, therefore be open unto our Prayers, and ſpare all thoſe, who *confeſs* their Sins unto thee! that they, whoſe Conſciences by Sin are accuſed, by thy merciful Pardon may be abſolved, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord!

O Lord, the great and faithful God, keeping Covenant and Mercy with *them* that love him, and keep his Commandments, (*Deut.* vii. 9.) we have ſinned, O Lord, we have committed Iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled by *departing* from thy Precepts and from thy Judgments, neither have we hearkened unto thy Servants the Prophets, nor to thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, nor to his Apoſtles, who in thy holy Word have ſpoken unto our Fathers, and the People of the Land!

O Lord, Righteouſneſs belongeth unto *Thee*, but unto *us* Confuſion of Face as at this Day, to our Kings, to our Princes, to our Fathers, and to Ourſelves; becauſe of the Treſpaſſes which we have treſpaſſed againſt thee; yea, we have all *as one Man* tranſgreſſed againſt thee, by departing from thee, and not obeying thy Voice! therefore the Curſe is poured out upon us, and thou haſt confirmed the Word, which thou haſt ſpoke againſt us! Thou haſt brought upon us many and ſore *Evils*, yet made we not our *Prayer* before thee, that we might *turn* from our Iniquity, and *underſtand* thy Truth.

But, bleſſed Lord, to *thee* belong Mercies and Forgiveneſſes, though we have rebelled againſt thee: O Lord, we confeſs our Wickedneſs and are ſorry for our Sins;

Sins; we beſeech thee therefore according to all thy Righteouſneſs and thy gracious Promiſes, and for the *Sake* of thy dear Son Jeſus Chriſt, let thine Anger and thy Fury be *turned away* from us! Bow down thine Ear, O Lord, and hear; open thine Eyes, O Lord, and ſee, and behold our Miſeries and our Deſolation! for we do not preſent our Supplications before thee, truſting in our own Righteouſneſs, but in thy manifold and great Mercies, and in the Truth, which thou haſt ſhewed of old Time to us thy Servants, but thou art the ſame, whoſe Property is always to have Mercy; have Mercy upon us, therefore, have Mercy upon us, moſt merciful Father, for thy dear Son our Lord Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, forgive us all that is paſt, and grant that we may ever hereafter ſerve thee in Newneſs of Life to the Honour and Glory of thy Name! and let the Conſideration of our Sinfulneſs and Unworthineſs, and of thy manifold Warnings to us, and long Sufferings towards us, increaſe in us true Repentance, that Iniquity may not be our Deſtruction! and increaſe in us alſo more and more a lively Faith and Love, fruitful in all holy Obedience, that thou mayeſt ſtill continue thy Favour, together with the Light of thy Goſpel to us, and our Poſterity! and this we beg for thy dear Son Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, our only Mediator and Advocate.

3. And now I have here confeſſed to thee, my own Sins, and the Sins of the People, I deſire farther to offer up my Prayers *in Behalf of all Mankind*, that both *Jew* and *Gentile* may believe in, and glorify thee, the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt, whom thou haſt ſent! Protect and proſper thy holy Catholick Church, preſerve it pure in Doctrine and Worſhip, root out of it whatever is a Scandal to thy moſt holy Religion; unite its Profeſſors and enlarge its Borders; eſpecially bleſs *that Part* of it in theſe Nations, to which I belong; and as in thine infinite Mercy, thou haſt been pleaſed to vouch-

ſafe us abundant Illumination of thy Goſpel, be pleaſed to grant, that by our Sins, we may not extinguiſh the Light of it.

Inflame the Miniſters and Stewards of thy Myſteries with a lively and burning *Zeal* for the Converſion of Souls. Impreſs it deeply upon them; that, "Curſed is he, who doth the Work of the Lord deceitfully;"—and be pleaſed, O Lord, to aſſiſt them with thy bleſſed Spirit, and to direct them to the Uſe of ſuch *Means* as may be effectual to bring about, and accompliſh that deſirable and happy *End*.

Be pleaſed likewiſe to *bleſs* all thoſe our diſſenting Brethren of what Denomination ſoever they be, who *love* the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in Sincerity! *Reconcile our* Hearts to them and *theirs* to *us!* Grant that there may be an End of thoſe Animoſities, and bitter Diſputes, which have ſo long and ſo ſadly diſturbed the Peace, and hindered the Union of Proteſtants! and grant alſo that there may be only this one holy Contention between us, whether the Miniſters out of the eſtabliſhed Church, or they who are in it, ſhall labour *moſt* for the Glory of our common Maſter, and for the Salvation of thoſe Souls committed to their Care, and for whom he ſhed his Blood.

Bleſs likewiſe our Sovereign Lord King *George* and all his royal Family! Make them pure and holy in their Lives! raiſe up an active and vigorous Spirit in their Hearts, for the Puniſhment and rooting out of Wickedneſs and Vice, and for the Encouragement and Maintenance of true Religion among us.

And be pleaſed, O Lord, to give the Spirit of Wiſdom to all his Counſellors, and to the Magiſtrates of all Ranks through the Nation, that they may be *enabled* faithfully to diſcharge that great Truſt, which is repoſed in them, to thy Honour, and to the Benefit and Advantage of his Majeſty and the Nation!

Be

Be pleaſed likewiſe to go forth with our Fleets and Armies! bleſs all their Endeavours againſt our Enemies, and give them Succeſs in the Day of Battle!

Have Mercy upon all the *afflicted* Members of thy Church, whether in Mind, Body, or Eſtate! Pity their Condition, O Lord, pity it, and lay no more upon them, than they are able to bear, but give them Deliverance in thy good appointed Time, if it be thy bleſſed Will! Have Compaſſion upon all who are in Error, but ſincerely ſeek the Truth! on all who are engaged in ſinful Courſes, and led captive by their Luſts, that they may have Grace and Strength to break their Bonds; and on all thoſe who never pray for *themſelves:* Open their Eyes, O Lord, and melt their ſtony Hearts; awaken them, though it be even with Thunder, to a ſenſible *Feeling* of their ſad Condition, and for thy *Mercy*'s Sake ſuffer them no longer to ſit in Darkneſs and in the Shadow of Death: May they *ſee,* before it be too late, the Danger and Madneſs of thus living without God in the World.

4. Finally, O Lord, I deſire to return thee my unfeigned *Praiſes,* and *Thankſgivings,* for the manifold Expreſſions of thy Goodneſs and loving Kindneſs to me, and to all Mankind! I bleſs thee for my Creation, Preſervation, and all the Bleſſings of this Life, and for all the Helps and Advantages, which thou haſt vouchſafed me for the obtaining a better; but above all for thy aſtoniſhing Love to Mankind in Jeſus Chriſt, for all that He hath done and ſuffered for us, and continues *ſtill* to do for us by his powerful Interceſſion at thy right Hand! humbly beſeeching thee, that I thy Servant, together with all thoſe who have lived and died in the Faith of his holy Name, may follow the Example of his heavenly Life, that finally with *them* I may be made a *Partaker* of the Merits of his Obedience and Death, in a joyful Reſurrection to everlaſting Life!

All

All these Confessions, Prayers, Supplications, Intercessions, and Thanksgivings, I humbly put up to the Throne of Grace, in the Name and Words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; who in Compassion to our Infirmities hath taught us *thus* to pray. Our Father, *&c.*

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, *&c.*

N. B. The *above Prayer* may be enlarged and improved as Time and Occasion shall offer; and it may not be improper to *remind* every Christian, that the first Time he makes use of it, He ought to set apart at least Half an Hour *for Self-examination*, and *writing down* the Sins of which he finds himself guilty.—The following *Sundays* he will *reconsider* what he has written, and thereby form a Judgment what is his Progress in, or Deviation from, the Path, which leads to Heaven. —After having spent some *Sunday* Evenings in this *devout Exercise*, He should be upon his Guard lest he be tempted to leave it off.—Oh may He never be *tired* of such a good Work: The more he *prays*, the more he will have *Strength to persevere*. 'Tis humbly hoped that all, who read this, will immediately purchase the *Earnest Invitation*, *&c.* the Price of which, as has before been observed, is no more than a Penny;—and then, after having weighed it with the Attention that a Matter of this Importance deserves, they will (to use the Author's own Words) "judge whether it be not a *seasonable*, and a *safe* Measure, which we would persuade you *to take*; and you *will take* it if you are indeed a Friend to our present happy Establishment in Church, and State.—Your *Love* for them will put you upon doing every Thing, that lays in your Power to serve them; and here you have a fair Opportunity, of which if you make use, it cannot but do *you* Service, and may be a Blessing to *them*.—Pray for them at the appointed Hour; (namely from eight to nine every *Sunday* Evening.)

ing.)—Determine through *God's Assistance*, that nothing shall hinder you from joining us.—Break through all Engagements, all Hindrances *to meet* at the Throne of Grace, the Lord's People.—[Consider that God knoweth his *secret ones*, and will reward them *openly*.]—And moreover for your Encouragement remember, that *He*, who sitteth upon the Throne, is the GOD WHO HEARETH PRAYER, and who has invited you (*Psalm* l. 15.) to *call* upon him in the Day of *Trouble*; so will I *hear* thee, says He, and thou shalt *praise* me."—What a comfortable *Promise* is here to *animate* every one to make *Part* of this praying Congregation!

LETTER CXLIII.

Remarks on good Works.

Tuesday Morning.

Dear Sir,

I Should think my Friendship very weak, and quite unfledged, if I could be *offended* with the Freedom, for which you apologize. Those who were anciently united in the Bonds of Christian Friendship, had this generous Sentiment for their Motto,—*Amicorum* * *omnia communia, præter Uxores.*

I rejoice with you in the hopeful young Gentleman's Recovery; a Pledge, I trust, of his eminent Proficiency, and extensive Usefulness, in the Gospel Cause.

I acquiesce entirely in Dr. *C**'s* Reasons; perhaps, if there was much of the pure evangelical Peculiarity in the recommendatory Verses, it might be a forbidding Circumstance to some Readers.

* Friends have every Thing in common except their Wives.

Mr.

Mr. *** is very obliging; his Cautions are very friendly. I will not ſpeak ſo plainly to Mr. *W.* as to *Him*. I wiſh, if it be God's gracious Will, that your little Treatiſe may be, like Dr. *Doddridge*'s Works, acceptable to *every* Reader. You ſee by the Expreſſions I have taken the Liberty to underline, that Mr. *** ſees the great Truths of Chriſtianity *inverted*, juſt as we ſee Objects in a *concave* Speculum. The *good Works*, according to *his* Scheme, are the recommending Cauſe, and the *bleſſed Redeemer* is only, like the Maſter of the Ceremonies, merely to introduce them with a *good Grace*. No, we have not ſo learned Chriſt: He is our Righteouſneſs, as well as our Sanctification. We are accepted in the Beloved: "In *Him* ſhall all the Seed of *Iſrael* be juſtified, and in *Him* ſhall they glory."—*This* is the *epidemical* Miſtake; but I hope God will ſend out his Light and his Truth, and *rectify* our Miſapprehenſions. —I dare ſay, that amiable and accompliſhed Gentleman, that exemplary and ſhining Chriſtian, that very zealous and ſucceſsful Preacher, Mr. *T——n* will be highly pleaſed to receive the Preſent of your little Treatiſe: His good Heart will exult to ſee your open Acknowledgement of the Saviour, whom *He* ſo dearly loves.— I hope to *ſee* you, or *hear* from you, before you take your Journey; and am, with increaſing Eſteem and Affection,

Moſt cordially your's,

J. Hervey.

LET-

LETTER CXLIV.

On Afflictions.

Dear Sister,

I Hope this will find my Father better: I heartily wish and daily pray, that the God of everlasting Compassions may comfort him under his Sorrows;—may sanctify his Affliction, and restore Him to his Health, that he may recover more spiritual Strength before he goes hence, and is no more seen.

I sent my Brother some Books; and humbly beseech the Giver of every good Gift to accompany them with his heavenly *Blessing*; for what *He* blesses is blest indeed.

I could be truly glad to hear your Complaints are removed;—but if they continue, don't be discouraged. —"Whom the Lord loveth, he chastizeth." God had but one Son *without Sin*, but none without *Sufferings*. Oh! that his infinite *Goodness* may sanctify your Tribulations, that they may be *the Means* of weaning you from the World, and bringing you to Jesus Christ! You will then one Day say with the *Psalmist*, "It is *good* for me, that I have been *afflicted*."

I am, *&c.*

J. Hervey.

LET-

LETTER CXLV.

Advice to a Physician.

Friday Evening.

My dear Friend,

AS to the Matter of defending ME, I think "*Non eſt tanti.*" I am ten thouſand Times more for your converſing like a Chriſtian on every Occaſion: Take all proper Opportunities of glorifying your divine Maſter, and be ſpreading abroad the Savour of his bleſſed Name: It would bring Dignity to your Character I am perſuaded, and would command Reverence even from Gainſayers, if you was ſometimes to make a frank Declaration on this Head, and act accordingly. Don't ſcruple to bid your Patients ſeek to God for a Bleſſing; when they are recovered, remind them of their Obligations to the Almighty Phyſician; and that they are reſtored to Health, not for the poor Purpoſes of eating and drinking a little more, but to acquaint themſelves with Chriſt Jeſus; to prepare for Eternity; and to make their Salvation ſure. *This* would be truly graceful; might do much Good; and ſhould any one find Fault with this Practice, He muſt not pretend to the Piety of a *Chriſtian:* He has not the Religion of an *Heathen:* Such an one ſhould remember the *Conduct*, and conſider the *Sentiments* of your Brother *Japys.*

Non hæc humanis Opibus, non Arte magiſtrâ
Proveniunt; neque Te, Ænea, mea Dextera ſervat:
Major agit Deus, atque Opera ad majora remittit.
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. xii.

No mortal Work is THIS; no Cure of mine;
Nor Art's Effect, but done by Hands divine:
'Tis God *Æneas* to the Battle ſends;
'Tis God preſerves his Life, for greater Ends.

Thanks

Thanks for your Advice about what I recommended to your Conſideration, and about my own Health; God has been better to me, than my apprehenſive Heart expected. Oh that ſo long as I have Breath, it may be employed to *his* Honour, who forgiveth all our Sins, and healeth all our Infirmities; and when he heals them not, will make them *a Bleſſing*.

Do, my dear Friend, perſiſt in *a prudent* Way, to bear your Teſtimony for a Maſter, who has bought you with his very Life, and intends to make you Partaker of his everlaſting Kingdom. If this does you or your's any real Harm, reproach me with it, when we ſhall *both* ſtand in the Preſence of the whole World, and before the Tribunal of our Judge.

Ever your's, while

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. You tell me that "your Buſineſs has lain ſo wide, and you have been ſo much hurried this ſickly Time, that you have ſcarcely had a Quarter of an Hour to yourſelf for theſe laſt three Weeks."—Oh! my dear Friend! how much ſoever you may be hurried by the Diſtance and the Multiplicity of your Avocations, don't forget to *pray for that Wiſdom*, which is profitable (or uſeful) to * direct us, even in the ſmalleſt Matters, much more in all great and weighty Affairs.—You, who move in ſo *conſpicuous* a Sphere, ſo *large* a Field of Action, muſt have very particular Occaſion, very preſſing Neceſſity for *divine* Direction; and therefore that important Ejaculation, "DIRECT ME, O LORD," ſhould ever be uppermoſt in your Thoughts.—"Take ye Heed, Watch and Pray," this is the kind Admonition of the bleſſed Jeſus, who well knows the human Frame, and ſees how very liable we are to be drawn aſide by a Variety of Temptations with which we are daily ſurrounded.

* Eccl. x. 10.

LETTER CXLVI.

On the State of the Saints after Death, and previous to the Resurrection.

Dear Sir,

AS the Interval between the Hour of our Dissolution, and the Day of Resurrection, will, in all Probability, be very considerable, much longer than the Time of our Continuance on Earth, it is a very reasonable and important Inquiry, to examine into the *Circumstances* of this State. The Scripture, our infallible Director, which is (so copious upon all the grand Articles of Religion, and) silent upon nothing that relates to the true Happiness of Mankind, has not left us without Information in this Particular. Whereas *all other* Writers grope in the Dark, for not *one* of them has been able to draw back the Curtain, or give us (any) the least Insight into the invisible World, it is to *them*, and in all *their* Systems, an absolute *Terra incognita*; a few of the *scriptural* Discoveries may be seen, in the Answer to the following Queries.

1st, When the Souls, the Souls of the Righteous, depart from the Body; by whom are they received?—By holy Angels. The Angels were ministring Spirits to them, in the Days of their Flesh, and will be their Guard and their Convoy, when they relinquish the earthly Tabernacle. When *Lazarus* died, he was carried by Angels.—What a comfortable Privilege is this! not to be left solitary and desolate, like a shipwrecked Mariner on some unknown Coast; but to be under the Guidance and Protection of those benevolent Beings!

2dly, In what Place are they lodged?—This is described, not from our Ideas of Locality, or any Properties of Space, but from the Society and the Enjoy-

ments. It is not very material, whether they are above or below, in the Heaven of Heavens (which, I think, is moſt probable) or in ſome ſeparate Manſion. A diſembodied Spirit, if under the Wrath of God, muſt every where be extremely miſerable; if ſurrounded with his Favour, will every where be exceedingly happy. To ſuch a Spirit, that has no longer any Connection with ſenſible Things, God's Smile muſt be Heaven, God's Frown muſt be Hell.—Where-ever this Region lies, we are ſure it lies under the Beams of the Sun of Righteouſneſs; Chriſt is there, and where he is preſent, Happineſs cannot be abſent. Thou ſhalt be with me, is his Promiſe to the penitent Thief.—*Abraham* is there, the Friend of God, and Father of the Faithful. *Lazarus*, we are told, was carried into *Abraham*'s Boſom; and *where He* reſides; where *all* the Children of God, and Heirs of Glory dwell, *there* muſt be Pleaſures:—Such Pleaſures, that the Place is called *Paradiſe*; "thou ſhalt be with me in *Paradiſe*:" The delightful Garden of *Eden*, which the Lord himſelf planted, and which innocent Man inhabited, was incomparably the fineſt, nobleſt Spot in this ſublunary World; and this is uſed to give us ſome faint Repreſentation of theſe bleſſed Abodes, where the Souls and Spirits of the Righteous remain till the Shout of the Archangel and the Trump of God ſummon them.

3dly, How *ſoon* are they lodged in this deſirable Situation?—Without Delay. I find no Mention of any intermediate Purgation, or of any Period for Inactivity and Forgetfulneſs. "*To Day* ſhalt thou be with me," is our Lord's Expreſſion; and it is obſervable, that the *Jewiſh* Day was very near cloſing, when our Saviour gave up the Ghoſt; nearer ſtill when that converted Malefactor expired.—"I have a Deſire to be diſſolved," ſays St. *Paul*, "and to be with Chriſt:" He ſpeaks of his Releaſe from Clay, and his Introduction into the

Redeemer's Preſence, as inſtantaneous. No ſooner does the former commence, but the latter takes place. —What an Encouragement is this to fight the good Fight of Faith, and finiſh our Courſe, with Alacrity and Diligence! ſince we are not to wait in wiſhful but diſappointed Expectation: No, the very Moment our Warfare is accompliſhed, our Reward begins.—Which reminds me of another Inquiry,

4thly, What is the Condition of holy Souls, in this ſeparate State?

1ſt, They reſt from their Labours; from all the Diſorders, that afflicted their Bodies, from all the Temptations, that diſquieted their Souls. They are no longer ridiculed and perſecuted by ungodly Men. They have no more Conflict with the Powers of Darkneſs and their own Corruptions; Sin and Sorrow ceaſe eternally. They are freed, entirely freed, from every evil.

2dly, They enter into Peace. They have then Peace with God, Peace in their own Thoughts, Peace with Fellow Saints, which paſſeth all Underſtanding.—Peace implies a poſitive Happineſs.—Peace in the ſcriptural Language, denotes all Manner of Bleſſings, and ſuch is its Import in the preceding Paſſage. In this large Extent will it be made good to the Righteous. When they relinquiſh the *earthly* Tabernacle, the Scales of Ignorance fall from their Underſtandings; their Will is wonderfully conformed to Chriſt's; every Weight drops off from their Affections; and their Holineſs is exceedingly confirmed: They are honoured with nearer Approaches to God, they are favoured with clearer Manifeſtations of his Glory; they feel richer Emanations of his Love; and are more and more transformed into his Image: *Every Doubt* vaniſhes, and they rejoice in the Proſpect, the aſſured and refreſhing Proſpect of receiving all the Fulneſs of their everlaſting Felicity. I ſaid Fulneſs, for tho' the Felicity of the *Soul* upon its Diſmiſſion

Diſmiſſion from Mortality is great, is high, is to us inconceivable; yet it will not be compleat till the *Body* is re-united to it, re-animated by it.—Then *that* will not only be reſcued from Corruption, but made like unto Chriſt's glorious Body; will be dignified with divine Approbation; and that before the largeſt Aſſembly of Men and Angels; they will receive a Crown of Righteouſneſs, they will ſit on Thrones and judge the apoſtate Angels; they will then poſſeſs the Kingdom prepared for them from the Foundation of the World.

What is ſaid of the Righteous may lead us to ſome proper Conceptions with regard to the Wicked and their State.—The one is the Reverſe of the other; as they were quite diſſimilar in their Life, in their Death they are equally different. If the Righteous are committed to the Care of benevolent Angels, the Wicked it is very probable are abandoned to the Inſults and Rage of malevolent Spirits. If the Righteous are admitted into Manſions of Bliſs, the Wicked are conſigned over to the Places of Horrour and Torment, where is all the *Miſery*, which is expreſſed by Weeping and Wailing; all that Self-condemnation and Anguiſh, which is expreſſed by Gnaſhing of Teeth. If the *Righteous* enjoy the Calm of uninterrupted Tranquillity, and the Light of perpetual Sun-ſhine, the *Wicked* are reſerved in Chains of Darkneſs unto the Judgment of the great Day; wearied by their own ungovernable Paſſions, ſtung by eager but unſatisfied Deſires, haunted by a ſtern upbraiding Conſcience.—In a Word, while the *Righteous* are looking for that bleſſed Hope, and the glorious Appearing of the great God, and their Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, *they* are trembling under the diſmal Apprehenſions of that dreadful Day, when Jeſus Chriſt ſhall be revealed in flaming Fire.

I add only a Remark on that Text of St. *John*, to which we are ſo much obliged in this Inquiry, "Bleſſed

are the dead, which die in the Lord," *&c.*—*The Lord* must certainly signify the Lord Jesus Christ.—To *die* in Him, must, I think, imply *dying in his Faith*, so as to be one with him; interested in his Mercy, renewed by his Spirit, and conformed in some prevailing Degree to his Image. May *this* be the State of our Souls, while we live here, and when we depart hence. Then *that* will be fulfilled to our unspeakable and eternal Comfort, which is spoken by another Apostle, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is Gain."

I am, dear Sir,

Your's sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CXLVII.

On Dr. Doddridge's Correction of his Works.

Dear Sir,

YOUR Observations are perfectly just, and Dr. *Doddridge*'s Remarks are admirably judicious; his Alterations are indeed excellent and charming. Oh! may they be equally impressive on *me*, as I transcribe them,- and on *all* who may hereafter read them! *Many* most solid and valuable Corrections has the Doctor already made in my little Piece; but, in my Opinion, *these* are beyond them all; I cannot but wish he had Leisure, to have went through the whole with his improving Strokes; but, as the Business of his *Academy*, and *Ministry*, is so various, and so important, I cannot prevail with myself to make such a Request: I will try, and do the best I can, to proceed on the *Plan*, which

He

He has formed, and to follow (*magno licet intervallo*) the Example *He* has ſet. Be ſo good as to make my *moſt grateful* Acknowledgments: Let your Tongue ſpeak, for really my Pen cannot write, how *greatly* I am obliged to him. I will venture to turn, what was uſed formerly as an Imprecation, into a Wiſh and a Bleſſing on this Occaſion, " May God do ſo to *Him*, and more alſo!"

—Oh that our Writings may be accompanied with the bleſſed Spirit; and that the Spirit of our Writings may be operative on our Hearts, and apparent in our Converſation!

Ever your's while

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Various Obſervations.

Weſton, Saturday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I Thought of you in a particular Manner on *Thurſday*, being the ſad Anniverſary on which your late excellent Lady reſigned this Life; and at the ſame Time I thought on thoſe tender Lines,

Jamque Dies, ni fallor adeſt; quem ſemper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, ſic Dii voluiſtis, habebo.*

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. V.

* The *Engliſh* of which is—" Now the Day if I miſtake not is at Hand, which (ſuch has been the Will of Heaven) I ſhall always account a Day of Sorrow, always a Day to be honoured."

I cannot but take Notice of the Wiſdom and Piety of my favourite Poet; he teaches his Hero to reſolve all afflictive and dark Diſpenſations, into the gracious Will of God; and to derive his Conſolation from this Belief. *Sic Dii voluiſtis*, is a Sort of Imitation of the good old Prieſt *Eli*, "It is the Lord: Let him do what ſeemeth him good." It is not much unlike the exemplary Acknowledgment of the Patriarch *Job*, "The Lord *gave*, and the Lord hath *taken away*, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord!"

I am thankful for your preſent of *Vanierii Prædium Ruſticum*. It is a very beautiful Piece: *Uni Virgilio ſecundus*, the moſt elegant and correct *Latin* Compoſition, that I have met with among the Moderns.

I have no Fault to find, and no Alteration to offer, with regard to the little Tract, which you ſubmit to my Correction.—But what ſhall I ſay, to my dear Friend himſelf? Oh! what Opportunities of doing Good, ſubſtantial and immortal Good, do you loſe, do you ſquander away! Opportunities, that are flying from you upon the ſwifteſt Wings of Time; and when once gone, are never to be recovered.—I don't ſo much as think of your neglecting *Buſineſs*; but do let the World ſee, that *Buſineſs* may be managed, *great* Buſineſs managed, and yet *Chriſt*, and eternal Ages not forgot. Let Men ſee, that the Comforts of Chriſtianity, the Privileges of the Goſpel, are ſo truly delightful, as to be the moſt effectual ſovereign *Refreſhment*, under the Fatigues of a burthenſome Employ. Thus doing, you would be a Credit and high Recommendation to Religion; and bleſſed would you be, if your Maſter, when he cometh, ſhould find you *ſo* doing.—You will excuſe my Freedom; and in Return, I will not ceaſe to *pray*, "that the Love of Chriſt may conſtrain you." 2 *Cor.* v. 14.

I am affectionately, and ſincerely your's,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CXLIX.

On Saurin's Sermons.

Tueſday Morn.

My dear Friend,

WELL might Mr. *Doddridge* ſay, " that in *Saurin*'s * Sermons, the Excellencies of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero* were united.—Never did I meet with any Thing equal to the Paſſages which the Doctor was ſo obliging as to tranſlate, purpoſely to give me ſome Ideas of this celebrated Writer.—He ſeems to have underſtood the Goſpel well, and all the Powers of Oratory were combined in him.—I dare ſay he preached from his *Heart*, and the *Grace of God* accompanied his Words.—If I have been ſo much affected merely by this deſultory Tranſlation, how much more ſhould I be tranſported, was I (like you) ſufficiently ſkilled in the *French* Language to read the Original itſelf. *Saurin* it ſeems was a Proteſtant, and I am told that in *Holland*, where he exerciſed his Miniſtry, the Streets were ſo crowded for ſeveral Hours before the Service began, that it was very difficult to gain Admiſſion.—Is it not aſtoniſhing that the Sermons of ſo popular a Preacher, and ſo eminent a Writer, ſhould not as yet have been put into an *Engliſh* Dreſs?—But this, I preſume, is owing to the Difficulty of doing Juſtice to an Author of his extraordinary Genius.—I am well aware that few are equal to ſuch an Undertaking, but if there was a *ſpirited* Tranſlation of theſe animating Sermons, pub-

* *Saurin*'s Sermons were originally wrote in *French*;—have paſſed through various Editions;—are now printed in twelve octavo Volumes.—Several of them are well tranſlated by Mr. *Robinſon*, of *Cambridge*, printed in 4 Vols. 8vo.

liſhed in weekly Numbers, they would be well received, and might, through the divine Bleſſing, be the Means of doing much Good to the Community.

I have been enabled, bleſſed for ever be God! to perform my Office, and preach to a crouded Congregation. "Jeſus ſaid the third Time, *Simon*, Son of *Jonas*, loveſt thou me?" was my Text. Oh that it may be the Power of God to the Salvation of the Hearers!—I hope, my Diſorder in my Head, and Pain in my Teeth, are not increaſed, though I felt the cold Air breathe upon my Face; for the Church was ſo thronged, that it was not practicable to ſhut the Door. Oh! for Faith in the almighty Guardian, the almighty Phyſician!—

This, I preſume, will find you ſafely returned from *London* to your own Habitation; but though come back to your reſting Place, yet more and more ſenſible that we are but Strangers and Pilgrims on the Earth.

I hope ere long to ſee you at *Weſton*; for I can aſſure you, my dear Sir, that amongſt the many, many Friends, who dearly love you, no one can have a more affectionate Regard for you than

Your's unalterably,

JAMES HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CL.

On various Subjects.

Saturday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I Have no Heart to take any Medicines. All but Chriſt is to me unprofitable; bleſſed be God for Pardon and Salvation through his Blood: Let me preſcribe this Cordial for my dear Friend.

May your Health be renewed as the Eagle's, though mine has long been fading as a Leaf! and may we *both* from our Hearts adore the Diſpenſations of our God and Saviour, which, though to *us ward* very different, are in all Reſpects very good.

We were drinking Tea Yeſterday; and I heard one of the Company ſay, to whom you had given Biſhop *Wilſon on the Sacrament*—This is Dr. *S***'s Gift. Oh! that God may give him, to eat the Fleſh, and drink the Blood of Chriſt! and to live by Faith on the unſearchable Riches of a Redeemer!—Then we ſhall ere long, eat Bread and drink new Wine together, in the Kingdom of our Father.

I have not yet wrote to *Biddeford*; but the Affair you deſired me to inquire about, ſhall not be forgot when I next write thither.—Can you excuſe my dilatory Proceeding? Buſineſs, to my languid Spirits, is like the Sons of *Anak* * to the *Iſraelitiſh* Spies, ſo forbidding and ſo formidable.

The Reaſons you urged, I have conſidered; I really know not how to act.—May the unerring God vouch-

* See *Numb.* xiii. 28.

ſafe

ſafe to guide a poor Sinner.—Now, where is my *Faith* in that divine Promiſe, "In all thy Ways acknowledge *Him*, and *He* ſhall direct thy Paths?" 'Tis ſcarcely ſo much as a Grain of the ſmalleſt Seed: Bleſſed Jeſus increaſe it in us *both*.

—Do you, as you formerly did, commit your Way unto the Lord, and beſeech him to bring it to paſs? My dear Friend, let us look more unto God; for we have a Friend in the Court of Heaven; we have an Advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous.

Ever, and inviolably your's, while

J. Hervey.

LETTER CLI.

On Marſhall—a ſcriptural Criticiſm.

My dear Friend,

YOUR very kind Preſent is come to our Hands, and has made its Appearance. You give me, as *Theron* ſays, Εκλομβοι εννεαβοιων.

All I can ſay is, may the Lord ſupply your every Need (both bodily and ſpiritually) according to his Riches in Glory by Chriſt Jeſus.

I am ſorry, my Brother wrote ſo warm a Letter to Mr. *A—y* about his Attempt to purchaſe the Cloſes at *Weſton*, which lie ſo commodious for us.—The *World's* Maxim is, "Catch as catch can." But our *Saviour's* Direction is, "Be anxious for nothing."—Never fear, but we ſhall make a Shift without theſe Cloſes to paſs through the Wilderneſs, and arrive at the heavenly *Canaan*. Were not your Thoughts upon that

eternal

eternal Home, when you attended Mr. *L***'s* Corpſe to the Tomb? One of the Texts, to which I directed my People on *Sunday* was * 2 *Cor.* v. 1. and which, I hope, the omnipreſent God is now impreſſing on their Conſciences, and mixing with Faith.

The elegant *Paterculus* I here return; and the evangelical *Marſhall* I recommend to your repeated Peruſal. I wiſh you ſtudied him more, for then you would like better than you ſeem to do at preſent: You *own* there are many excellent Directions in him; and thoſe Parts, which you now think obſcure, would not appear ſo on a more intimate Acquaintance with the Author.

I am glad to hear ſuch a Character of Mr. **. I hope you will be an Inſtrument in our Lord's Hand, of improving his valuable Diſpoſitions, of ripening the Man of Honour, into the Servant of Chriſt.—I think Dr. *Akenſide* † has, if not ſpoiled his Ode, much injured the Dignity and Beauty of his Sentiments, by writing in *Spenſer*'s Meaſure, and ſometimes in his drawling Style—"While he doth Riot's Orgies haply ſhare."—For an Ode, where we expect all the Harmony of Numbers, and the higheſt Poliſh of Language, this Manner ſurely is improper.—I keep it a little longer, perhaps it may pleaſe better on the ſecond Reading.

—I wiſh you and your Lady much Joy at *Chriſtmas*, or rather all Joy in Chriſt. He is come, He is come to judge the Earth; to do *that* for enſlaved and ruined Mankind, which the heroic Judges of old did for *Iſrael* —to deliver them from Bondage, and eſtabliſh them in Peace. Is not this the Senſe of *Pſal.* xcvi. 11, 12, 13. —Ah! what pity! that, while ſo many Heroes are celebrated, Jeſus the Deſire of Nations, and the Bright-

* "We know that if our earthly Houſe of this Tabernacle were diſſolved, we have a Building of God, an Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens."

† See Letter CXXXIV. Vol. II. Page 419.

neſs of his Father's Glory, ſhould be totally diſregarded. Thou High and Holy One, ſince *Authors of Genius* with-hold the Tribute of Praiſe, glorify thy Name by a Worm, by Impotence, by

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLII.

A Quotation from Luther on Chriſt's Power to ſave; to which is added, Mr. Boyſe's Letter.

Weſton, June 7, 1759.

Reverend and dear Sir,

DON'T you take it amiſs, that I have anſwered your laſt kind Letter no ſooner! I have ſuch a Multiplicity of *epiſtolary* Engagements, and ſuch a poor Pittance of Strength, that I cannot be ſo punctual in my Acknowledgments, as my Friends may expect, and as I myſelf wiſh.

You deſired to ſee Mr. *Boyſe*'s Letter to me:—I here incloſe it; and it ſhould have been ſent to you earlier, but I could not find it amidſt the confuſed Heap of my Papers till Yeſterday.—I am very ſorry to hear he is ſo ill, as there is little Probability of expecting any Thing further from his maſterly Pen.—I really think his little Poem, intitled *Deity*, (in which he is not unmindful of the great Redeemer) is as uſeful and fine a Piece * of Poetry as moſt in the *Engliſh* Language.—I ſo much admire it, that I have inſenſibly as it were got it by Heart. God grant that it may be influential on every Reader.

* See Letter XXXVIII. Page 161, Vol. II.

I was

I was reading the other Day a curious Book written by Mr. *Fleming*, and intitled, *The Fulfilling of the Scriptures complete*; in which I met with a valuable Quotation from *Luther*'s Letter to *Melanchon*, who was then in much Anguiſh on the apparent Hazards of thoſe Times. "If this (ſays *Luther*) be the Cauſe of God, and not of Man, then all the Burthen ſhould be caſt on Him. Why doſt thou afflict and torment thyſelf, ſeeing God hath given his Son for us?—Why do we tremble or fear! Will he forſake us in ſmaller Things, who hath given us ſo great a Gift?—Is Satan ſtronger than God?—Should we fear the World, which Chriſt has overcome? If the Cauſe we contend for be not the Truth, let us change; but if the Cauſe be holy and juſt, why do we not credit the Promiſe and Faithfulneſs of God?—It is certain Satan can reach no farther than this preſent Life, but Chriſt reigneth for ever, under whoſe Protection the Truth now is: He will not fail to be with us unto the End.—If He be not with us, I beſeech you tell me where He ſhall be found?—If we be not of his Church, do you think that the Biſhop of *Rome* and our Adverſaries are of it? We are indeed Sinners, but Chriſt is true, whoſe Cauſe we have in Hand; which he has hitherto maintained without our Counſel, and ſo He will do unto the End."—Mr. *Fleming* then juſtly obſerves, that *Luther* reſted on Chriſt, when all viſible Props broke under him.

What *animating* Conſiderations are *theſe* under all the Diſcouragements we may meet with in our miniſterial Labours!—How does the Work of the Lord proſper in your Hand! May you be in *this* Reſpect as a fruitful Bough by the Wall; may your People ſit under your Shadow with great Delight, and your Fruit be ſweet unto them!

I am, your's, *&c.*

J. Hervey.

The following is a genuine Copy of Mr. *Boyſe's* * Letter to Mr. *Hervey*.

Reverend and dear Sir,

" FOR your tender Admonitions and excellent Advice, I am truly indebted to you; as they diſcover a generous and compaſſionate Concern for my better Part.—I bleſs God I have Reaſon to hope, that great Work is not to do; for of all the Marks of Infatuation I know amongſt Men, there can be none equal to that of truſting to a *Death-bed* Repentance.

" I do not pretend to vindicate my own Conduct—nor can I ever forget the very Chriſtian Senſe of my Condition and Misfortunes, which (notwithſtanding all my Miſbehaviour) you have ſo pathetically expreſſed. —The Follies of my Youth have furniſhed a plentiful Harveſt of Reflection for my latter Years. As I have been now for a long Time in a Manner buried from the World, ſo it has been my Endeavour to ſpend that Time in lamenting my paſt Errors, and in purſuing a Courſe of Life void of Offence towards God, and Man.

" I have learnt to truſt in God as my *only* Portion; to bleſs him for his fatherly Corrections, which have been much gentler than my Demerit; and by which I have been taught to know *Him*, and *Myſelf*; his infinite Mercy and Goodneſs; my own Ingratitude and Unworthineſs; ſo that I may truly ſay with the returning Prodigal, 'Father, I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and againſt thee, and am *not worthy* to be called thy Son.'

" My Health is in a very precarious State; and the greateſt Hopes of Recovery I have (which are very

* Mr. *Boyſe* died ſoon after he wrote this Letter to Mr. *Hervey*.—His Poem intitled *Deity*, paſſed through ſeveral Editions.

ſmall)

ſmall) ariſe from warm Weather and the Country Air. —I thank God I am abſolutely *reſigned* to his holy and bleſſed Will. I have ſeen enough of the Vanity and Folly of earthly Things, and how inſufficient they are to ſatisfy the Deſires of an immortal Soul. I am *ſenſible* of my own Wretchedneſs and Nothingneſs; and that my only Hope of Salvation is through that bleſſed Redeemer, who died to ſave loſt Sinners.—This is my Rock of Hope againſt an approaching Eternity.

" May you long, Sir, taſte thoſe true and unfading Pleaſures, which attend the Practice of Religion and Virtue; and may you, by your ſhining Example, be a Means of turning many to Righteouſneſs: This is the ſincere and ever grateful Wiſh of

Your moſt obliged, and faithful Servant,

S. Boyſe."

LETTER CLIII.

On the Manner in which the Poor receive the Goſpel of Chriſt.

Dear Sir,

THE following is an Extract of a Letter, wrote by a young Creature, labouring under an incurable Diſtemper, and languiſhing in the near Approaches of Death.

" *I am at this Time more happy than Tongue can expreſs.—Never did I feel ſo much of the Love of Chriſt ſhed abroad in my Heart, as now. He has given me full Aſſurance that he has out of Love to my Soul caſt all my Sins behind his Back,* (Iſaiah xxxviii. 17.)—*And oh! why*

why need I fear Death, when the Sting is taken away?—No! though I am a Sinner, yet I have an Advocate with the Father: and though while I continue in this vile Body, I fear, I ſhall too often grieve him, yet is his Love *ſtill the ſame; which makes me abhor myſelf, that ever I ſhould ſin againſt ſo kind, ſo compaſſionate a Saviour.*"

See by THIS how the Poor *receive*, how the Poor *believe*, and how the Poor *adorn* the Goſpel of God our Saviour. THIS has indeed no great Authority to dignify it, no Flowers of Eloquence to recommend it; Nothing but the tranſparent *Sincerity*, and the native *Sublimity* of its Piety. It breathes however the *very Spirit*, which I long to attain; and, though it comes from a Perſon in low Life and of no Education, yet I believe *very few*, even amongſt the Names of higheſt Diſtinction for Wit, Genius, and Learning, will be *able* in the ſame Circumſtances, to exerciſe the ſame Magnanimity of Mind.—I am,

Your's, *&c.*

LETTER CLIV.

Comfort under Affliction—On the Battle of the Sexes.

My dear Friend,

I Truly ſympathiſe with you in all your Calamities; but to be *afflicted* more or leſs is the common Lot of *God's People*; and it is frequently their Fate to be exerciſed with frowning Providences in a *remarkably grievous* Manner.—Under ſuch Circumſtances we ſhould ſuggeſt ſoft Hints of Admonition, with the ſame friendly Intention as actuated the Prophet *Jeremiah*, when he addreſſed *this Exhortation* to his Countrymen, " Let

us ſearch and try our Ways, and, if we are found Delinquents, turn again unto the Lord," (*Lament.* iii. 4.) —We ſhould likewiſe *comfort* each other by obſerving that God, who heareth Prayer, has Bowels of everlaſting Compaſſion, and does not *willingly* afflict the Sons of Men; that this adorable God has given his all-glorious Son to be a bleeding Sacrifice for our Sins; and that, if he with-held not his Son, his only Son, but delivered him up for us all, how ſhall he not alſo with *Him* freely give us *all* Things?—*All* Things, that pertain to Life and Godlineſs; to Subſiſtence here, and Salvation for ever.—Prompted by the infinite Benignity of his Nature, and engaged by his inviolable Promiſe, he never faileth thoſe, that ſeek him.—Oh how *ready* is He to give his Holy Spirit! to give all Happineſs to thoſe, who with an humble Sincerity will apply to Him; infinitely *more ready* than *we* are to give our Children a Morſel of Bread to ſave them from periſhing with Hunger.—*Theſe* are indeed comfortable Conſiderations, and are the ſtrongeſt Reaſons why we ſhould continually be making our Requeſts known unto him.

I fear Mr. *Sm—h* the Builder, is a very bad Man, and too juſtly deſerves the Name you give him.—*Labourers* I am told are diſtreſſed by his neglecting to pay them; which I can aſſure you very much grieves me; nor is it in my Power to redreſs them:—I wiſh it *was*:—They ſhould ſoon ſee what it is to have to do with *one*, "who nameth the Name of Chriſt." (2 *Tim.* ii. 19.)

Pleaſe to lend me Dr. *Squire*'s *Indifference for Religion inexcuſable.*—I mightily like the Title of it; and I hope it will be an Antidote againſt the faſhionable and growing Indifference to Religion.

Did you ever ſee a Shilling Poem intitled *The Battle of the Sexes?* 'Tis wrote in the Spirit of *Spenſer*, and

is indeed one of the prettieſt Things I ever met with.—But it is very evident, that the Author has taken his Plan from *Fletcher*'s *Purple Iſland* *. The celebrated *Pitt* of *New College*, who tranſlated *Virgil* and *Vida*, has wrote a complimentary Copy of Verſes, which are prefixed: a Specimen of which I have here ſelected to ſhew you the Nature of it.

" What Muſe but *your's* ſo juſtly could diſplay,
" Th' embattl'd *Paſſions* marſhall'd in Array?
" Bid the rang'd Appetites in Order move,
" Give *Luſt* a Figure, and a Shape to *Love?*
" To airy Notions ſolid Forms diſpenſe!
" And make our *Thoughts* the Images of *Senſe!*
" Diſcover all this rational Machine,
" And ſhow the Movements, Springs, and Wheels within."

As I was looking yeſterday at my Preface to the new Edition of *Jenks*'s *Meditations*, I obſerved in the Catalogue of his Works, that, either through my *own*, or the *Printer*'s Negligence, *two* little Pieces are omitted; one of them in his *Serious Thoughts on the wonderful God*; which is very uſeful in aſſiſting us to form proper Notions of the divine Perfections: The other is his *Glorious Victory of Chriſtianity*, exemplified in *Joſeph*'s hard Conflict, and happy Eſcape.—'Tis Pity, that this little Piece is not more regarded by *Parents*, as it is perhaps the beſt † Thing of its Size, ever wrote on the Subject, and

* See the 131ſt Letter in Volume II.—Compare ſeveral of the *perſonified* Virtues and Vices depicted by *Fletcher* in his *Purple Iſland*, (*Canto* vi. to *Canto* xii.) with ſome of thoſe drawn by the *Author of the Battle of the Sexes.*

† The Price of *Jenks*'s *Victory of Chaſtity* is a Shilling only; and *very fit* for thoſe, who have little Leiſure for Reading: But the completeſt Treatiſe of this Kind is the celebrated *Oſtervald*'s *on Uncleanneſs*; wherein the Nature of it is conſidered, the Cauſes and Conſequences of it; and likewiſe the Duties of ſuch as are under the

and ought to be put into the Hands of all *young* People; for, as St. *Auguſtin* juſtly obſerves, *Inter omnia Certamina Chriſtianorum duriora ſunt Prælia Caſtitatis; nam ibi continua Pugna, & rara Victoria* *.—If *another* Edition of *Jenks*'s *Meditations* ſhould be demanded; and if it ſhould pleaſe God to take me to *Himſelf* before that Time, I here deſire the Favour of you to *ſee*, that theſe two little Tracts be inſerted in the Catalogue of Mr. *Jenks*'s Writings, given in my Preface to that Book by,

Your ever affectionate, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLV.

On the Power and Mercy of Chriſt.

Weſton-Favell, Aug. 13, 1756.

Dear Sir,

YEſterday I received the Favour of your Letter;—was ſurpriſed to find you ſo near me; and grieved to hear of the Occaſion. Oh! that both of us may be

the Guilt of it: To which is added, a Diſcourſe concerning the Nature of Chaſtity, and the Means of obtaining it. Price four Shillings. This was the ſame *Oſtervald* who wrote the Treatiſe concerning the *Cauſes of the Corruption of Chriſtians and its Remedies*, which Biſhop *Burnet* ordered his Chaplain to tranſlate from the original *French* into *Engliſh*.

* The Meaning of which is, "Amidſt all the various and ſharp Encounters in the Chriſtian Warfare, the Attacks on our Chaſtity are perhaps the moſt formidable, as the Combat is ſtrenuous and laſting; a complete Victory being rarely obtained." How much therefore does it behove us, to call in *every Auxiliary*, and to put on the complete Armour of God that we may be able to ſtand againſt the Wiles of the Devil.—See the fifth Edition of *Gurnall*'s *Chriſtian Armour*, and *Epheſ.* vi. 11.

enabled to caſt all our Care upon the Almighty! for ſurely he who gave—not an Arch-Angel—not a World—but *Himſelf*,—his moſt bleſſed *Self* for our Sins—ſurely *He* careth for us.

Yes, dear Sir; I think from my very Heart, that the grand Controverſy which the King of Heaven has with our Nation, is for our prevailing *Contempt* of his moſt adorable Son Jeſus Chriſt. A Gift, compared with which every Thing in Earth or Sky, is lighter than Duſt upon the Scale. A Gift, by which an omnipotent and eternal God not only demonſtrates, but commands his *Love*. Matchleſs then and unſpeakable muſt it be!—See! how the Prophet *Iſaiah* exults and triumphs in this glorious Gift. With an Ardour of Gratitude, and with a Tranſport of Delight, he cries; "To *us* a Child is born; to *us* a Son is given;" in whoſe Perſon is a *Dignity*, and in whoſe *Righteouſneſs* an Efficacy, infinitely ſurpaſſing the Power of Thought. And ſhould not ſuch a Gift be the darling Topick of our Converſation; be the avowed Glory and the general Joy of our Nation? Yet ſtrange to tell! afflictive to obſerve! this divinely excellent Gift is forgot, is rejected, or treated with the moſt cold Indifference. Where are the *People*, who *mention* it, or can bear to *hear* it mentioned in their Company? Inſtead of being in Raptures at the Sound, are they not diſguſted and chagrined?—And does not God behold all this? Did he ever receive ſo horrid an Affront, or is it poſſible for his Creatures to act a more contumelious and diſdainful Part?—But whither am I running?—Pardon me, dear Sir, pardon my full Heart—my wounded Heart—which has concurred to aggravate this crying Iniquity.—Oh that its invariable Language, for the future, may be; God forbid, that I ſhould glory, or rejoice, or confide, ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord: In *Him* I have Pardon of my Sins; in *Him* I have

I have Peace with God; in *Him* I have eternal Life. Therefore "*Him* firſt, *Him* laſt, *Him* midſt, and without End *," will I remember, acknowledge, celebrate.

Now you are come ſo far, could you not make a little farther Excurſion? Could not you favour us with your Company at *Weſton?* where you would find a plain Houſe and a faithful Heart open to receive you.—I have no News from the literary World; and my Orders to my Bookſeller are few.—But having Occaſion to write, not long ago, to *Amſterdam*, I ſent for all my favourite Author's Works: *Witſius* I mean; the polite and pious *Witſius*.—My Bookſeller is reprinting, in two Volumes at my Deſire *Jenks*'s *Meditations*; which I propoſe to recommend by a *prefatory* Addreſs to the Publick.—Let me ſoon *hear* from you, if I cannot *ſee* you: And may your Letter be in every Senſe an Evangeliſt.

Ever yours, while

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLVI.

On a Friend's providential Eſcape.

Weſton-Favell, April 28, 1757.

WHAT has my dear Friend been ſpeaking for the Honour of HIM, who ſaved his Life from Deſtruction?—How are you?—How is your Lady after your great Fright †, and greater Deliverance?—Calm, now,

* Milton.

† Dr. *S*—— of *N*——*n* was driving his Wife in a ſingle Horſe Chair, when the Horſe ſuddenly took Fright, and flung his hinder Leg over one of the Shafts, juſt by the Side of a very deep Ditch:

now, I truſt, and no Emotions in your Mind, but of Gratitude to the great Preſerver of Men, who kept all your Bones, ſo that not one of them is broken.

Now, I hope, you will be ſteadily and uniformly ſerious. You ſee, God warns you, yet ſpares you. To *others*, he has appointed ſuch Dangers as befel you Yeſterday, to be the Meſſenger of *Death*; to *you*, he has deſigned them only as an *Admonition of Love:* Hear then your PRESERVER's Voice. No longer delay to ſecure your Salvation: Be zealous (I mean *diſcreetly* zealous) for your Saviour; and for that Goſpel, which you underſtand better than moſt of our Clergymen.—How can you refuſe to ſpeak boldly for ſuch a Maſter; and to devote yourſelf to his Service in earneſt, who *forgives* all your Backſlidings, *watches* over you with ſuch tender Compaſſion, and *waits* (yea *waits*) to be GRACIOUS UNTO YOU.

My dear Friend, may the Lord Jeſus turn us *both* to Himſelf, who is our Refuge, our Salvation, and all our Hope; who ſhould be our Boaſt, our Triumph, and all our Joy.

I long to ſee your *amiable Friend* the Reverend Mr. *Dyer*'s *Poem on the Fleece* *.—I ſuppoſe he will make

Being thus entangled, and a high mettled Horſe, he kicked with all imaginable Fury, and ſeveral Times his Hoofs came within a Hair's Breadth of their Heads:—They called in vain on their Servant who had loitered behind, and they muſt *both* have inevitably been daſhed to Pieces, had not the Horſe by the Violence of his Kicking, broke the Harneſs, Bar, and Shafts, and thus fortunately diſentangled himſelf.—This Accident happened near Mr. *Hervey*'s Houſe at *Weſton-Favell*, to which they then went.

* The *Fleece*, is an elegant and correct Poem in four Books, written by Mr. *Dyer*, who publiſhed the celebrated Poem on the *Ruins of Rome*, at which Place he lived many Years. He was originally a Painter, and afterwards Rector of *Cathorp*, in *Leiceſterſhire*.—He was near twenty Years in writing the *Fleece*.

you

you *a Preſent* of it.—When you have done with it, pleaſe to ſend it me.—I hear it is to be ſold at five Shillings, which I cannot afford to give for it.

In your laſt Letter you aſked me for *two* Guineas, out of my Charity Purſe, for our very deſerving and very diſtreſſed Friend.—Indeed it is quite exhauſted;—nay I don't think I have a *ſingle* Guinea in the World, even for my own Uſe; though I forbear every *unneceſſary* Expence, and want *many* of the little Conveniences of Life, that I may be enabled to ſuccour the worthy Servants of Chriſt.—I have agreed to go Halves with *Rivington* in the Profits of my Book; and I always make it a Maxim, not to give till I have gotten.—"Be *juſt*, before you are *generous*," is your own Rule too.—If the Lord pleaſes to *proſper* my Work, I will very readily communicate to the Comfort of ſuch worthy Objects, as you may think proper to recommend to the Charity of, my dear Friend,

Yours very affectionately,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLVII.

Various Remarks.—Jenks's Victory of Chaſtity recommended.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Moſes Browne* * has, I think, *thirteen* Children. One is ſettled in the World; and a Friend of *his* has taken another for his Clerk, *gratis*.—We propoſe

* The Reverend Mr. *Moſes Browne* (the Author of *Sunday Thoughts*, and various other Pieces) is now Vicar of *Olney*, in *Buckinghamſhire*, the Revenue of which is about fifty Pounds, being his only Income, and He above fifty Years old. See in Letter LVIII. Vol. II. Mr. *Hervey*'s Opinion of *Him*, and his Writing; even before the Commencement of their Intimacy.

to put out one of his Daughters to ſome decent Buſineſs; by which ſhe may have the Means of getting her Livelihood.—He has been at a great Expence poor Man! by the Sickneſs of his Family.—Your Contribution on this Occaſion will be acceptable. Dr. —— has offered to augment the Collection; and Mr. *** I am ſure will readily add his charitable Aſſiſtance, eſpecially if you recommend the Caſe.

—We are in daily Expectation of our Friend *H.* I wiſh, you could make up the *Triumvirate of the Gueſts.* At all our ſocial Interviews, our News is fetched from the *Bible*; Chriſt is the Monarch, and Heaven the Country, on which we diſcourſe; Oh that I may be enabled to improve theſe precious Opportunities! Not be like *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine, deſtitute of Growth, though crammed with Plenty!—My Flock would have been peculiarly delighted, to have heard your Voice in the Pulpit: They would have hung on your Lips; and I verily believe, the Words would not have been *in vain* in the Lord. There's no Expedient ſo effectual to warm our Hearts as an unremitted Endeavour to awaken the *Love* of a bleeding Saviour in the Breaſt of others.

I am truly grieved at the Account of *yourſelf.* You know who has ſaid, "I will heal their Backſlidings and love them freely;" and dare we by giving way to *Unbelief* make the God of Truth a Liar? Hear the Words of the Lord ſpoke by *Jeremiah*, Ch. iii. 12. "Return thou Backſliding *Iſrael*, and I will not cauſe mine Anger to fall upon you, only *acknowledge* thine Iniquities which thou haſt tranſgreſſed againſt the Lord thy God."

Recommend *Jenks*'s *Victory of Chaſtity* to Mr. ***, and tell him, that though the Luſts of the Fleſh are inveterate Enemies, yet three Methods may be preſcribed for a Victory over them. 1. A believing Application of the *Redeemer*'s *Death.* The Saints in Glory, once Men of like Paſſions with ourſelves, overcame through

through the Blood of the Lamb: "He bare our Sins in his own Body on the Tree, that we being dead unto Sin, might live unto Righteouſneſs." 2. An habitual Reliance on the *Spirit of God.* "If *ye*, through the Spirit, do mortify the Deeds of the Body, ye ſhall *live.*" Chriſt by his Spirit acts on our depraved, polluted Hearts, as a Refiner's Fire, and as Fuller's Soap. 3. *An Improvement of the divine Promiſes.* God has given unto us exceeding great and precious Promiſes; that by *theſe* we might be Partakers of a divine Nature, having eſcaped the Corruption that is in the World *through Luſt.*

Theſe tell Mr. *** to lay up in his Memory; on theſe let him *meditate*; and *plead* them before our heavenly Father in frequent, earneſt *Prayer.* And then let him be of good Comfort, the Bleſſing of *Gad* will be his Portion. *Gad*, a Troop ſhall overcome him, but He ſhall overcome at the laſt. See *Gen.* xlix. 19.

Our dear Friend preſents his Love; and wiſhes you may be *very zealous* for the Lord God of Hoſts.—You have conſtantly an Intereſt in my beſt Prayers, but I am utterly unworthy to approach the immaculate Purity and infinite Holineſs of the great God;—yet bleſſed be his adorable Name for Jeſus Chriſt.—Oh! let us fly to Chriſt. "Turn ye to this *ſtrong Hold* ye Priſoners of Hope." Let us caſt our every Burthen upon the Lord Redeemer; have Acceſs into the Holieſt through his precious Blood; and truſt in his ever acceptable *Interceſſion*; for he *intercedes* (delightful Truth!) he intercedes for TRANSGRESSORS.

I am, dear Sir, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CLVIII.

On various Subjects.

Dear Sir,

MR. *Hayward* and Mr. *Pyke*'s *Cases of Conscience*, are printed in two Volumes, the first of which I will lend, and here send you. I return you *Smollett*'s *History of England* and *West*'s *Pindar* with Thanks. How empty all these *polite* Pieces appear, compared with the *sacred* Page! May *this* delight our Taste, for *this alone* can comfort our Heart.—What I proposed to write relating to the Subject of *Visiting on Sundays* *, was executed the Beginning of last Week: Yet to say the Truth I am in some Measure backward to propagate and enforce it; because, till People begin to *taste* something of the Love of God, and *find Delight* in Christ Jesus, *such Truths* I doubt will only startle, and make them dread Religion as burdensome.

—Thanks for the Venison. We cannot dress it To-day. All my Family are to be at Court this Morning: The King of Heaven has sent positive Orders, and will not excuse either Man-Servant or Maid-Servant.—Won't you give us your Company in the Afternoon—when Mr. *** performs the *whole* Service at my Church? I fancy you will not be disappointed, nor unedified: He seems to have a ready Utterance, a very good Voice, and a fervent Zeal for the Honour of Christ: May the Arrow of the Gospel go forth from his Lips as the Lightning!—I hope, you will bring *your Wife* with you: Such *lively* Preaching as I expect, may be a Blessing to *both* of you.—Oh! that Christ may

* Mr. *Hervey*'s *Considerations on the prevailing Custom of visiting on Sundays* are printed in the first Volume with his Sermons.

guide

guide us with his Counſel, and *warm* us with his Love; —make us uſeful in our Generation, and mete for his heavenly Kingdom!

Why does our Friend talk of not accepting ***, becauſe it is a *paultry* Living? Surely he would not reckon that a *paultry* Thing, which gave him an Opportunity of preaching Chriſt, and winning Souls. If he *did*, He would not be able to ſay, with a certain Miniſter now in Glory, "I ſeek not *yours*, but *you*."—The bleſſed Hope of *that* Glory is enough: Lord, ſtrengthen it, brighten it, increaſe it ever more and more.—Oh! that *Miniſters* may work for their dying Lord, while they have *Health*; remembring, that *Sickneſs* may confine them to their Chamber, and *Death* will impriſon them in the Grave.—God Almighty gives us Courage, that we may fight the good Fight of Faith, and Prudence, that we may not diſhonour our high Calling: Ere long *Eternity* receives us; and then we reſt from our Labours: Then we forget our tranſient Toil, amidſt innumerable Ages of Perfection, and Glory, and Joy.—For all this, not unto *us*, O Lord Jeſus, not unto *us*, but unto thy Love, thy Righteouſneſs, thy Interceſſion be the *Praiſe!*

What ſay you to my late well-meant Admonition? You are not offended, I hope. We muſt be *faithful* to each other; or elſe how can we expect to meet with Comfort, at the great Tribunal; to meet with Tranſport, amidſt the Angels of Light?

—I have not heard from *Biddeford:* As ſoon as I receive Information, it ſhall be communicated to you. —And may the Lord fulfil that Promiſe to us *both*; "I will inform thee, and teach thee, in the *Way* wherein thou ſhalt go."

—Pray have you got Dr. *Armſtrong*'s Poem on Health? It is highly extolled by Mr. *Warton* the Tranſlator of *Virgil*, as a *moſt correct*, and (which with *Him* ſeems

ſeems to comprehend all Excellency) a *claſſical* Performance. I ſhould like to peep upon it by way of Amuſement; for as to the Bleſſing it celebrates, I expect it not, till this vile Body is made like unto Chriſt's glorious Body: Bleſſed be God for this delightful Hope; may it every Day be brighter in *you*, and brighter in

Your moſt affectionate

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLIX.

Remarks on Alſop's Anti-Sozzo.

Weſton-Favell, Nov. 7, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Should be very ungrateful, if I did not thank you for your late Preſent; and for the many obliging Things you are pleaſed to ſay of me and my Writings in your valuable Letter.—I hope they'll be ſucceſsful Advocates for the Furtherance of the Goſpel; and I am very ſorry to hear by you, as well as from ſeveral other of my Correſpondents in *Scotland*, that the Gentlemen of Letters in that Kingdom are deplorably gone off from the Simplicity and Truth of the Scriptures, and that the *Socinian* Tenets are gaining Ground apace. —I could wiſh, methinks, at this critical Juncture that *Alſop*'s * *Anti-Sozzo*, which made its firſt Appearance in

* *Anti-Sozzo*, or againſt *Socinus* (*Fauſtus*) a Native of *Sienna*, whoſe *Italian* Name was *Sozzo*.—He wrote a Book about 1575, intitled *De Jeſu Chriſto Servatore*, and died 1604; but *his Sect* was far from dying with Him.—He held, that the *Arians* had given *too much* to Jeſus Chriſt; and aſſerted that He was *mere Man*, and had no Exiſtence

in 1675, was judiciously *abridged*; and in the neat *Glasgow* Type, *reprinted* in a duodecimo Volume—though 'tis almost a Pity to *abridge* it (unless it was *well* executed)

istence before *Mary*.—He *denied*, that the Holy Ghost was a *distinct* Person, and alledged that the Name of *God* given to Jesus Christ signifies no more than that God the Father had given him a *sovereign Power* over all his Creatures; and that in Consequence of *this Privilege* Men and Angels ought to *adore* him. He denied the *Redemption of Christ*, affirming that what He *did* for Men, was only to give them a *Pattern* of heroick Virtue, and to seal his Doctrine by his *Death*. He held likewise *other* pernicious and erroneous Tenets; which are too tedious here to mention.—In the Reign of King *Charles* the second, these *Socinian* Tenets were gaining ground in *England*, when Mr. *Alsop*, one of the *wittiest*, as well as one of the *best* of Men in that Age, wrote this Book, which he called *Anti-Sozzo*, in Opposition to the fundamental Errors then maintained by some eminent Divines, and in Vindication of the great Truths of the Gospel.—His own Words, extracted from his Preface to that Work (which he signed *N. N.* merely to avoid the Discovery of his true Name) are as follow. "If the *Socinians* oppose, every *true* Christian should defend the Gospel of Jesus Christ; for the Dispute is not now about Decency and Order; about Fringes and Phylacteries; about the Tything of Mint, Anise and Cummin; but about the *Influence* of the Righteousness of Christ's Life, and the *Sacrifice* of his Death, upon our Acceptance with God, about the Interest of the *blessed Spirit* in the glorious Work of the new Creation; whether Christ be a proper Priest, or not? Whether as a Priest he offered himself as a *proper Sacrifice* to God, or not? Whether God and Man are *reconciled*, and we redeemed from the Curse of the Law by the Blood of Jesus, or not?—Whether we are justified before the just and holy God by our *own* Righteousness, or by the Righteousness of a *Mediator*?—And in a Word, Whether the *Death* of Christ be the proper and immediate Cause of any one single Blessing, great or small, of the Covenant of Grace? In which the Concerns, all the eternal Hopes of every Christian are wrapt up; and wherein that he may not mistake, and so finally miscarry, as it is the unfeigned *Design* of my writing this Book, so it is my earnest *Prayer*."

Mr. *Vincent Alsop*, and Mr. *William Sherlock* (afterwards Doctor and Dean of *St. Paul*'s) were Pupils at *St. John*'s College, *Cambridge*, under the same Tutor.

But when *Sherlock* in a *Socinian* Book printed in 1674, improperly intitled, *A Discourse concerning the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and our Union*

executed) as the *Whole* is ſo intereſting, and might be contained in *two Duodecimo* Volumes, or even in *one Octavo* Volume, if printed at *Glaſgow*.—It is, I can aſſure you, a *very ſmart* Book, and one of the *beſt* Defences of the evangelical Doctrines I ever ſaw, or ever expect to ſee, even if my Life, which now draws very near its End, could be prolonged to the next Century.—In ſhort, I think it an *unanſwerable* Performance; and Divines of *every* Denomination would do *well*, to make themſelves *thoroughly Maſters* of this ſpirited and entertaining Writer; as they would then be able to defend the Truth as it is in Jeſus, againſt all kind of Opponents, how witty, keen, ſubtle, or malignant ſoever the Attack might be. I would therefore

Union and Communion with him, had in Drollery uſed ſuch *indecent* Expreſſions as the following, *viz.* (Page 46 of the ſaid Book) "That the Juſtice of God hath glutted itſelf with Revenge in the Death of Chriſt, and ſo hence forward we are ſure he will be very kind, as a revengeful Man is when his Paſſion is over:" And the next Page, expreſſed himſelf, ſtill *more indecently*, by ſaying that "The Sum of which is *this*, that God is all Love and Patience, when he has taken his Fill of Revenge, or as others uſed to ſay, the Devil is very good when he is pleaſed." When Mr. *Alſop* read theſe Paſſages he was ſhocked, and ſeeing Dr. *Sherlock* had no more Reverence to the Majeſty of God, no more Regard to the Authority of Scriptures than to write *as above*, Mr. *Alſop* was determined to attack him, and to *plead* for Chriſt and his Truth here *at the Footſtool*, who *pleads* for us, according to his Truth, *at the Throne*. Nor was *any* Man better qualified than *Himſelf*, either to give a Check to a Man of *Sherlock's* Talents and imperious Diſpoſition; or to the growing Petulancy of the then daily encroaching Profaneneſs.—On grave Subjects, he appeared, as he was, the truly reverend Mr. *Alſop*, and wrote with a becoming Serioufneſs (ſee his *Practical Godlineſs the Ornament of Religion*, Octavo, publiſhed in 1696) but where *Wit* might properly be ſhewn, He diſplayed *his* to great Advantage, as may be ſeen in his *Anti-Sozzo*. He died much reſpected and lamented, in *May* 1703. A fuller Account of *Him* and his *Writings* may be ſeen in the *Biographia Britannica*, or *Lives of the moſt eminent Men who have flouriſhed in* Great-Britain.

beg you to recommend this Book as a *Specifick* againſt *Socinianiſm*; and uſe your Intereſt to have it forthwith reprinted at *Glaſgow*.

Glad I am to be informed, that you are ſo very zealous for the Honour and Intereſt of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.—What can make Mankind happy, but his Goſpel?—What is worthy of our ſedulous Application, but his Intereſt?—What will be a ſubſtantial Reward, but his Acceptance, Favour, and Love?

I am now reduced to a State of Infant Weakneſs, and given over by my Phyſician.—My grand Conſolation is to meditate on Chriſt—and I am hourly repeating thoſe Heart-reviving Lines of Dr. *Young* in his fourth Night.

THIS—only THIS ſubdues the Fear of Death:—
And what is THIS?—Survey the wond'rous CURE:
And at EACH STEP let higher Wonder riſe!
1. Pardon for infinite Offence!—2. And Pardon
Thro' Means that ſpeak its Value infinite!—
3. A Pardon bought with Blood!—4. With Blood divine!
5. With Blood divine of him I made my Foe!
6. Perſiſted to provoke!—7. Tho' woo'd and aw'd,
Bleſt, and chaſtiſed a flagrant Rebel ſtill!—
8. A Rebel 'midſt the Thunders of his Throne!—
9. Nor I alone!—10. A Rebel Univerſe!—
11. My Species up in Arms—12. Not one exempt!
13. Yet for the Fouleſt of the Foul he dies!—
14. Moſt joy'd for the Redeem'd from deepeſt Guilt!—
15. As if our Race was held of higheſt Rank;
And, Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man.

Theſe amazingly comfortable Lines, I dare ſay you will treaſure up in your *Heart*;—and, when you think of *them*, will think of *me*; and I hope, dear Sir, *pray* for me, that I may not diſgrace my Miniſtry, or diſhonour the Goſpel of my Maſter in my laſt Moments by *Unbelief*;—baſe, provoking *Unbelief!*—This probably is the *laſt* Time you will ever hear from me; for indeed

indeed 'tis with ſome Difficulty I have wrote *now*, but I ſhall not fail to remember you in my Interceſſions for my Friends at the Throne of Chriſt;—and I humbly beg of God Almighty, that the *Love* of his Son may ſweetly conſtrain you; and that his *Promiſes* may be ever operative on your Mind. I am, with great Gratitude and much Eſteem,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother in Chriſt,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLX.

On different Subjects.

My dear Friend,

SIncereſt Thanks for your benevolent Offices: May they, through our great High Prieſt, and the Incenſe of his Atonement, go up as a *Memorial* before God; not as a *Demand*, (we may obſerve) not as a *Bill* drawn upon Heaven, but only as a Memorial!

I had a very reſtleſs Night, tore almoſt to Pieces by my Cough. Strange! that theſe flimſy Veſſels can bear ſuch violent Straining! that none of them will burſt, and let the battered Soul ſlip away, to her eternal Reſt in Chriſt!

—Here are two Setts of the *Meditations*, with which you may gratify ſome of your Acquaintance. The Lord Jeſus Chriſt grant, that they may promote his Glory. Do not you often wiſh, often pray, that the ſame bleſſed Effect may be produced by *your* Book? We *Authors* ſhould not be like the *Oſtriches* in the Wilderneſs, cruel and forgetful of their young. (*Lam.* iv. 3.)

—If

—If you have Dr. *Grey*'s Tranſlation of *Hawkins Browne*'s *Latin* Poem on the *Immortality of the Soul*, favour me with the Sight of it; it is a grand Subject; it is a glorious Subject; and, when conſidered in Connection with Jeſus Chriſt, it is a delightful Subject. Oh that it may incite us to aim, "*not at the Things which are* SEEN, for they are temporal; but at the Things, which are NOT SEEN, *for they are eternal.*"

I have found the little Treatiſe, intitled *Recovery from Sickneſs*. It is one of the moſt pertinent and rational, the moſt animating and encouraging, that I have ſeen on the Occaſion.—Few *properer* Pieces, I think, can be put into a *ſick* Perſon's Hand *. May the Lord God, omnipotent and gracious, accompany it with his *Bleſſing!*

—I am always complaining; complaining of my poor Body, but I truſt more and more reſigned to the unerring and gracious Will of my Lord.

I beg, I intreat you, if you value the Honour of the Goſpel, that you will diſſuade thoſe polite Perſons you mention, from coming to hear me To-morrow.—My Spirits ſink more and more—I am viſited with ſome Returns of my hacking Cough; perhaps, I ſhall not be able to ſpeak at all. Such diſagreeable Circumſtances will only expoſe me, and create in them very unpleaſing Ideas of what I ſhall deliver. My Imagination is gone.—I am ſenſible my Sermons are flat, and my Voice ſpiritleſs.—Why therefore ſhould you bring Perſons *of Taſte* to ſee the Nakedneſs of the Land?—The poor Country People *love* me tenderly, and therefore *bear* with my Infirmities; elſe I ſhould no longer attempt to preach, even before *them*.—I am now unfit to appear in the Pulpit.

* The Title is, *Recovery from Sickneſs, or a Preſent to one lately raiſed from a dangerous Diſorder*, containing ſerious Reflections, Reſolutions, and Devotions, ſuitable to that Occaſion.

I hope Dr. *Swan*'s Journey will be bleſſed to the Reſtoration and Eſtabliſhment of his Health. I wiſh I may never forget the *Text*, on which He heard the Miniſter of *Weſton* preach: I wiſh, we may all enjoy the Bleſſing compriſed and promiſed in it. "I will pray the Father, and he ſhall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—Don't you, my dear Friend, think of ſuch Things? talk of ſuch Things to your Lady, and inſtruct your Children in ſuch Things?—O! let us remember, the Judge is at the Door, and Eternity is near.—I heartily wiſh Mrs. *** a ſpeedy Recovery, and a ſanctified Improvement of her Affliction: See, my dear Friend, how all Fleſh is *Graſs*; but Jeſus and his great Salvation endureth *for ever:* Here is indeed an *everlaſting* Poſſeſſion. The Text particularly fit for me and for you to *meditate on*, (*viz. Heb.* i. 2, 3.) I will preach on next *Sunday*.—Can any be more grand in itſelf, or more conſolatory to us Sinners?

How go you on? Do you ſee any Opening in the Affair we laſt talked about? Are you come to any Determination? Remember *Him*, who ſees, this very Moment, all the Conſequences of every Step we take; and who hath ſaid, in tender Compaſſion to our Ignorance, "The Lord ſhall *guide* thee continually."—Pray, beware of precipitate Reſolutions, *Feſtina lente*.—Whatever we *do*, whitherſoever we *go*, may we ſay with the Pſalmiſt, "This God is *our* God, for ever and ever; He ſhall be our *Guide* even unto Death."—My weak State of Body diſpirits my Mind, and enervates my Hand.—Oh! that I may be ſtrong in Faith, joyful through Hope, and rooted in Charity!—And not I only, but my dear Friend, whoſe I am,

Cordially and inviolably, while

J. HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CLXI.

Burnham's Behaviour in his Illneſs cenſured.—Hints for Survivors.—The Converſion of a Libertine.

Sept. 25, 1755.

Dear Sir,

I Lately received a Letter from my very valuable Friend Mr. ***, an Extract of which I here tranſcribe, as he has made ſome juſt Remarks on Mr. *Burnham*'s *bleameable Behaviour in refuſing the Help of a Phyſician.*—I believe you can anſwer for me, that I ſhall never be guilty of that Fault; as I think altogether with the wiſe Son of *Sirach*, that " the Lord hath created the Phyſician, and that ſuch are to be regarded for the Uſes we may have of them.—The Lord likewiſe hath created Medicines out of the Earth, and he that is wiſe will not abhor them." *Ecclus* xxxviii.

" I have (ſays my Correſpondent) been reading *Burnham*'s *Pious Memorials*, as it was publiſhed with a recommendatory Preface by *you*, in Behalf of his diſtreſſed Widow. The dying Behaviour of Dr. *Andrew Rivet*, Page 212, and Dr. *Peter du Moulin*, Page 263, charms me exceedingly.—Every Word has its Weight, and ſhines like a well ſet Diamond in a Ring; or as *Solomon* expreſſes it, like an Apple of Gold in a Picture of Silver.—Mr. *Burnham* was undoubtedly an excellent Man; but He does not ſeem to come up to *theſe* in divine Knowledge. Methinks I don't ſo well approve of his refuſing the Help of a PHYSICIAN, Page 431, and the *Slight* with which he treated ſuch a Propoſal.—It does indeed ſhew, that He lived quite *above* the Fear of Death; but at the ſame Time it ſhews great *Weakneſs of Mind.* Life and Health are *Mercies* in the

Eſteem of Heaven; and the dying Chriſtian ought to eſteem every Thing as God eſteems it. Suppoſe ſuch an one *deſires* to die; yet ſtill He ought to uſe every lawful *Means to live*, to make the Will of God his own, and to be willing to continue even out of Heaven, as long as his heavenly Father pleaſes.—The *ſame Weakneſs of Mind* appears in his deſiring his Friends not to pray for his *Life*, and in his being *ſorry*, that they made ſo much *ado*. Page 433.—Had he requeſted them to pray for him importunately, yet in humble Submiſſion to the *Will of God*; and to be ſure to *acquieſce* in it, whether for Life or Death, methinks it had been *better*.—An earneſt Deſire of a ſpeedy Diſſolution has led ſome pious Martyrs, and ſome dying Chriſtians too, into a *Miſtake*, which it is proper to take Notice of, but more proper to avoid."

How do you approve of the following Method in converſing with the Survivors after the Loſs of a dear Child, or Friend?—It is merely a Sketch; yet a due Regularity is preſerved by the three Diviſions: And ſome of the Heads on each Diviſion are to be enlarged upon or omitted, and others added occaſionally.—The Uſe of ſuch Sketches may be ſeen in the Preface to Mr. *Richards*'s *Hints for religious Converſation with the Afflicted*; whoſe *Plan*, though *ſome* of his Hints are not ſufficiently adapted to the Caſe deſcribed, I highly *approve*; as it cannot but be ſerviceable to *every* Chriſtian, who is deſirous of entering into ſpiritual Diſcourſe: And more particularly to *young Clergymen*, who would do well to tranſcribe, ſtudy, and improve thoſe *Hints*; as they are too often *at a loſs* how to exhort, admoniſh, or comfort, as various Diſpoſitions, and Circumſtances require.—When you ſend me your Opinion, make ſuch Alterations as occur to you.

The

The Conſolation.

It is God's Will;—who ſtill continues many *Comforts* to us.—

His Will always wiſe, good, beſt.

We are his Creatures—He has a *Right* to us, as we have to our Cattle or Lands.

It is the Lord's doing—this was the Support of *Eli*, *Job*, *Hezekiah*.

The Improvement.

" For *us* Men ſicken, and for *us* they die." (Dr. *Young*'s *Night Thoughts*.)

To wean our Hearts from the World.

To ſet our Affections there, where true Joys are to be found.

To excite us with greater Diligence to prepare for our own great Change.

Our own Preparation.

The only Preparation is to ſecure the Favour of Chriſt, and an Intereſt in his Merits, by which we are pardoned and juſtified.

A Participation of the Spirit of Chriſt, by which we are made *fit* for Heaven.

I hope you remember, not without a pleaſing Mixture of Gratitude and Joy, your divine, yet bleeding Lord: I hope you feel a more comfortable *Truſt*, that your Sins are done away through that all-atoning Blood; and that you *pray* with a more ſteady Faith for that moſt bleſſed Spirit, which was ſealed to our Enjoyment in the holy Sacrament, of which we were ſo lately Partakers.

I deſire you will enter into ſome *ſpiritual* Converſation with the Bearer, whom I have recommended to you; you will then ſee the more than rocky Hardneſs of the human Heart, and the abſolute need of Prayer, and

almighty Grace, in order to make it ſuſceptible of ſaving Impreſſions. I dare ſay you will draw ſeveral uſeful Concluſions from this Interview, though your Attempts for his Benefit, I fear, will prove ineffectual.

A Gentleman Yeſterday told a Story, well atteſted, which you'll be pleaſed to hear, as it ſhews in a very ſtrong Light the Uſe of thoſe Paſſages of Scripture, which the *unthinking* are too apt to conſider as *uſeleſs*. A certain Libertine, of a moſt abandoned Character, happened accidentally to ſtrole into a Church, where he heard the *fifth* Chapter of *Geneſis*, importing that ſo long lived ſuch and ſuch Perſons, and yet the Concluſion was they died. *Enos* lived 905 Years, and he died—*Seth* 912, and he died—*Methuſelah* 969, and he died. The frequent Repetition of the Words, *He died* (notwithſtanding the *great Length* of Years they had lived) ſtruck him ſo deeply with the Thought of *Death*, and *Eternity*, that it changed his whole Frame. —He attended the remaining Part of the divine Service with the utmoſt *Serioufneſs*;—went Home and prayed earneſtly to God for Forgiveneſs, and the Aſſiſtance of his Holy Spirit;—and became, from an infamous Libertine, a moſt exemplary Chriſtian.—By this Chapter we ſee, *how ſoon* Youth, Health, and all worldly Delights muſt *end:* This to a worldly-minded Man, caſts a Damp upon all theſe deſirable Things; but to a Soul acquainted with Chriſt, and in Affection removed from hence already, no Thought is ſo ſweet as this.—*Enos* died, *Seth* died, *Methuſelah* died, and (bleſſed be God for the *Privilege* of Death) ſo ſhall I.—It helps much to carry us chearfully through Wreſtlings and Difficulties, through better and worſe. We ſee the Land of Promiſe near;—we ſhall quickly paſs *Jordan* and be at Home.—There will be *an End* of the many Vexations of this Life,—*an End* of Sin—*an End* of Temptations—nay *an End* of Prayer itſelf; to which will ſucceed

ſucceed, new Songs of endleſs Praiſes. Oh let us often reflect on what St. *Peter* advances. " *The End* of all Things is therefore at hand, be ye ſober and watch unto Prayer." (1 *Pet.* iv. 7.)

I hope you will *well* weigh this,—and introduce *ſpiritual* Diſcourſe whenever a fair Opportunity preſents. Set your Face *as a Flint* amongſt the Great—Eſtabliſh your Heart *as a Rock*; and let Nothing, Nothing divert you from *furthering the Intereſt of Chriſt*, wherever *you yourſelf* have any Intereſt.—It is like plunging into cold Water perhaps at firſt, but afterwards comes a Glow all over you. Remember what I now ſay, ſhould you live thirty or forty Years longer, yet when you come to die, take my Word for it you will wiſh you had converſed more on, and for Chriſt.

—I am ſatisfied from the ſacred Oracles, as clear as Light, concerning the Origin of Evil. And if any one, without having Recourſe to Revelation, can ſatisfactorily ſolve that Queſtion, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo.* —My dear Friend, " let the Word of Chriſt dwell in us richly."

—Thanks for the Uſe of *Warton*'s and *Pitt*'s *Virgil.* All the Syrens ſing in his Lines; but the JOYFUL SOUND is no where heard. Was the Ear of our Soul tuned aright, there would be more Muſick in this one Sentence from the King of Heaven, " I have called you Friends," (*John* xv. 15.) than in all the *Iliad*, and all the *Æneid.*

I am ever and affectionately your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXII.

On the Value of Life.

Weſton-Favell, Sept. 20, 1755.

Dear Sir,

YOU threaten to put my Patience to the Trial, by a very long Letter of ſcriptural Criticiſms. I ſhall only reply; Oh that my Patience may ſupport all *other* Trials with the ſame Complacency and Chearfulneſs, as I am perſuaded it will ſupport itſelf under *this!* —Your Obſervations I very much value, and take a ſingular Pleaſure in reading. The Lord Jeſus enable *you* to multiply them, and *me* to profit from them! and help us *both* to love his holy Name, ever more and more!

I am entirely of your Opinion with Regard to the Worth, the ineſtimable Worth of the preſent Life; eſpecially when there is a comfortable Proſpect of being *uſeful* in our Generation. This State affords the *only* Opportunity of doing Good to immortal Souls. The *Dead* ſerve not their Lord in the Work of the Goſpel. The *Living*, the *Living only*, are intruſted with the precious Office of turning Sinners from Darkneſs to Light; therefore *the Living* ſhould value this diſtinguiſhed Prerogative at a high Rate.—Perhaps, you think, that I was the Writer of Mr. *Burnham*'s Life.—From a Queſtion propoſed to me very lately by a Clergyman, I fancy, that *others* think the ſame *, but I neither was the Author, nor do I know the Author's Name.

* Mr. *Hervey* was ſolicited to write the Preface to *Burnham*'s *Pious Memorials*, which he complied with as an Act of Compaſſion to the Widow, who thought *his* Name might promote the Sale of the Book for her Benefit.

I have

I have ſent you the third Edition of *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*; you will obſerve, that I have made ſome Alteration in Dialogue xvi; and that I ſtill adhere to my firſt Opinion, with regard to *Faith*. I aſſure myſelf, you can *bear* with me, though I ſhould continue in this *particular* Point, to vary ſomewhat from *your* Way of thinking. I ſhall be truly glad and thankful, if you will examine me with the Rigour of a Critick, and muſter up againſt my Doctrine the ſtrongeſt Objections you can conceive; for I do earneſtly *wiſh*, and frequently *pray*, that not any Notion of mine, but the holy Truth of God may prevail.—You will alſo obſerve, what Advantage I have made of your Remark on *Vitringa*'s Interpretation of *Iſa.* xxx. 18.

I ſhall expect your Animadverſions on Mr. *Marſhall* with Eagerneſs; and, though he is my Counſellor, my Comforter, and my Favourite, I truſt I ſhall not be blind to his *Faults*, nor refuſe to ſee his *Miſtakes*. May the Wiſdom of Heaven guide, direct, and teach,

Dear Sir, your affectionate and
obliged Friend, *&c.*

LETTER CLXIII.

Scriptural Criticiſms.

Weſton-Favell, Oct. 23, 1755.

My dear Friend,

I Have received, and am very much obliged for your Remarks on Mr. *Marſhall*'s Treatiſe of *Sanctification* *. They are truly judicious; and ſeveral of them command

* Mr. *Hervey*'s Words are—" It has been made one of the moſt uſeful Books to my own Heart. I ſcarce ever fail to receive *ſpiritual* Conſolation and Strength from the *Peruſal* of it; and, was I to be

command my Aſſent: You will wonder to ſee, how ſtrongly I have recommended this Book in the third Volume of my *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*, p. 336, of the third Edition. It has been eminently bleſſed to my own Soul: There is no religious Treatiſe I read, which does me more Good. Pray be ſo kind as to execute what you propoſed—Shew me how Mr. *Marſhall*'s Method may be improved, for I would gladly tread in his Steps on *this* Account, as well as on *others*, that I may have an Opportunity of acknowledging his *Miſtakes*, and cautioning my Reader.

Downame's * *Chriſtian Warfare*, againſt the Devil, the World, and the Fleſh, I will immediately endeavour to procure. I ſhould be glad, if you would point out other excellent Books. I am ſometimes aſked to give a Friend or a Student a Catalogue of the moſt excellent Authors (particularly of religious Authors †.) To do this, ſeems to be a valuable Piece of Service,

be baniſhed into ſome *deſolate* Iſland, poſſeſſed only of *two* Books beſides my BIBLE, *this* ſhould be *one* of the two; perhaps the *firſt* I would chooſe."

* *Downame*'s *Chriſtian Warfare*, was recommended to Mr. *Hervey* by one of the moſt learned Men of the preſent Age in theſe Words: —" It was *firſt* publiſhed in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, but *mine* is the fourth Edition, printed in 1634.—I think it one of the *beſt* Pieces of practical Divinity extant; and I believe you will ſay of it, as *David* did of *Goliath*'s Sword, ' There is *none like* it.' His Language is as *pure* as his Doctrine; eſpecially when we conſider the Time it was written; and He uſes every Term ſo properly, that *Johnſon* in his *Engliſh* Dictionary might very well have appealed to his Authority.—He is as clear as the Sun; and no Reader, who gives any Attention to what he reads, can poſſibly miſtake him.—It is much to be wiſhed this valuable Book was reprinted." See Mr. *Hervey*'s Remarks on the reprinting Authors of the laſt Century, Page 403 of Volume II.

† Mr. *Hervey*, a little before he died, had began to digeſt a Catalogue of this Kind, ranged under different Heads, giving a ſhort

Service, eſpecially as it is ſo unhappily *neglected* by the Conductors of our youthful Studies.

Your laſt Paragraph is particularly kind and obliging: But, however, your Benevolence may regard and repreſent it, I ſhall always eſteem and acknowledge it as a ſingular Favour to receive your critical Obſervations. In which, as in the Threads made of Silk and Gold, there is always a moſt agreeable Mixture of Learning and Devotion.

Pray what do you apprehend to be the Meaning of St. *Paul?* 1 *Cor.* ix. 26. ουκ ως αδηλως. Dr. *Doddridge* tranſlates the Paſſage thus: "Not as one who is to paſs undiſtinguiſhed." In the ſame Chapter, Verſe 23, another Difficulty occurs, ινα συγκοινωνος αυτου γενωμαι.—1 *Cor.* xii. 31. Ζηλουτε δε τα χαριζματα τα κρειττονα. Dr. *Doddridge* underſtands as a Reprehenſion, not as an Encouragement. He tranſlates the Words, "Ye contend earneſtly about the beſt Gifts;" and interprets the Clauſe, "envying, and it may be, detracting from the ſuperior Endowments of others." Is this right? See Chap. xiv. 1.—I am at ſome Loſs to make out the Propriety of Το καθ' ημων χειρογραφον. *Col.* ii. 14. How is the Hand-writing of Ordinances ſaid to be *contrary* to us? The ceremonial Law, which, I ſuppoſe, is meant by δογμασι, was not *contrary* to, but *promotive* of the Comfort and Peace of the *Jewiſh* Worſhippers. The moral Law indeed ſpoke Terror, and nothing but Terror to impotent Man: But the Law of Sacrifices and Waſhings brought the glad Tidings of Atonement and Purification, which muſt be very conſolatory. What is the preciſe Signification of εξαλειψας, ηρκεν

ſhort Character, and ſhewing the diſtinguiſhing Excellency, and particular Uſe of each Author; which Catalogue He propoſed to have publiſhed in a *ſeparate* Piece.

προσηλωσας? Do they refer to any Uſages, cuſtomary and current in thoſe Times?

Let me now ſubmit to your Examination a very ſingular Criticiſm or two of Father *Houbigant*'s, on *Iſaiah* ii. 22. He ſays, "Non dubitamus, quin fuerit olim ſcriptum, כי בבמח נשב רוא, Nam altitudinem flatu dejicit. Homo, cujus ſpiritus eſt in naribus ejus, eſt ipſe filius hominis, Meſſias, de quo in toto hoc capite vaticinatur Jeſaias. Quem Meſſiam Judæi, niſi violare timent, monet eos non impune laturos. Quia Meſſias: homo factus, volvit naribus ventos & tempeſtates, quibus ipſorum & urbem & rempublicam ſit everſurus." Again, Chap. iii. 10. he ſays, אמרו צדיק: "Plerique, poſt vulgatum, dicite juſtos quâ interpretatione peccant dupliciter. Nam 1. legitur צדיק juſtus vel juſtum, non לצדיק juſto. 2. Parum ad rem terribilibus minis, quæ anteceſſerunt & quæ ſequuntur, interſeritur iſte ſermo ad juſtum habitus. Nobis ſatis eſt אסרו pro אמרו. Nempe erat futurum, ut Judæi juſtum ligarent, Romaniſque vinctum traderent."—His Verſion is, "Alligant juſtum, quia bonus eſt."—You will begin to think, that our Author is extremely fond of the *ſpiritual* Senſe, and deſirous to find *Chriſt*, or *Chriſtian Sentiments* in every Place: But he is *ſeldom* (however it has happened in the aforecited Texts) liable to err on *this* Side of the Queſtion. Hear what he remarks on *Iſaiah* xxxiii. 24. חיושב בהגשא עון חליתי העם "Agitur præda exercitus Aſſyriorum, poſt eorum fugam, dividenda inter eos, qui vicinis in locis habitant. Nihil ad eam prædam iniquitas: nihil etiam ad antedicta, qui habitat in eâ. Nam eâ, de quâ habitatione dicatur, neſcitur. Nihil denique ad rem חליתי, æger ſum. Non promiſerat Deus, nullos fore in regione ægrotos, aut in lecto jacentes tum, cum dividenda eſſet præda. Sed omnia plana & commoda erunt,

erunt, ſi pro חליתי, legas כליתי, prohibitus ſum; ſi pro בה, בם in eis, ſi denique pro עון, legas ערו prædam ſuam. יאמר שכן כליתי העם הישב בם כשא ערובל. Non dicet vicinus, prohibitus ſum; populus qui habitabit apud eos, tollet prædam ſuam. Quibus Verbis prænunciatur, prædam de Aſſyriis fore tantam, ut omnes licentiam habituri ſint prædandi, & abducendi domum prædas ſuas."

" *Hoſ.* vi. 3. ונדעה, & cognoſcamus. Parum commode cognoſcamus, ubi ſequitur, & perſequamur cognitionem. Propterea non dubitamus, quin Oſee ſcripſerit ונועדה, & conveniamus, ut deinde apte veniat, & ſequamur, ſive curramus ad cognoſcendum Dominum." The next Verſe he thus tranſlates: " Quid faciam tibi, Ephraim, quid faciam tibi, Juda, ut adſit vobis Miſericordia, velut matutina nubes, & ut res qui mane effunditur? Certe ego, quod volui, feci Prophetis tuis; interfeci eos per Verba Oris mei, & ex judiciis de te meis Lux orietur." He changes העבתי into חפעתי.

I was not a little puzzled about *Jer.* xviii. 14. *Houbigant*, according to his Cuſtom, firſt alters, then interprets; thus he would read the Paſſage: קרים זרמי. נוולים היעור שידשלג לבנון. אם יגטשו מים. " An " deſerit calx Pætram, vel nix Libanum? An relinquunt aquæ ſcaturientes defluxus currentium aquarum?"

When you have Leiſure and Inclination for critical Studies, I ſhall be greatly obliged for your Opinion on theſe Points; as I am for your very friendly and very ſolid Defence of me in the *London Magazine*.—May the King of Saints proſper the Works of your Pen, and return the Acts of your Kindneſs into your own Boſom!—Let me once more beg of you to direct me to the moſt improving Books you have met with. No longer

longer ago than Yeſterday, a young Clergyman, whom I had never ſeen before, made me a Viſit, and attended a Lecture which I gave my Pariſh in *Weſton* Church on a *Wedneſday* Evening, at Seven o'Clock. An amiable Gentleman truly! He ſeems mighty well inclined; wonders, that his Brethren don't make edifying Subjects, ſuch as Juſtification and Sanctification, the favourite Topicks of their Diſcourſe. Now I don't know, what more ſubſtantial Service I could do ſuch a Perſon, than to recommend to his Study ſome *proper* Books. The Tidings therefore of a judicious evangelical Author, with a little Sketch of his Character and diſtinguiſhing Excellency, might be a Bleſſing to *others*, and a Bleſſing to *myſelf*. A Favour, a welcome Favour, I am very ſure, it would be to,

Dear Sir, your much obliged,

and truly affectionate Friend, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXIV.

On various Subjects.

Weſton-Favell, Dec. 13, 1755.

My dear Friend,

I Received your laſt valuable Favour in due Time. I ſhould have made my Acknowledgments ſooner, but I ſtaid to get the encloſed little Pamphlet*, which I want

* We are obliged to Mr. *Hervey*'s Correſpondent for the following explanatory Note and Remark, *viz.* "This was a little Pamphlet on the *Marks and Evidences of Faith*, wrote by one *Cudworth*, of *Norwich*, on the Antinomian Side of the Queſtion: I wrote Mr. *Hervey*

I want much to have you peruſe, and to have your Opinion concerning it. There ſeems to me, to be much good Senſe and ſolid Argument, much more than I apprehended, could have been produced on the Occaſion.—I read your *Remarks* with great Attention; and I humbly truſt that God will execute the Office, and accompliſh the *Bleſſing* mentioned in the Portion of Scripture, which gave a Reliſh to our Breakfaſt this Morning.

הכוֹלטד אדם דעת. *Pſalm* xciv. 10.

I read the Paſſage in a ſmall *Hebrew* Bible without Points; and the firſt Word of the Verſe ſeemed to me, not הִיסַּד, but הִיסַּר, which, in my Opinion, yields the beſt Senſe: He that *made*, *upholds*, *eſtabliſhes the Nations*, &c. I have conſulted *Houbigant*, but he makes no Alteration.

Indeed we have *Need* of divine Teaching. Amidſt the Variety of Opinions, which ever *did*, and perhaps ever *will* ſubſiſt in our imperfect State, *He* only, who is the wonderful Counſellor, poſſeſſes the unerring Clue. —A Letter from *Dumferline* in *Scotland*, received by the laſt Poſt, and written by a Stranger, informs me, that, upon the Doctrine of Sanctification, there is a *Standard-Book*; and this Standard-Book, he adds, is *Marſhall's Goſpel Myſtery*.—Mr. *Moſes Browne* tells me,

Hervey a long Anſwer to this little Piece, which, in one of his Letters to me, he calls, *My moſt maſterly Piece of Controverſy*.—I don't know but it may be proper to take Notice here, that Mr. *Hervey* was of ſo generous a Temper, that where he thought an Author wrote ſenſibly, he would commend him, though he by no Means approved of his Sentiments; having no ill Deſigns himſelf, he ſometimes did not ſufficiently guard againſt the ill Deſigns of others. Of this his Letters to *Cudworth* are an Evidence: *There* I think he *ſhould not* have been ſo open. We muſt beware of *Men:* and be *wiſe* as Serpents, as well as *harmleſs* as Doves."

he

he is publiſhing a little Piece of Poetry, intitled *Percy Lodge*, the Duke of *Somerſet*'s Seat, wrote at the Deſire of the *late* Duke and Ducheſs in the Year 1749. Had they *lived*, poor *Browne* would have met with the Encouragement He deſerves. They *loved* Him, and fully intended to have *ſerved* Him. When it makes its Appearance, I will deſire you to accept of a Copy.

I am, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXV.

On ſome ſcriptural Difficulties.

Weſton-Favell, March 3, 1756.

Dear Sir,

IN a preceding Letter, I begged your Solution of ſome ſcriptural Difficulties. As you always uſed even to prevent my Expectations, in a free and ſpeedy Communication of your valuable Sentiments; and, as I have not enjoyed that Pleaſure for a long Seaſon, I am under ſome Apprehenſions, that either you are viſited with Sickneſs, or my Diſpatches have met with a Miſcarriage. I hope, after the Receipt of this, you will find ſome Way to relieve me from my Perplexity.

Reading Yeſterday, *Exod.* xiv. methought there was ſome Appearance of Tautology in Verſe 7, *Heb.* If in either of the Clauſes we might render the Word רכב by *Horſemen*, this ſeeming Impropriety would be avoided. It would alſo more exactly agree with ופרשים רכב in the 28th Verſe.—Is not our Method of tranſlating Verſe 20, ſomewhat forced, and hardly reconcileable with the Genius of the Original Language?

Heb. iii. 5. לפניו ילך דבר. This Sentence alſo embarraſſed me a little. How does it, as tranſlated in the *Engliſh* Bible, agree with the Hiſtory? Is there any Account, or any Hint, that the Peſtilence went before the Lord, when he deſcended on Mount *Sinai?* There went indeed a wonderful Word דבר το διαγελλομενον φωνη ρημαλων.--Does this Paſſage refer to the Plagues inflicted on the *Iſraelites*, for their Murmuring and Rebellion? I think not, becauſe the ſacred Hymn appears calculated for the Encouragement of the People, whereas this Circumſtance would rather depreſs their Spirits. Does it point at the Plagues and the Vengeance executed on the *Egyptians?* This, I believe, is moſt probable, and perhaps, affords us the true Meaning of the Paſſage.—Pray, favour me, if you have Health and Leiſure, with your Opinion, which, I aſſure you, is highly valued, and always thankfully received by, Dear Sir,

Your obliged, and affectionate Friend, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

What precedes was written before the Receipt of your laſt.

I thank you, dear Sir, for your Letter, and thank you doubly, becauſe it is long. I received it on coming from my *Wedneſday*'s Evening Lecture—have read one Sheet, and entered upon the ſecond, but am now called down to Family Prayer.—I ſhall add no more, only let me deſire you to favour me with the Criticiſms you mention. I beſeech the bleſſed God to eſtabliſh your Health and prolong your Life, that you may enrich *me* and *others* with many of your Letters, and much of your Knowledge.

LETTER CLXVI.

On various Subjects.

Saturday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I Congratulate you on the Acceptance of your little Tract, and the uncommon Demand for it*. *Ineſt ſua Gratia Parvis*, is a Maxim of more Wiſdom and Weight than we eaſily apprehend.—May the Bleſſing of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt accompany it, always and in all Places!—I muſt deſire you to excuſe my waiting upon you. The Seaſon is ſo rigorous, I am afraid to ſtir abroad. I queſtion, whether I ſhall have Courage to venture to *Collingtree* To-morrow. You know I am one of the Snail-kind, both in Travelling, Reading, and Writing. My Thanks to Mr. *Fenwick*; I have juſt peeped upon his † Work: I fear it will be thought by the World, too finely ſpun.—You once aſked my Opinion concerning Dr. *Grey*'s laſt Words of *David* divided according to the Metre. I had not then read it with due Attention: I lately peruſed it very carefully, and am charmed with the Importance of his Correction and the Beauty of the Paſſage, as it ſtands amended by that judicious Critick. Though I muſt own, I don't admire the Alteration ſuggeſted by Biſhop *Sherlock*, in his Letter to Dr. *Grey*. "A Sun ſhall riſe as the Morning," ſeems to have very little Spirit, and leſs

* Dr. *Stonhouſe*'s *Friendly Advice to a Patient*, and *Directions for the Uninſtructed.*

† *Thoughts on the* Hebrew *Titles of the* Pſalms, endeavouring to diſcover their Meaning, and point out their Uſe. Price 1s. 6d.

Propriety·

Propriety: Is it not bordering upon *Idem* * *per Idem*? What is the Morning, but the riſing of the Sun? Aſk our accurate Friend's Opinion. If the other † Paſſages of Scripture, mentioned by Dr. *Grey* in the Front of this little Piece, as what he ſoon intends to publiſh, are as valuably reſtored and as elegantly interpreted as this, the Suppreſſion of them will be a great Loſs.—I will, on your Encouragement, go on with my Book in my piddling Way. Happy if my own Heart may be

* Biſhop *Sherlock* ſays, (ſee Page 23, of Dr. *Grey*'s laſt Words of *David*,) In the compariſon באור בקר ce-or boker, *&c.* which you render, *Sicut Lux matutina, oriente Sole*; it would ſtrike me more to read *orietur Sol.*—The Senſe then would be (taking the Sun to be an Image, or Character of the JUST ONE) this Sun ſhall be like the kind gentle Light of the Morning, free from Clouds, and when the Earth, refreſhed by kind Showers, is putting forth freſh Verdure.—The Paſſage is beautiful, and gives an Idea of a Sun that never ſcorches, but is ever gentle, and ſhining with a genial Heat: A SUN WITH HEALING UNDER HIS WINGS.

† Theſe Paſſages are intitled, *The Voice of the ſweet Singers of* Iſrael. Being,

The Book of Lamentations.
The Canticles, or Song of Songs.
The Bleſſing of *Jacob*, *Gen.* xlix.
The Bleſſing of *Moſes*, *Deut.* xxxiii.
The Song of *Moſes*, *Exod.* xv.
The Song of *Deborah*, *Judges* v.
The Song of *Iſaiah*, Chap. v.
The Prayer of *Habbakuk*, Chap. iii.
The Prophecy of *Balaam*, *Numb.* xxiii.
The Lamentation of *David* over *Saul* and *Jonathan*, 2 *Sam.* i.
The laſt Words of *David*, 2 *Sam.* xxiii.
The Prayer of *Hannah*, 1 *Sam.* ii.

With other poetical Parts of the Old Teſtament, divided according to the Metre.—To which will be added, Notes critical and explanatory, ſerving both to reſtore the Text, and to give Light to many Parts of it hitherto obſcured. The Book of *Job* thus divided, with the Song of *Moſes*, *Deut.* xxxiii. Dr. *Grey* has already publiſhed. Price 7s. 6d. As likewiſe, *An eaſy Method of learning Hebrew* without Points, Price 6s.

impreſſed with the evangelical Truths, even though they ſhould reach, as handled by this Pen, no farther. —I had like to have forgot Mr. ***'s Letter: And if I had forgot it, you might juſtly wonder at my Stupidity. What a Man is *He!* Surely the Age does not produce a more genuine Copy of his divine Maſter. What a Letter has He wrote! what Dignity of Sentiment! what true Greatneſs of Soul! what Openneſs of Heart! what Boldneſs of Speech, and Juſtneſs of Reproof, ſweetened with what Love! tempered with what Humility! How I *love* the excellent Man! Was not your Soul aſhamed, while you read it?—and did not your Heart burn within you, as the Diſciples did when talking with Chriſt in their Way to *Emmaus?*

I am really afraid to read *Spenſer*'s *Fairy Queen.* He is, in Fancy ſuperior, perhaps, to every Poet, yet ſo luſcious in ſome of his Repreſentations, which I have caſually dipped upon, that it is impoſſible, for ME at leaſt, to advert to them, without catching Contagion. His Pictures of this Sort, are drawn with a good Deſign. He makes his Heroes, *Victors* of the ſoft Allurements. But, I believe, few Minds are ſo caſe-hardened againſt ſenſual Pleaſure, as not to receive *diſadvantageous* Impreſſions. I am, therefore, determined never to look into it again; never to gather the Honey of Poetry from the Briars of Contamination. "Flee Temptation," is the Advice of an inſpired Apoſtle; and I will pay the due Regard to it. I am, dear Sir, with great Reſpect, your moſt obliged, and very affectionate Servant,

J. HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CLXVII.

On the Mercy of the Redeemer.

Weſton-Favell, April 5, 1750.

Dear Sir,

WHEN you *meditate* on *Hoſea* iv. 6 and 7. [namely, " my People are deſtroyed for Lack of Knowledge; becauſe thou haſt rejected Knowledge I will alſo reject Thee, that thou ſhalt be no Prieſt to me; ſeeing thou haſt forgot thy Children: As they were increaſed, ſo they ſinned againſt me, therefore will I change their Glory into Shame."]—When I ſay you *meditate* on this terrifying Text, compare it with *Hoſea* xi. 8 and 9.—xiii. 9 and 12.—xiv. 1 and 2. [namely, " How ſhall I give thee up, *Ephraim?* How ſhall I deliver thee, *Iſrael?* How ſhall I make thee as *Admah?* How ſhall I ſet thee as *Zeboim?* Mine Heart is turned within me, my Repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the Fierceneſs of mine Anger, I will not return to deſtroy *Ephraim*; for I am God and not Man, the holy one in the Midſt of thee," *Hoſea* xi. 8 and 9.]

In the next Paſſage Chriſt ſhews the *only* Remedy for our Miſery [namely, " O *Iſrael*, thou haſt deſtroyed *thyſelf*, but in ME is thine Help.—The Iniquity of *Ephraim* is bound up; his Sin is hid," *Hoſ.* xiii. 9 and 12.]

In the *laſt* Paſſage is preſcribed the Method of applying the Remedy to your own Soul [namely, " O *Iſrael*, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou haſt fallen by thine Iniquity.—Take with you Words, and turn to the Lord, and ſay unto him, Take away all Iniquity, and receive us graciouſly, ſo will we render the Calves of

our Lips" (or ſpiritual Sacrifices of the Heart, not Calves with Horns and Hoofs) *Hoſea* xiv. 1 and 2.]

Pray take theſe Texts into frequent Conſideration, or elſe you will do a THREEFOLD Injury, *viz.* to the divine Mercies,—to the Redeemer's Merits,—to your own Comfort.

Be it that Guilt is great:—Yet is it boundleſs? Is it infinite, like the Kindneſs of God through Chriſt?—Remember what Meſſage our Lord ſent to *Peter* after his Fall; what Offers he made at *Jeruſalem*, after it had murdered the Prince of Peace; how eminently uſeful and happy he made *David*, after the Commiſſion of * enormous Crimes.—He is the ſame gracious, long-ſuffering, Sin-forgiving God, to Day, Yeſterday, and for ever.

Beware, dear Sir, that you add not *Unbelief* (the *greateſt* of Sins, the *moſt provoking* of Sins, the *moſt de-*

* The celebrated Dr. *Delany*, in his very entertaining Work, intitled the *Hiſtorical Account of the Life and Reign of David*, has this Reflection.

Happy for Mankind, that there is ſuch an Inſtance, (an authentick Inſtance) of falling Virtue and recovering Guilt!—An Inſtance ſo fitted to mortify the Vanity of Virtue, and the Merit of exalted Piety, and to raiſe the Power and Price of humble Penitence; to abate the Pride of Self-ſufficiency, and ſupport the Hope of Frailty. Who can confide in his own Strength, when he ſees a DAVID fallen? And who can deſpair of divine Mercy, when he ſees him forgiven? Sad Triumph of Sin over all, which is great and excellent in Man! Glorious Triumph of Repentance, over all which is ſhameful and dreadful in Sin.—Millions have fallen, have ſinned as DAVID; but *who* ever repented and recovered like *Him!*—Revolve his *whole* Life before the Affair of *Uriah!* It is almoſt one Train of a wiſe, generous, pious, and valiant Conduct! Revolve his *whole* Life from the Hour of this Guilt, and you will find it little elſe than one Train of Humiliation and Repentance before God; and *this* too, even after the Aſſurance of Pardon, from the Mouth of God himſelf by his Prophet *Nathan*; which is the higheſt Proof of a refined Piety, and exalted Virtue.

ſtructive

ſtructive of Sins,) to all your *other* Offences.—We have trampled upon the divine Laws, and defiled our own Souls; and let us not charge the divine Declarations with FALSHOOD, let us not make our GOD a Liar.—I am ſure God loves you, and Chriſt intercedes for you: Elſe whence this Searching of your Heart, this Acknowledgment of Guilt, this Self-Condemnation, and Thirſt after pardoning and ſanctifying Grace?

Another Proof to me, a very evident and pregnant Proof, that the bleſſed God has a very tender, and particular *Concern* for your eternal Welfare, is, his diſconcerting your Schemes; than which Nothing, I think, could be more effectually calculated, to waft you along the ſmooth Stream of Inſenſibility, and Pleaſure, into the Pit of Perdition.

Let *this*, though a Thorn in the Fleſh, be a Token for Good.—He, who has *begun* to reſcue you, will *accompliſh* his gracious Purpoſe.—Ere long, I truſt this new Song will be put into your Mouth, "The Snare is broken, and I am delivered." (*Pſalm* cxxiv. 7.) Be of good Comfort, dear Sir, for with "the Lord there is Mercy and plenteous Redemption." (cxxx. 7.)

Read by Way of Conſolation *Manaſſeh*'s *Humiliation*, (2 *Chron.* xxxiii. 12, 13.)—And ſee likewiſe God's gracious Dealings, even with *Rehoboam* himſelf. (2 *Chron.* xii. 6, 7.)

Don't indulge *diſpiriting* Ideas;—or have *hard* Thoughts of the God of everlaſting Compaſſion: Oh how *weak* is our Faith!—Read and ſtudy well that excellent and comfortable little Tract, *Liborius Zimmermannus, De Eminentiâ Cognitionis Chriſti.*—Converſe with ſome *experienced* Chriſtians; and remember what our bleſſed Saviour has *promiſed*, "Where two or three are gathered together in *my* Name, there am I in the

Midſt of them."—We never make any Doubt but our *Friends* (eſpecially if they be the diſtinguiſhed Servants of Jeſus) will fulfil their *Promiſes*, yet we queſtion (fie upon us, fie upon us for our *Unbelief*) whether the *divine Maſter* himſelf will accompliſh his Word.

I am, dear Sir, with much Eſteem, and with much Concern, for your preſent and eternal Welfare,

Your's, very ſincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXVIII.

On Chriſt's Ability and Willingneſs to ſave.

Dear ——,

THIS Letter will come to your Hands, as the *Bleſſings* of the everlaſting Goſpel are offered to our Souls, "without Money and without Price."

Be under no Concern about the *Report* you mention: It gives me not one Moment's *Uneaſineſs:* We have acted, I truſt, as faithful Stewards of our Maſter in Heaven; and if *He* approves, how very inſignificant is the Cenſure of *Men!* And what—ah what is a little Miſrepreſentation, or a few Laſhes from tattling Tongues, compared with thoſe cruel Mockings, which our divine and dying Redeemer bore!

You are, I find, as I too often am, in poor *Peter*'s Condition, when our Lord addreſſed him, with that tender Rebuke, "O thou of *little* Faith, wherefore didſt thou *doubt?*"—Wherefore indeed do we *doubt?* Is he not an all-ſufficient Saviour? Is not his Death a complete

plete Atonement, ſufficient to take away the Sins of a whole World?—Is not his Righteouſneſs a perfect Righteouſneſs, able to juſtify the *moſt Ungodly?*—Does not his Godhead impart an infinite Dignity to *both?* rendering them more powerful to ſave, than Millions, unnumbered Millions of Sins are to deſtroy?

Is he not a *willing* Saviour?—How *willing* was *Joſeph* to give the Good of the Land of *Egypt* to his aged Father?—How *willing* was *Jonathan*, to ſcreen his beloved *David* from *Saul*'s Wrath?—How *willing* is an indulgent Parent, to deal out Bread to an hungry Child? *Equally willing*, abundantly *more willing* is Chriſt to *give Himſelf* to our Souls, to *reconcile* us to his almighty Father, to *fit* us for his Kingdom, and to *take* us to his Glory.—A Parent does not chuſe to die for his Child: —*Jonathan* never ſpilt his Blood for *David*;—nor did *Joſeph* lay down his Life for the good old Man *Jacob*. But this, all this, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt freely undertook, freely underwent for us. What could he do more to aſſure us of his *Love?*—Let us contemplate the Story of his bitter, bitter Paſſion. Let us view Him proſtrate in an Agony of Sorrow, on the cold Ground; extended, with racking Torture, on the accurſed Tree; laid all pale and mangled with Wounds, in the gloomy Sepulchre; and ſurely we ſhall have a ſtronger *Proof* of Chriſt's *Willingneſs* to ſave us, than the Teſtimony of ten thouſand *Miniſters* preaching on Earth, or of ten thouſand *Angels* ſpeaking from Heaven.

Is he not a *faithful* Saviour? Having loved his own, he loveth them even unto the End. As his Eyes never ſlumber, nor ſleep, ſo his Care for his People is never intermitted: He has written their Names on the Palms of his Hands, and their eternal Intereſts are ever before Him: He will never, never *leave*, nor *forſake* them: No, not in any Circumſtance, nor on any Account. They are his peculiar Treaſure, and the Ranſom of his

own dear Life; they are the Recompence for all his Sufferings, and are to be the Jewels in his Mediatorial Crown; they therefore ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall they pluck them out of his Hand.—Neither Life, nor Death, nor Things *preſent*, nor Things *to come*, ſhall be able to *ſeparate* them from his Love, from his Boſom, from his Heart.—" Happy art thou, O *Iſrael!* who is like unto thee, O People ſaved by the Lord? who is the Shield of thy Help, and the Sword of thy Excellency. The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlaſting Arms; ſurely then thou mayſt dwell in Safety." (*Deut.* xxxiii. 27, *&c.*)

Are we *unworthy* Sinners? We readily *own* it; and oh! that we may deeply *feel* it! But did not Chriſt chuſe to converſe with Publicans and Sinners? Did He not come to ſeek, and to ſave *that*, which was *loſt?*—The ſame Spirit, which actuated him on Earth, He retains now he is exalted into Heaven: Let not therefore our deplorable Vileneſs be our Hindrance, but our Incitement to apply to the ever-gracious Friend of Sinners.—Indeed, if we were not Sinners, we ſhould not be proper Objects for the Saviour. " They, who are *whole* need not a *Phyſician*, but they who are *ſick*;" for ſuch he made his Soul an Offering, and for ſuch he brought in everlaſting Righteouſneſs: He makes Interceſſion, not for the Righteous, but for Tranſgreſſors; and thoſe, who are afar off, in Rebellion and Apoſtacy, are brought nigh;—nigh to God, and Home to Heaven, by the Blood of Chriſt.

May theſe Conſiderations ſink into our *Hearts*; and be made the Seed of a lively, growing, and joyful Faith!—And may the Lord direct us *both*, (as we *both* groan in this Tabernacle, and are burdened) into the Love of God, and the patient Waiting for of Jeſus! when this languiſhing, this corruptible *Body* will lie down in Peace,

Peace, and reſt in Hope; and the *Soul*, delivered from every Conflict, cleanſed from every Stain, will be for ever, ever with the Lord.—Amen and Amen, ſays

Your's, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXIX.

A ſerious Exhortation to Repentance.

To RICHARD NASH, *Eſq; Maſter of the Ceremonies at* Bath.

Sir,

THIS comes from your ſincere Friend, and one, who has your beſt Intereſt deeply at Heart: It comes on a Deſign altogether important, and of no leſs Conſequence than your everlaſting Happineſs: So that it may juſtly challenge your careful Regard.—It is not to upbraid, or reproach, much leſs to triumph and inſult over your Miſconduct. No! It is pure Benevolence, and diſintereſted Good-will, which prompts me to write: So that, I hope, I ſhall not raiſe your Reſentment.—However, be the Iſſue what it will, I cannot bear to ſee You walk in the Paths, which lead to Death, without *warning* You of your Danger; without ſounding in your Ears that awful Admonition, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil Ways and live; for why will Ye die?" (See *Ezek.* xxxiii. 11.) I beg of you to conſider, whether You do not in ſome Meaſure reſemble thoſe accurſed Children of *Eli*, whom, though they were famous in the Congregation, and Men of Renown, yet Vengeance ſuffered not to live. (1 *Sam.* iii. 13.) For my Part, I may ſafely uſe the Expoſtulation of the old Prieſt,

Prieſt, "Why do Ye ſuch Things? I hear of your evil Dealings by all the People: Nay, my Brother, for it is no good Report that I hear; You make the Lord's People to tranſgreſs."—I have long obſerved and pitied You; and a moſt melancholy Spectacle I lately beheld, made me reſolve to *caution* You; "leſt *You* alſo come into the ſame Condemnation."—

I was not long ſince called to viſit a Gentleman, one of the moſt robuſt of Body, and of the gayeſt Temper I ever knew; but when I viſited him, Oh! how was the Glory departed from him! I found him no more that ſprightly, ſparkling, and vivacious Perſon He uſed to be; but languiſhing, pining away, and withering, under the chaſtiſing Hand of God! his Limbs feeble, and trembling; his Countenance forlorn and ghaſtly; haſting apace to the Duſt, to lodge in the ſilent Grave, that Land of Darkneſs and Deſolation; his Soul juſt going to God, who gave it; preparing itſelf to wing away to its long Home; to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal State.—When I was come up into his Chamber, and ſeated on his Bed, he firſt caſt a moſt wiſhful Look upon me, and then began, as well as he was able, to ſpeak: "Oh!" ſays He, "that I had been more wiſe; that I had known this; that I had conſidered my latter End!" (*Deut.* xxxii. 29.) Oh! Mr. *Hervey*, Death is knocking at my Door; in a few Hours more I ſhall draw my laſt Gaſp, and then Judgment, the moſt tremendous Judgment, is the Thing that I look for.—How ſhall I appear, *unprepared* as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God? How ſhall I endure the Day of his Coming?" I aſked him among other Queſtions, what He thought of true Holineſs, which He had formerly ſo much ſlighted. "Oh," replied He, with an haſty Eagerneſs, "moſt highly I value it! I would gladly part with all my Eſtate, or a World, to obtain it.—Now my benighted Eyes are enlightened,

'I clearly

'I clearly discern the Things that are excellent.' Oh! what is there in the Place, whither I am going, but God? or what is there to be desired on Earth, but Religion?" But what would you do, Sir, said I, if God should restore you to Health? "Do! I call Heaven and Earth to witness, I would labour for Holiness, as I shall soon labour for Life: As for Riches and Pleasures, and the Applause of *Men*, I account them as Dross and Dung; no more to my Happiness, than that Feather which accidentally lies on the Floor.—If the righteous *Judge* would try me, in what a Spirit would I spend the Remainder of my Days! I would know no other Business, aim at no other End, than to perfect myself in Holiness: Whatever contributed to it (every Means of Grace, every Opportunity of spiritual Improvement) should be dearer to me than Thousands of Gold and Silver. But, alas! why do I amuse myself with fond Imaginations? The best Resolutions are *now* insignificant, because they are too late.—The Day, in which I should have worked, is over and for ever gone; and I see a sad and horrible Night approaching; bringing with it the 'Blackness of Darkness, and for ever.' (*Jude*, ver. 13.)—Heretofore, alas! when *God* called, I refused; when *He* invited, I was one of them, who made Excuses: Now, therefore, I receive the Reward of my Deeds; 'Fearfulness and Trembling are come upon me.' I smart; I am in sore Anguish already, and yet *this* is but the *Beginning* of my Sorrows.—It doth not yet appear what I shall be; but sure I am, that I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an *everlasting* Destruction."

This Scene I saw with my Eyes, and heard with my Ears, and quickly after I attended the unhappy Gentleman to his Tomb.—The poor emaciated dying Man, spoke in such an Accent, and with so much Earnestness, that I could not easily forget *Him*, or his Words: And,

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as I was muſing upon this ſorrowful Subject, I remembered Mr. *Naſh*.—No ſooner did I remember you, Sir, but I diſcerned too near an Agreement and Correſpondence between you and the Deceaſed.—They are alike, ſaid I, in their *Way*, and what ſhall hinder them from being alike in their *End?* The Courſe of their Actions was equally full of Sin and Folly; and why ſhould not the Period of them be equally full of Horror and Diſmay? I am grievouſly afraid for the Survivor, leſt, as he lives the *Life*, ſo he ſhould die the *Death* of this wretched Man, and "his *latter* End ſhould be like *his*." For this Cauſe I take my Pen in Hand, and *counſel* you to *bethink* yourſelf; nay, I *requeſt* of you to *repent*, while you have Opportunity, if happily you may find Grace and Forgiveneſs.—Yet a Moment, and you may die; yet a little While, and you *muſt* die; and why will you go down with Infamy and Deſpair to the Grave, rather than depart in Peace, with Hopes full of Immortality?—

But I muſt tell you, Sir, plainly, and with the utmoſt Freedom, that your preſent Behaviour is not the Way to reconcile you to God. You are ſo far from making an Atonement to offended Juſtice, that you are aggravating Wrath.—For what ſay the *Scriptures*, thoſe Books, which at the Conſummation of all Things the Ancient of Days ſhall open, and judge you by every Jot and Tittle therein? What ſay thoſe ſacred Volumes? Why, they teſtify and declare to every Soul of Man, "that whoſoever liveth in Pleaſure, is dead while He liveth:" So that as long as you roll on in a continual Courſe of ſenſual Delights and vain Entertainments, you are *dead* to all the Purpoſes of Piety and Virtue: You are as odious to God, as a corrupt rotten Carcaſs, which lies putrefying in the Grave. You are as far from doing your Duty, or working out your Salvation, and reſtoring yourſelf to the divine Favour, as *decayed Bones*, nailed up

up in a Coffin, are from Vigour and Activity.—Think, Sir, I conjure you, think upon *this*, if you have any Inclination to eſcape the Fire which will never be quenched.—Would you be delivered from Weeping, Wailing, and Gnaſhing of Teeth? Surely you would! But be certain, this will never be done by Amuſements, which at the beſt are trifling and impertinent, and for that, if for no other Reaſon, fooliſh and ſinful.—It is by Seriouſneſs, it is by Retirement and Mourning, you muſt accompliſh this great and deſirable Deliverance: You muſt not appear at the Head of every ſilly Diverſion, but enter into your Cloſet, and ſhut your Door; commune with your own Heart; and ſearch out your Spirit: The Pride of Life, and all Superfluity of Naughtineſs muſt be put away; and you muſt make Haſte and delay not, for the Time to come, to keep *all* God's holy Commandments; always remembering, that mighty Sinners muſt be mightily penitent, or elſe be mightily tormented.—Your Example and your Projects have been extremely prejudicial (I wiſh I could not ſay fatal and deſtructive) to *many*: For *this* there is no Amends, but an Alteration of Manners, as ſignal and remarkable, as your Perſon and Name.—If you do not by this Method remedy, in ſome Degree, the Evils which you have ſent abroad, and prevent the miſchievous Conſequences which may enſue, wretched will you be, yea, wretched above Meaſure, to all Eternity: The *Blood of Souls* will be laid to your Charge, and God's Jealouſy, like a conſuming Fire, will ſmoke againſt you: And you yourſelf will ſee it in that Day, "when the Mountains ſhall quake, and the Hills melt, and the Earth be burnt up at his Preſence."

Once more then I *exhort* you as a Friend, I *beſeech* you as a Brother, I *charge* you as a Meſſenger from the great God, in his own moſt ſolemn Words, "to caſt away from you your Tranſgreſſions, to make you a new

new Heart, and a new Spirit; *ſo* Iniquity ſhall not be your Ruin."—

Now, Sir, my Mind is eaſed. I have diſcharged the divine Commiſſion, in that I have ſpoken to you God's Words.—Whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, henceforward I am clear; I ſhall in no Reſpect be acceſſary to your Miſery: If you periſh, your Blood will be upon your own Head.—Perhaps you may be diſpoſed to contemn *this*, and its *ſerious* Purport; or to recommend it to your Companions as a fit Subject for Railing: But let me tell you before hand, that for *this*, as well as for *other* Things, "God will bring you into Judgment."—He ſees me now write; He will obſerve you while you *read*.—He notes down *my* Words in his Book, and he will note down *your* conſequent Procedure: So that not upon *Me*, but upon your own *Self* will your neglecting or deſpiſing my Saying turn. If you be "*wiſe*, you ſhall be wiſe for *yourſelf:* If thou ſcorneſt, thou *alone* ſhall *bear* it."—

Be not concerned, Sir, to know *my Name:* It is enough, that you will know *this* hereafter.—Tarry but a little, till the Lord, even the moſt mighty God, "ſhall call the Heaven from above, and the Earth, that he may judge his People;" and *then* you will ſee me Face to Face: There ſhall I be ready, at the dreadful Tribunal, to joy and rejoice with you, if you *regard* my Admonitions, and live; or elſe to be a ſwift Witneſs againſt you, if you harden your Heart, and will mind *none* of my Counſels.

I am, Sir, *&c.*

Bath, Nov. 11, 1736.

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LETTER CLXX.

On the Benefits of Affliction.

Weſton-Favell, June 3, 1749.

SO, my dear Sir, *the Phyſicians* have on the Whole given your Friend no great Hopes of a Cure.—The Apothecary's Shop, the Aſſes Drugs, and the Mineral Waters may, they apprehend, *palliate* the Diſorder; but that even *a Palliation*, it ſeems, is not to be expected, without keeping the *Mind* quiet, and cheerful;—and that this important *End* may moſt effectually be anſwered, the Doctors have recommended Diverſions, Travelling, and Company; giving a Caution at the ſame Time, I am told, againſt *Retirement*, ſo much *praying*, and poring over *religious* Books.

Now if *Cheerfulneſs* be the grand, the fundamental, the only *Recipe* adequate even to the *Mitigation* of this Diſeaſe, I may venture to aſſert, that ſuch *Recipe* is to be found—(poſſibly what I declare may be wondered at, but I aver it is to be found) in the *Bible*.—It may be ſeen wrote at Length; and it well deſerves Conſideration, in the Book of *Proverbs*:

"A merry Heart," ſays *Solomon*, "doth Good like a *Medicine*: but a broken Spirit drieth the Bones." (*Prov.* xvii. 22.)

That a ſatisfied, a ſerene and cheerful State of Mind, will in *this* Caſe be more beneficial than all Manner of Reſtoratives for decayed Nature, or Cordials for the ſinking Spirits, I can eaſily believe; nay, I am farther convinced, that whatever can be contrived by the moſt ſolicitous Care of the *Phyſician*, will probably be rendered ineffectual, without this *prime* Preparative, this *moſt ſovereign* Preſcript.—It is indiſpenſibly neceſſary,

that all poſſible Endeavours ſhould be exerted to have the Thoughts calm, placid, and eaſy.—Every thing muſt be ſacrificed to this moſt deſirable End.—Nothing can be more pernicious, in *ſuch* Circumſtances, than the contrary Situation of Mind.—But here will ariſe a *Queſtion*, How this inward Tranquillity may moſt eaſily be attained, and moſt ſurely eſtabliſhed? By Company, by Travelling, by Diverſions, the Doctors and ſome others will reply.—I am far, very far from being an Enemy to Diverſions, when properly choſe, and uſed with Moderation. Travelling may *beguile* the Senſe of Woe, and *palliate for a While* the Malady. Company, when cheerful and improving, is an excellent Source of Comfort; when innocent only and entertaining, is of ſome *preſent* Service, and ought to be allowed (at Intervals) Admittance. But *theſe* will no more reach the Caſe now under Conſideration,—are no more able to create a ſettled Tranquillity in the Breaſt, than the gentle Motions of a Fan are ſufficient to impel a Wind-bound Fleet. If they engroſs our *Time*, and leave *no Leiſure* for nobler Methods of Conſolation, they will certainly prove like heavy, louring *Clouds*, and inſtead of diffuſing, will intercept the *Rays* of Heart-felt Satisfaction. But what, may it be aſked, would I ſubſtitute inſtead of theſe Expedients?—I would beg Leave (*unpolite* as it may ſeem, and in a manner exploded) to recommend *Prayer* to God, and the daily *reading* * of the Scriptures.—If kind and friendly *Converſation* be judged proper, why ſhould *Prayer* be diſapproved?—Prayer is an humble, but delightful *Inter-*

* *Gaſtrell's Chriſtian Inſtitutes* are ſingularly *uſeful* to Perſons, whoſe Spirits are ſo much affected by *nervous* Diſorders, as not to be able *long* to attend to reading; the *whole* Duty of a Chriſtian being there taught in the *very Words* of Scripture; and ſuch Texts as ſuit every Condition and Circumſtance in Life, are placed *in Order* under the ſeveral Heads. The *ſixth* Edition in 12mo, Price 3*s*.

courſe,

courſe, with the beſt, the greateſt, the everlaſting Friend. —And has any *earthly* Friend exerciſed more Loving-kindneſs? Is any *earthly* Friend more able to adminiſter Relief than the bleſſed *God?* If there be ſuch Friends, let them be our whole Dependence, and let omnipotent Goodneſs be ſecluded from any Regard.

" God has ſo loved us, that he gave his own Son," dearer to himſelf than all Angels, and all Worlds, to die for our Salvation. Rather than we ſhould periſh for ever, he ſent his infinitely glorious *Son* to take upon him our Nature, and ſuffer the unknown Agonies of Crucifixion.—To ſhew his Readineſs to ſuccour us in any Diſtreſs, He ſtyles himſelf the Father of Mercies, and God (not of ſome, but) of *all* Comfort, (2 *Cor.* i. 3.)—And where is the Perſon, from whom we may more reaſonably expect to receive tender and compaſſionate *Succours*, than from this all-gracious God?—Is he not as *powerful*, as he is *gracious?*—What *Job* ſaid of his Companions, is, in a Degree, true of every *human* Aid: Impotent and miſerable Comforters are ye *all*.—But the God of Heaven is able to give Songs in the Night of Diſtreſs; to make the Bones, which Sorrow and Anguiſh have broken, to rejoice. If *He* ſpeak Peace, *who* ſhall cauſe Diſquietude; or what ſhall deſtroy our Tranquillity?—Indeed if we apply for Comfort, to any thing lower than *Heaven*, or by any ſuch *Means*, as exclude frequent *Prayer*, we neglect the Fountain of living Waters, and hew to ourſelves Ciſterns, broken Ciſterns, that can hold no Water. The *Scriptures* (and believe me, as I ſpeak from daily Experience) are a *Treaſury of Comfort*.—One, who had drank deep of the Cup of Sorrow declares, that they rejoice;—and that for his own Part, if his Delight had not been in the divine Law, he ſhould have periſhed in his Trouble, (ſee *Bible Pſalm* cxix. 92.)—" Theſe Things," ſays the favourite Diſciple, " *write* we unto you (not

barely that you may have *Joy*, but) that your Joy may be *full*." (*John* xv. 11.)—And St. *Paul* adds, that "whatever Things are written by the Spirit of Inſpiration, are written for our *Benefit*; that we through Patience, and *Comfort* of the Scriptures, might have *Hope*;" (*Rom.* xv. 4.) that bleſſed Hope of eternal Life, which is an Anchor to the Soul, in all the Storms of Adverſity; which is the Oil of Gladneſs, ſwimming above all the Waves of Affliction.—By having Recourſe to Diverſions and Amuſements, in Preference to the ſtrong Conſolations ſuggeſted in the Bible, we act as injudiciouſly, we ſhall be deceived as certainly, as if amidſt the ſultry Heats of Summer, we ſhould ſeek cooling Refreſhment from a painted Tree, and ſhun the embowering ſhady Covert of a real Grove.

If we are *afflicted*, the Scriptures acquaint us, that our *Afflictions* are the Chaſtiſements of a Father, not the Scourges of an Enemy. They give us Aſſurance, that the all-diſpoſing Providence will not ſuffer us to be *afflicted*, above what we are able to *bear*; (See 1 *Cor.* x. 13.)—that they ſhall turn to our Good, and bring forth the peaceable Fruits of Righteouſneſs;—that they are light; are only for a Moment, and yet ſhall work out for us a Weight, an eternal Weight of Glory.—Can all the Volumes of Heathen Morality ſuggeſt, or all the Recreations in the World afford, ſuch rational and ſolid Conſolation?—Without theſe Conſolations *Afflictions* will be like a latent Sore, ſmarting and rankling in the Heart;—will produce Diſcontent with our Condition, and repining at Providence;—a melancholy Temper, and a fretful Carriage.—Trifling Company, and worldly Pleaſures, will ſerve only to aggravate the Miſery, and make us inwardly mourn, that while others are in the Elevations of *Mirth*, we are preſſed with a Weight of *Calamity*.—Whereas, by Means of theſe ſovereign Conſolations, *Afflictions* may be improved to

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Health of the *Mind*, and become a moſt ſalutary *Expedient* for furthering our *ſpiritual* Happineſs.

Can any thing be more (or equally comfortable) than the *Privileges* recorded in that Charter of our Salvation, the *Scriptures?*—There we are told, that as many as *truly believe* in Jeſus Chriſt, are Children of the Almighty;—that the Lord who commandeth the Waters, the glorious God who maketh the Thunder, the everlaſting King, who ruleth all Things in Heaven and Earth, is their Father: He pities them as a *Father* pities his own Children (*Pſalm* ciii. 13.)—and that a *Mother* may ſooner forget her ſucking Child, than *He* can remit his tender Care for their preſent Welfare and endleſs Felicity. (*Iſaiah* xlix. 15.) that, becauſe we are Sinners, Chriſt Jeſus, with infinitely more than parental Tenderneſs, bore our Sins, and expiated all our Guilt, in his own bleeding Body upon the Tree. (1 *Pet.* ii. 24.) —Becauſe we frequently offend, and always fail, our merciful High-Prieſt ever liveth to make *Interceſſion* for us, and to *plead* his divine Merits in our Behalf. *Heb.* vii. 25.) — Becauſe we have many Corruptions *within*, and are aſſaulted by various Temptations *without*, we have a *Promiſe* of the bleſſed Spirit to ſubdue our Corruptions; (*Galat.* iii. 14. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 27.) and to renew us after the Image of *him*, who created us; (*Coloſſ.* iii. 10.)—Becauſe we are liable to manifold Misfortunes, and viſited with a Variety of Sorrows, the *ſame* holy Spirit is promiſed, under the amiable Character of a Comforter. (*John* xv. 7. *Luke* xi. 13.)—Becauſe all Fleſh is Graſs, and all the Goodlineſs thereof (the Youth, the Beauty, the Wealth, all mortal Accompliſhments, and every worldly Enjoyment) is withering, and tranſient as the Flower of the Field, (*Iſaiah* xl. 6.) the *Scriptures* direct our View, and conſign over to our Faith, a moſt incomparable, reverſionary Inheritance; an Inheritance reſerved in Heaven for us, " which is

incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. (1 *Pet.* i. 4.)

Are theſe Things, I would *aſk the Phyſicians*, likely to *deject* the Mind, or *oppreſs* it with Heavineſs?—Need their Patients fear an Aggravation of Diſtreſſes, from the Offer, from the Enjoyment of ſuch Bleſſings?—Much more reaſonably might the bleeding Wound fly from the lenient Hand, dread the healing Balm, and court its Cure from the Viper's envenomed Tooth.—Have theſe Truths a Tendency to engender *gloomy* Apprehenſions, as the *medical* Gentlemen are too apt to *imagine*; or do theſe *increaſe* the Load which galls an *afflicted Mind?*—Rather, what Heart, (that attends to ſuch glad Tidings and believes them) can forbear even leaping for Joy? Theſe are calculated to put off our Sackcloth, and gird us with Gladneſs; are enough to turn the Groans of Grief into the Songs of Gratitude.

Cheered by theſe *reviving* Conſiderations, ſupported by this *bleſſed* Hope, the antient Chriſtians were more than Conquerors over all their Calamities; they even gloried in Tribulations, becauſe *theſe* were the appointed Way to the Kingdom of Heaven. (*Acts* xiv. 22.) They took joyfully the *Spoiling* of their Goods, knowing, that they had, in the World *above*, a better and more enduring Subſtance, *Heb.* x. 34.—They perceived with Complacency, the Decay of their earthly Tabernacle; becauſe there remained for them, after their Diſſolution, a Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens. (2 *Cor.* v. 1.)—Perhaps we may not arrive at ſuch Heights of heroick and triumphant Exultation, but ſurely we ſhould *try* thoſe Remedies, which in *their* Caſe were ſo ſurprifingly and happily ſucceſsful.

On the whole; a peaceable *Compoſure* of Mind, and calm *Reſignation* to the all-wiſe Will of God;—an holy *Joy* in the Merits of our ever bleſſed Redeemer, and a well-grounded *Hope* of unutterable and immortal Bliſs,

in

in a better World; theſe, theſe are more abſolutely needful for a Caſe like *this*, and will do more towards *Relief*, than all the Drugs, which Nature produces.—And very ſure I am, that theſe noble Anodynes are diſpenſed no where but in the Scriptures; are to be procured no otherwiſe than by Prayer.—Other Methods may ſtupefy for a Moment, but will not remove the Pain, much leſs introduce permanent Eaſe.

I ſpeak not this from mere Speculation, or conjectural Probability.—I have *myſelf* EXPERIENCED the Efficacy of the preceding Expedients for theſe deſirable Purpoſes.—Having been a ſort of *Veteran* in Affliction, I have been under a *Neceſſity* of applying theſe *Conſolations*; and have the utmoſt Reaſon to bear *Witneſs*, that there are *none like* them.—The *Scriptures* are the Treaſury of Joy and Peace, and the truly religious are generally the moſt uniformly cheerful.

If you apprehend what I have here advanced on the *Means* of obtaining true Cheerfulneſs and ſolid Peace of Mind, may be in any Meaſure inſtrumental to the *Comfort* of your Friend, you would do well perhaps to *communicate* it, as I preſume you are not *aſhamed* of appearing in the Recommendation of the *Bible*.—The *Phyſicians* would probably *ſneer* at ſuch ſort of Advice, but the Arguments will not be the leſs valid on *that* Account;—and if their *Patient* be ſeriouſly diſpoſed, ſuch *Sneers* would have little or no Effect.

Do you recollect Dr. *Young*'s Lines * in the eighth Night?

———Would'ſt thou not laugh,
This Counſel ſtrange, ſhould I preſume to give?
Retire, and read thy Bible, *to be gay*,
There *Truths abound of ſov'reign Aid to* Peace!

* See Letter CVII. Page 351, of Volume II.

But *theſe* thou think'ſt are *gloomy* Paths of Joy:
Falſe Joys indeed are born for Want *of Thought*;
True Joys from Thought's *full* Bent and Energy:
And *this* demands a Mind in equal Poize,
Remote from gloomy Grief, and glaring Joy;
Much Joy not only ſpeaks *ſmall* Happineſs;
But Happineſs, that ſhortly muſt expire:
Can *Joy* unbottomed in Reflection ſtand?
Can ſuch a *Joy* meet Accidents *unſhock'd?*
Or talk with threat'ning *Death*, and not turn *pale?*

Though my Letter is much longer than I at firſt intended, and ſtands in Need of an Apology for its Prolixity, I cannot conclude without giving you a freſh Aſſurance, that amongſt the great Number of thoſe, who eſteem and reſpect you, there is *not one* of them, who more ſincerely *regards* you than, good Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and very humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXI.

How to conduct Controverſy.

Weſton-Favell, Dec. 15, 1755.

My dear Friend,

I Return you my beſt Thanks for ſending me a Copy of ſo ſmart and ſenſible a Letter, which came to me very à-propos; and which, I think, is ſo likely to do Good in this *diſputatious* Age, that I wiſh it was printed in ſome of the Magazines, and publick Papers.—I am much obliged to you for your kind *Caution* againſt my being drawn into a Controverſy; particularly by the very warm and overbearing Mr. ***, who is now grown

grown impatient of the leaſt Contradiction, and far from being a deſirable Companion, or Correſpondent.

Controverſy is as much *my* Averſion as it can be *your's*; for where *that* begins, Religion too often *ends*; and I ſhall not enter the Liſts, I promiſe you, with any one, unleſs I am abſolutely neceſſitated to it: But if I am compelled to appear in Print on ſuch an Occaſion, I ſhall endeavour to pay due Regard to *Solomon*'s excellent Advice, *viz.* "A *ſoft* Anſwer turneth away *Wrath*; but grievous Words ſtir up Anger." *Prov.* xv. 1.—Inſtead of exaſperating my Adverſary by cutting Reprehenſions, I will, if poſſible, conſtrain him by a candid and reſpectful Treatment to moderate his Temper; and by a coercive Propriety of Arguments, perſuade him to relinquiſh ſuch Tenets, as I think erroneous.

God grant, that I may never behave with an *indecent* Reſentment, how great ſoever may be the *Provocation* of my Gainſayers; but that in all my Writings and Converſations I may avoid the *haſty* Spirit, leſt I *injure* my own Peace of Mind, and *diſgrace* my Profeſſion, as a Chriſtian, and a Miniſter.

It is a Rule with *me*, always to ſpeak well of the *good* Qualities even of *bad* Men; eſpecially when *others* are cenſuring them with an unmerciful Severity;—and I could wiſh that every Controverſialiſt would learn ſo much Candour, as to put the *beſt* Conſtruction on his Opponent's Book; and to embrace what was *in general* good in it, however he might *doubt*, or *cenſure* ſome *particular* Opinions of the contending Author.

To live *peaceably* with all Men is my earneſt Deſire, and my daily Prayer; and in order to do this, I am more and more convinced of the Neceſſity of Candour, Humility,

Humility, and a conſcientious Regard to the Example of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.

I am, my dear Friend,

affectionately and inviolably your's,

J. Hervey.

A Copy of the Letter above-mentioned.

" *Dear Sir,*

" I HAVE a ſtrong and ſettled Averſion to all *Manner of Diſpute*, in Things, that relate to a Meſſage of perfect Peace, and Love. The Kingdom of God is no more *Opinion*, than it is Meat and Drink;—and *Argumentation* can have little to do where a *new Heart*, and a *right* Spirit is the Buſineſs, or Work to be performed.

" If we *prevail* in our Diſputes (though I believe there is not a ſingle Inſtance in which either of the Antagoniſts ever condeſcended publickly to *own* himſelf in the wrong,) our *Adverſaries* then become *baffled* Worldlings:—If they *prevail*, then they become Worldlings triumphant.—When we deal much *in Diſputes* we ſoil our Souls, and endanger the Temper of Meekneſs and Love, which we are ſo frequently *injoined* to cultivate, and which are the very Badge of Chriſtianity.

" As for *amicable* Diſputes in Religion, it is as errant Cant as an *amicable* Suit at Law.—A Diſpute about the *Sacrament*, as naturally removes the Mind out of its State of perfect Charity, as a Quarrel about a *Whore*.—The *Subject* alters nothing, it is the *Temper of Mind* wherewith we handle theſe Matters, that *defile* the Man; and it is morally impoſſible to meddle to any Purpoſe, without having the Mind diſordered.

" St.

" St. *Paul* was plainly of the *ſame* Opinion, when he wrote thus to *Timothy*; ' If any Man conſent not to wholeſome Words, even the Words of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and to the Doctrine which is according to Godlineſs, he is proud, knowing Nothing, but doting about Queſtions and Strifes of Words, whereof cometh Envy, Strife, Railings and Surmiſes, perverſe Diſputings of Men of corrupt Minds, and deſtitute of the Truth, ſuppoſing that Gain is Godlineſs: from ſuch *withdraw* thyſelf.' 1 *Tim.* vi. 3, 4, 5.

" This is the conſtant Caſe of all the Diſputes in the Goſpel itſelf.—The more they are argued, the further they are always from the Point; inſomuch that even thoſe who are ſaid to believe on Chriſt, at the *Beginning* of the Chapter of Diſpute, before the *End* of it take up Stones to caſt at him.

" In ſhort, till a Man be a Chriſtian in ſome Meaſure, he has neither Ability, nor any Right in Nature to *talk* about it.—'Tis more abſurd than a Controverſy between a Fiſh and a Fowl, about the beſt and moſt commodious Element to breathe in.

" The Peace and Purity of our own Minds, is of more Value than of every other Endowment.—For my own Part, I had rather be able to bear patiently the Nick-Name of Fool or Madman, than to become famous for all the Wiſdom and Prudence which the World knows how to commend and eſteem.

" In this Poverty of Spirit, I would heartily intreat all my Friends, earneſtly to ſeek after that Love and Peace, which is only to be found in the Face or Similitude of our dear Maſter, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.—The Want of this moſt amiable and Chriſtian Diſpoſition in ſome *eminent* Profeſſors, for I never admired a *rough, and boiſterous* Zeal, has often ſtartled and chagrined *Him*, who is, dear Sir,

" Your's very ſincerely, R. W.

" P. S. We may *talk* what we will about Religion, it is nothing leſs than a divine Temper.—What is ſhort of this is PRATING about Religion, and that's all.—I meet with many *doctrinal* Chriſtians, who are very *Dabs* at Chapter and Verſe, and yet very *Bond-Slaves* to Earth, and Self.—*Spiritual* Chriſtians (which are the *only true* ones) are almoſt as ſcarce as *Phœnixes*."

LETTER CLXXII.

Franck's Nicodemus recommended.

Saturday Morning.

My dear Friend,

LET me *exhort* you to live as on the *Borders of Eternity*; and often to reflect where the late Fall from your Horſe might have hurried you. Eternity is at Hand:—" *He*, that cometh, will come, and will not tarry."—Oh that your *Soul* may proſper; for without *that*, what are all the Riches, Pleaſures, and Honours of this Earth! But it *cannot proſper*, unleſs the *World* be under Foot, and your *Affections* fixed on Jeſus. What beſides *Him*, my dear Friend, deſerves *a Thought?* And how tenderly has he dealt with us, notwithſtanding all our Ingratitude and Provocations? I can ſay no more than I *have* ſaid to you; but I pity you, and I pray for you, that you may conquer this *Fear of Man*:—I wiſh you would every Day for the next Month, read ſome Part of Profeſſor *Franck*'s *Nicodemus*, or *The Fear of Man*. Dr. *** told me He had a great Regard for you, and wiſhed you would ſet your Face, *as a Flint*; exert your *lively Talents* to promote the Goſpel, and confeſs the Lord Jeſus boldly before Men on every *proper* Occaſion: And when they talk obſcenely, or take the

the Lord's Name in vain, you ought genteelly to *reprove* them, or *leave the Company:* This would be acting like a *Chriſtian!*—But, while you are thus ſilent, meally-mouthed, ſtand ſo much upon your Politeneſs, and have ſuch a *Fear* of being cenſured by worldly-minded People, you may take my Word for it, you will do very little Good; and be a Stranger to that Comfort and Peace, which others, who ſtick *cloſer* to Chriſt, daily experience;—that comfortable Peace of God, which (as Archbiſhop *Secker* finely obſerves, Page 132. of his Nine Sermons) is that Senſe of being in Friendſhip with Him, that Feeling of Comfort and Joy flowing from *Him*, which paſſeth all Underſtanding; exceeds the Conception of thoſe, who have *not* experienced it, and will exceed hereafter the preſent Conceptions of thoſe, who *have*." Adieu, my dear Friend.—Think well on what the Archbiſhop has ſo pathetically deſcribed; and then *meditate* on this alarming Text, and reconcile it with your own *puſillanimous* Conduct, which you miſcall *Prudence*; "Whoſoever ſhall be aſhamed of *me*, and *my Words*, in this adulterous and ſinful Generation, of *Him* alſo ſhall the Son of Man be aſhamed, when he cometh in the Glory of his Father with his holy Angels." (*Mark* viii. 38.)—Once more adieu!—Remember, that *this* is the Declaration of the *Lord*, who bought us with his Blood, and ſuffered the unknown Agonies of Crucifixion to ſave you, and

Your's very ſincerely,

J. HERVEY.

P. S. When People come to viſit *me*, they expect to hear of *Chriſt*; and *few* come to *Weſton*, but thoſe, to whom ſuch Diſcourſe is *agreeable*; nor do I *deſire* the Company of *any others*.—*Talking of Chriſt* is my Touchſtone, to ſee whether a Perſon is *worth* my

Acquaintance.—If YOU was once to take *this* Method, you will tell me, perhaps, that ſuch and ſuch an one will *abuſe* you, and all the *principal* Gentlemen will ridicule, and forſake you.—And what then?—You are much better *without them.*—In *their* Stead you will have the Eſteem and Friendſhip of *thoſe*, who *love* our Lord Jeſus *in Sincerity*; and *Chriſt Himſelf* will be in the *Midſt*, who has laid up for *you*, and *all ſuch*, as love his Appearing, a Crown of Righteouſneſs.—Has this Conſideration no Weight with my dear Friend?—Don't let me apply to *you* what St. *Paul* ſays of *Demas* to *Timothy*, (Chap. iv. 10.) "*Demas* has forſaken me, having loved this *preſent World.*" Read the cxixth *Pſalm*, and ſee whether *you*, and your *worldly-wiſe* Company have the Spirit of the *Pſalmiſt.*—*He*, though a *King*, delighted to *talk* of God.—He not only *talked* of Him obſerve, but *delighted* to do it; and it was Pain and Grief * to him to *forbear*.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Remarks on various Authors.

Weſton-Favell, May 13, 1758.

Madam,

I Have too long delayed to acknowledge the Favour of your laſt. The Reflection gives me Uneaſineſs, but the Occaſion gives you an Opportunity of exerciſing Indulgence. If you pleaſe to aſcribe my Silence to *much* Buſineſs, and *little* Health, you will do Juſtice to my Proceeding, and to your own Candour.

* See Pſalm xxxix. 3.

You

You inquire after the *beſt* Week's Preparation for the Sacrament *.—I cannot ſay that I much admire *any* of

* The Book for the Uſe of the Communicants at the Sacramental Table, which Mr. *Hervey* generally gave away, was Dr. *Wilſon*'s (the late Biſhop of *Man*) ſhort and plain Inſtruction for the better underſtanding the Lord's Supper, with proper Helps and Directions for joining in every Part.—Mr. *Marſhall*'s Treatiſe on *Sanctification*, could anſwer no ſuch End, though it might, in Mr. *Hervey*'s Opinion, give the beſt general Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament; and Mr. *Jenks*'s Office of Devotions (which are excellent) has only a few Pages on the Subject, and not the Communion Service in it: Beſides, it is double the Price of Biſhop *Wilſon*'s.

Now as a proper Book at the Sacrament is of ſuch Importance, and as Mr. *Hervey* himſelf judged Biſhop *Wilſon*'s to be the *leaſt exceptionable* of any of the Sacrament Books (ſee Letter XCIX. Page 310. of Volume II.) the Editor has ſubjoined what is ſaid of it by Dr. *Stonhouſe* in his *Friendly Advice to a Patient* (*thirteenth* Edition, Page 22.)

" As there are few religious Subjects which have been more frequently handled, (and perhaps I might add leſs underſtood) than the Sacrament, I would here recommend this ſhort but clear and ſatisfactory Tract, which I ſincerely wiſh in the Hands of every Communicant, eſpecially of Patients in Infirmaries.—And I prefer this, as it is plain and eaſily underſtood; as there are ſeveral conciſe and affecting Meditations on ſome pertinent Texts of Scripture; as the Queſtions propoſed for Self-examination, are immediately founded on the ANSWER ſo properly given at the End of our Church Catechiſm to that important Queſtion, ' What is required of *them*, who come to the Lord's Supper?' (See Biſhop of *Man* on that Subject, Page 26.) and, as the *whole* Communion Service is there printed in a large Letter, with *uſeful* Directions, and *ſuitable* Ejaculations on the Sides.—It is therefore well calculated to prevent the Inconveniency and Confuſion to which a Communicant is liable, (and which I have often obſerved with Concern) when He is obliged to turn backwards and forwards from the Common-Prayer Book to his Sacrament-Book, at a Time when the Thoughts ſhould be *all Attention* to the Words of the Miniſter;—whereas Biſhop *Wilſon*'s Book would *help* devout Minds, without drawing them off from the *Duty*, in which they ought to be *wholly* employed."

N. B. There is a moſt uſeful Book (Price 3s.) lately publiſhed by *Job Orton*, intitled *Sacramental Meditations*, or *Devout Reflections on various Paſſages of Scripture*; deſigned to aſſiſt Chriſtians in their Attendance on the Lord's Supper, and their Improvement of it.

thoſe

thoſe Books. They are, I think, looſe, rambling, indiſtinct, Companions; they tend rather to *bewilder*, than *inform* the Judgment.—For *my own* Part, I prefer the little Account of this Ordinance in Mr. *Marſhall on Sanctification*, to all thoſe prolix Treatiſes.—It begins Page 298, of the ſixth Edition, to which I wrote a *recommendatory* Preface.

If you ſhould want a *Collection of Prayers* ſuited to *this* Solemnity, or to any *other* Occaſion, there is *none*, in my Opinion, better than Mr. *Jenks*'s Offices of Devotion (which has paſſed *thirteen* * Editions) Price 3s. I ſhould far ſooner chuſe to read his two Volumes of *Meditations*, than the new *Whole Duty of Man*. *Jenks* has written *another* little Treatiſe, excellently good, and truly evangelical; it is intitled, *Submiſſion to the Righteouſneſs of God*. It was one of the firſt Books, that gave *me* an Inſight into the Truth of the Goſpel; or the Way of Salvation, by the infinitely glorious Obedience of our Surety, Jeſus Chriſt.

The Word *Amen*, has two Significations. It denotes an ardent *Wiſh*, Lord, let it be according to my humble Petition.—It denotes likewiſe a *firm Faith*, Lord, I am perſuaded, that thou wilt fulfil thy *Promiſe*, to grant my Petition.

If you love Entertainment, my *next* ſhall recommend a Book, which is as entertaining as a Novel † or a Play, yet edifying as a Sermon.—I believe, Madam,

* The Demand for it has been ſo great, that it has now paſſed *twenty-three* Editions.

† The Book here meant is *De Foe*'s *Family Inſtructor*, in 2 Vols. 12mo. which has paſſed *twelve* Editions, and juſtly deſerves the Character Mr. *Hervey* gives of it.—This is the ſame Author who wrote the Treatiſe intitled *Religious Courtſhip*, being hiſtorical Diſcourſes on the Neceſſity of marrying religious Huſbands and Wives, *ſixth* Edition, Price 3s.

you

you would have no Reaſon to repent of the Purchaſe, if you was to buy Mr. *Boſton*'s *Human Nature in its fourfold State*, of which as I have given a Character in the *ſecond* Volume of *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*, I need not ſay any thing more in this Place.

As God is ſending forth his Word, and renewing the Face of material Nature; ſo may He ſend forth his bleſſed Spirit, and reveal Chriſt, and renew the State of our Souls! This will make us to differ from our former Selves, as much as the preſent Bloom and Verdure of the Creation differ from the rugged Deſolations of the Winter.

I wiſh you, Madam, the continual *Preſence* of this divine Comforter, and am,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXIV.

On Mr. Weſley's Preſervative from unſettled Notions in Religion.

Weſton-Favell, June 23, 1758.

My dear Friend,

I Little thought, when I put Mr. *Weſley*'s Manuſcript into your Hand, that I ſhould ſee it in Print ſo ſoon. I took very little Notice of it, and let it lie by me ſeveral Months, without giving it an attentive Conſideration. It ſeemed to *me* ſo palpably *weak*, dealing only in *poſitive* Aſſertions and *poſitive* Denials, that I could not imagine He would adventure it into the World, without *very great* Alterations. But it is now come

abroad, juſt as you received it, in a two Shillings Pamphlet, intitled *A Preſervative from unſettled Notions in Religion.* Of this Pamphlet what he has wrote againſt *me* makes only a *ſmall* Part. Now then the *Queſtion* is, whether I ſhall attempt to *anſwer* it? Give me your *Opinion*, as you have given me your *Aſſiſtance*; and may the Father of Mercies give you an *Increaſe* of Knowledge and Utterance, of Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt.—Ill I have been, and ill I am; torn almoſt to Pieces by a Cough in the Night, which admits of *no Remedy*; whatever is taken to aſſuage, exaſperates it. Of all Men living, who are not abſolutely confined, ſurely I am the *weakeſt*. If by ſuch *Weakneſs* the Lord Jeſus will vouchſafe to *glorify his Name*, how tranſparent, how effulgent will be the *Glory of his Power!*—I have not ſeen Mr. *P*** this many a Day; no, nor this many a Month. How I fear, leſt the World has beguiled him! Bleſſed be the Lord, for ſetting our Affections on a happier State; bleſſed be his Grace, for giving us ſome Knowledge of Jeſus, as the Way to immortal Manſions. *There* we may be Citizens, *here* only Sojourners.

I am, with true Gratitude,
and ſincere Affection,
Your's in Chriſt Jeſus,

J. Hervey.

LET-

LETTER CLXXV.

On the Publications of his Faſt Sermons.

Weſton-Favell, Aug. 5, 1758.

Dear Sir,

HErewith I ſend two other Sheets of my intended Work. Be ſo good as to *examine* them with Rigour, and *correct* them with Freedom.

I am afraid, leſt the Weakneſs of the Advocate, ſhould injure the bleſſed Cauſe.—I am the more ſolicitous, becauſe the unexpected Acceptance of my *Faſt-Sermons*, will probably open a pretty wide Door of Admiſſion for this Piece. Beſides ſix Thouſand printed in *London*, an Edition was printed in *Scotland*, which was ſpeedily ſold off; and I was deſired, by a *Society* eſtabliſhed for giving away *religious Books among the Poor*, to grant them Leave to print an Impreſſion for this Purpoſe. In *Ireland* they have been printed. Into *Dutch* they are tranſlated; and a Letter, received laſt Week from ſome pious and ingenious Stranger in *America*, informs me, that they have been reprinted *there*, and found much Acceptance: All this will be a kind of recommendatory Preface to this projected Piece. The good Lord grant, I may ſpeak and write ſound Words, ſuch as cannot be reproved!—My Prayer is, that you may be of quick Underſtanding in the Fear of the Lord, always and on all Occaſions; and more eſpecially when you are ſifting and improving the Writings of,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate and
much obliged Friend,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXVI.

The Reaſon why many learned Men treat Religion with Indifference.

Saturday Morning.

Dear Sir,

IN Reply to your Queſtion, "*Why ſo many learned and very clever Men in all worldly Affairs, ſhould treat Religion with ſo much Indifference, and remain unaffected by every Argument that can be urged to rouze them from ſuch a State of Deluſion,*" I ſend you my Opinion in a few Words, *viz.* "*Becauſe they do not* pray *for the Aſſiſtance* * *of the Holy Spirit.*"—And I ſend you an Anſwer more at large, extracted from a Book of the celebrated Dr. *Bates*'s, which I was lately reading, intitled, THE SOVEREIGN AND FINAL HAPPINESS OF MAN, *with the effectual Means to obtain it.*

"The efficacious *Influence*, ſays the Doctor, of the Holy Spirit, is requiſite to change the WILL, that with a free and full Conſent, OUR WILL may deſire and proſecute the ſpiritual, eternal Good.—Without *this*, the Conviction of the Mind is not powerful enough to convert the Soul from the Love of the World to chuſe Heaven.—There may be an *enlightened* Conſcience, without a *renewed* Heart. Though the JUDGMENT aſſents that God is the ſupreme Good; yet *till the Heart be circumciſed*, and the *Senſuality* of the Affections taken away, *divine Love* (which directs our Life to God as our bleſſed *End*) can never *poſſeſs* it.

* See Chriſt's own Words, *Luke* xi. 13.—which the Generality of Mankind *diſregard:* No wonder then, that the *World* ſhould lie ſo much *in Darkneſs*, and be thus *dead* to vital Religion.

" *If* Men had a ſenſible and ſtrong *Aſſurance* of the eternal State hereafter; *if* all thoſe who lived godly in a *viſible* Manner aſcended with *Elias* to Heaven; and *if* all who continued in their Sins *viſibly* deſcended into Hell, (as *Corah* and his Company were ſwallowed up alive by the Earth before the *Iſraelites*;) *if* Men could *hear* the joyful Exultations of the Saints above, and their high Praiſes of God; then *hear* the deſperate Cries and deep Complaints of the Damned: Nay, *if* one according to the Deſire of the rich Man was ſent from the doleful Regions *below*, and with his fiery Tongue ſhould *preach a Sermon* on thoſe Torments, not deſcribing them *at a Diſtance*, but by a ſenſible Demonſtration *in Himſelf*, yet THIS ALONE would not be *ſufficient* to draw off Men's *Hearts* from the *deceitful* and tranſitory Happineſs of *this World*, and to *faſten* them on the *perfect* and *eternal* Happineſs in the *next*. Indeed, they could not then indulge their *Vices* ſo ſecurely; but yet they would be *Strangers to the Life of God*, ſuch an inveterate *Alienation of Heart* is in Men from *real* * Holineſs; from till the *quickening Spirit* of God (by a directing, perſuaſive Light, which repreſents the Truth and Goodneſs of *ſpiritual* Things) *transforms* the Soul, and makes it *ſpiritual* in its Valuations, and Affections, it is *inwardly* averſe from Grace and Glory.

" How earneſtly therefore ought we all TO PRAY, that this Holy Spirit may *direct* our Hearts to the Love of God, and to the patient Waiting for of Chriſt Jeſus, when he ſhall come to be glorified in his faithful Servants, and admired in all them, that believe."

* " Holineſs is a divine Principle, without the *ſincere Prevalence* of which, '*no Man ſhall ſee the Lord.*' *Heb.* xii. 14.—It is the great End of the Goſpel, as well as the Law, to promote and advance which, the Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt and his Holy Spirit, has been revealed and imparted to us." See Dr. *Stonhouſe's Friendly Advice to a Patient*, (13th Edition, Page 10)

In another Place * Dr. *Bates* expreſſes himſelf in theſe very momentous Terms: "Worldly Men, when *Death* is near, are not ſo much affected with the Loſs of the Crown of Glory, and the Kingdom of Heaven, as with their leaving the preſent World, and its Vanities:—This makes *Death* intolerably bitter.—In ſhort, till the Love of God inflames and purifies the Heart, the Fruition of his Glory is not eſteemed nor deſired †."

Your Queſtion will be ſtill further anſwered by conſidering thoroughly *two* Tracts, wrote by PROFESSOR FRANCK: *One* of which is intitled, *A ſhort Introduction*

* Dr. *Bates* of *Emanuel*, and afterwards of *King's College*, *Cambridge*, and Chaplain to King *Charles the Second*, is univerſally allowed to have been a Man of ſtrong natural Parts, of great acquired Learning, of moſt exemplary Candor and Moderation.—Such a *Vivacity* of Imagination as his, and ſuch a *Solidity and Depth* of Judgment, rarely meet together.—He is well known for the Exactneſs and Propriety of his Method, and the Clearneſs and Delicacy of his Style; inſomuch, that He was by many accounted the *Cicero* of his Time, and therefore called the *Silver-Tongued Bates*.—The *whole Works* of this elegant Author were in 1723 reprinted in Folio (Price fifteen Shillings;) but it is much to be wiſhed, that *ſome* of his little Pieces were to be publiſhed ſeparately, as they were formerly; eſpecially, his ineſtimable little Treatiſe on the *four laſt* Things, (*viz.* Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,) in which *Truth* ſpeaks with ſuch Authority, Perſuaſion, and Efficacy, as *conſtrains* the Reader to lay his Hand on his Heart, and moſt ſenſibly *feel*, that he has a Soul and Conſcience, though he had hitherto lived as if he had neither.—☞ The Life of Dr. *Bates* is inſerted amongſt the Lives of other eminent Men in the *Biographia Britannica*, where a farther Account of him may be found.

† A Writer of later Date has expreſſed himſelf much to the ſame Purpoſe.—But as *Life* is the Gift of God, and as *that* is the Time for our doing Good, and honouring our Creator and Saviour, the Words *fooliſh Fondneſs for Life* are perhaps objectionable.

"Nothing but a *fooliſh Fondneſs for Life*, which if its *Evils* did not cure, one would think the *near* Proſpect of Heaven might; or elſe a *Doubt* as to our Title to the promiſed Reward (which ſhould *double* our Diligence to ſecure that Title) can make any one *loth to die*, who heartily *believes* in God, and his Son our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt."

to the Practice of the Christian Religion, (Price Three Pence;) and the *other* is intitled, *Nicodemus*, or *A Treatise against the Fear of Man*; wherein the *Causes*, and sad *Effects* thereof are briefly described, with some *Remedies* against it; Price One Shilling;—dedicated to the honourable Society for Reformation of Manners.

And now having mentioned PROFESSOR FRANCK, and his *Treatise against the Fear of Man*, I cannot conclude without observing, that I think him one of the most eminent Christians, and most extraordinary Men I ever heard of, as his *Pietas Hallensis*, which I read with Admiration, and deep Humility, sufficiently *demonstrates*; and had I been a Member of the Society for Reformation of Manners, when the Dedication of his NICODEMUS had been presented to them, I should have made a Motion to have had an hundred Pounds expended in a proper *Distribution* of that most important Book, as there can be no material Reformation, till the *Fear of Man* is removed; and as nothing can be better calculated to extirpate *such Fear*, and promote all the *other* laudable Ends of the Society.

I am, dear Sir, your's, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. The Title of the Book I recommended to your Son, please to tell him, was *Henry's Pleasantness of a religious Life*. The Author designed it particularly for *young* People; and in my Conversation with them, I generally *mention* it; I am indeed the more solicitous of having it put into their Hands, as they are too apt to look upon *Religion* in a *gloomy* View, considering it as destructive of every Enjoyment.

LETTER CLXXVII.

On Mr. Wesley's unfair Dealing.

Weston-Favell, Oct. 24, 1758.

My dear Friend,

LET me repeat my Thanks for the *Trouble* you have taken, and for the *Assistance* you have given me, in relation to my Controversy with Mr. *Wesley*: He is so unfair in his Quotations, and so magisterial in his Manner, that I find it no small Difficulty, to preserve the Decency of the Gentleman, and the Meekness of the Christian, in my intended Answer: May our divine Master aid me in *both* these Instances, or else not suffer me to write at all.

I have just been reading *Hab.* iii. 13. צואר ערות יסוד עד seemed difficult to clear; one of the Metaphors referring to an animate, the other to an inanimate Structure; I should be glad to know, how you understand, and how you would explain the Passage. Perhaps, at your Leisure, you will consider the whole Chapter; and, when I ask for a Descant upon *one*, give me an Elucidation of *twenty* Verses.

I have certainly a very great Esteem for Dr. *Gill*, yet I never could assent to his Notion of eternal * Justification.

* The Gentleman to whom Mr. *Hervey* is here writing has remarked, as follows, in a Letter wrote since Mr. *Hervey*'s Decease:

"Mr. *Hervey*'s Zeal for the Doctrine of FREE GRACE made him strive to express himself in Dr. *Gill*'s Manner; not enough attending to the *Consequences*.—Now this Passage, wrote but two Months before his Death, is such a frank Declaration against a fundamental *Antinomian* Doctrine, as cannot but be pleasing to all his pious Friends."—See Vol. II. p. 412, where he declares against *Antinomianism*.

☞ *Mr.* Hervey *has occasionally complained of the* Unfairness *of representing him as a* Predestinarian *without a sufficient Authority: And in*

gation. I am very much obliged to you for pointing out to me the Paſſage in *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*, which ſeems to favour, or proceeds upon ſuch a Tenet.—It ſhall be altered in the *next* Edition.

My dilatory Proceedings you will aſcribe to the real Cauſe, *Sickneſs*; then you will not deal with me according to the Law of Retaliation, but according to that Law of Kindneſs, which the Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt has written upon your Heart.

Indeed I think your Arguments are unaſwerable. If ſo, don't you think there are ſome Things in my *third* Dialogue exceptionable: I wiſh you would examine it, bring it to the Touchſtone of your laſt Letter, and where it is wrong, correct it.

I ſhould like to have *Theron* object ſomething in your Way of Argumentation, and *Aſpaſio* frankly confeſs, that he has overſhot the Mark. Such an Acknowledgment endears the Character of the Speaker, and ſuch a Circumſtance makes the Sentiment more impreſſive on the Reader.

I have often thought the ſecond Verſe of *Pſal.* cxxxi. very difficult, and have been at a Loſs to find out the Propriety of the Compariſon. Why compoſed and quiet as a weaned Child? When we know, that the Time of weaning Children, is always a Time of Diſappointment, often of Diſeaſe. At this Seaſon, they are particularly froward, and peeviſh; the *very Reverſe* therefore of that Frame of Mind, which the *Pſalmiſt* ſeems to be illuſtrating.—This was the beſt Solution, which occurred to my Thoughts. A Child, weaned from his Mother, is diſquieted and fretful: Such is my *natural*, and ſuch would be my *habitual* Temper, was I

in the 295th Page of Volume II. he declares, that he never even attempted to ſtudy *that intricate Point: Is it therefore the Part of Candour to draw* Concluſions, *which may be to his Diſadvantage, deduced only from ſome* dubious *Expreſſions in his Writings?*

not

not influenced and calmed by Grace; but through divine Grace, my Mind is reſigned and quiet as the weaned Child, when brought back to the Mother, and lulled to reſt עלי אמו on that ſoft and warm Boſom, where it had ſo often lain, with the greateſt Delight; but from which it had been, for a Seaſon, withdrawn.—You ſee, I would tranſlate עלי אמו *in Pectus ſive Gremium Matris ſuæ.* But whether my Tranſlation be warrantable, or my Paraphraſe ſuch as ſuits the Tenour of the Pſalm, I ſubmit to your Determination.

Accept my ſincere Thanks for your valuable Correction of a Paſſage in my Sermon: Such *improving* Animadverſions will always be more acceptable than the inebriating Voice of Applauſe;—far more acceptable to,

Your truly affectionate Friend,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

A Caution againſt judging of Men's States.

Friday Morn.

Dear Sir,

YOU aſk me what I think of you, in caſe it ſhould pleaſe God to take you out of the World, in the perplexed State you have deſcribed to me.—An Anſwer to ſuch a Queſtion, is much more difficult than you ſeem to be aware of; and therefore, I muſt beg Leave to decline paſſing any Sentence.—We Miniſters are to teach, warn, comfort, and exhort every Man according to God's moſt holy Word;—but *after* Death comes the Judgment on each of us. For alas! how little, how very little do we know of one another, or of Ourſelves?

The moſt amazing, perhaps, and one of the moſt humbling Conſiderations too, which can well be offered to the human Mind, is that, though *we* cannot form a tolerable Judgment of *any* Man's *real* Condition, yet *God* ſhall judge the World, the *whole* World in Equity; not ſo much as *one ſingle* Caſe, how intricate ſoever it may ſeem to us, will *He* miſtake—He was, is, and ever ſhall be omniſcient, and omnipreſent.—And yet, ſhort-ſighted Creatures as *we* are, how often do we uſurp this Prerogative, and preſume to judge our Fellow-Creatures. A certain Author, whoſe Name I forgot (though I regiſtered to the following Effect from him in one of my old Diaries) has obſerved, "that it is impoſſible for us Mortals to form an *equitable* Judgment of the State of any *one Individual*; becauſe *God alone* knows all the Circumſtances in which He *has been*, and now *is*. He *alone* can be the proper Judge of his Abilities and Powers—what Opportunities he had of improving himſelf and of doing Good; what were the Force of his Temptations;—what Difficulties he had to ſtruggle with; what Portion of divine Grace was given to him; what natural Underſtanding he had; what acquired Knowledge was or could be obtained by Him;—and in ſhort, what the *true* State of his Caſe was.—Nor will he condemn any one unjuſtly or arbitrarily.—How *comfortable* a Reflection is this! (eſpecially to one, who is cruelly perſecuted, or unjuſtly cenſured) that God ſhall judge the World *in Equity*;—and yet,—what a tremendous Thought is it, that every Day we live we provoke this Judge of all Men, and increaſe our Heap of Sin,—which ſwells into ſuch a frightful Size, ſuch a ſtupendous Mountain of Guilt, as will make us one Day ſtand *amazed* at the Sight of it.—'But what art thou, O thou great Mountain? Before *Zerubbabel* thou ſhalt become a Plain.' (*Zech.* iv. 7.)—We have an Advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous;

and

and *He* is the Propitiation for our Sins.—Oh! that I may have a devout and lively Faith in *Him*, as it is by *Him alone* my Sins can be cancelled.—May the Cry of his Blood drown their Clamour.—We are, moſt juſt God, the Children of thy Wrath, and He is the Son of thy Love, who died to ſave us; and through *whom* thou art willing to receive us.—Yet what a diſtruſtful Fainting of Mind comes over me, on the Remembrance of former Tranſgreſſions, which neither a Reflection on God's ineffable Goodneſs, nor on the unbounded Value of the Sacrifice of Chriſt; can *effectually* relieve?—Hear me, O Lord God, in this my Hour of Heart-felt Diſtreſs; nor take thou Vengeance of my Sins: Spare thy Creature, O Lord, ſpare *Him*, whom thou haſt redeemed with thy moſt precious Blood; let thy mighty Spirit *fit* me for Mercy and Acceptance; and be not, oh! be not *angry* with me *for ever*."

With this *Proſe* Quotation, I ſend you a *Copy of Verſes* on the Renovation of a Sinner; which will, perhaps, at this Time, be neither unacceptable, nor unſeaſonable.—It is wrote by a very particular Friend of mine, and is as poetical, as it is inſtructive and conſolatory.

I.

WHEN with my Mind devoutly preſs'd,
Dear Saviour! my revolving Breaſt
Would paſt Offences trace;
Trembling I make the black Review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too
The Pow'r of *changing* Grace.

II.

This *Tongue*, with Blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe *Feet*, to erring Paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly League agree;
Who would believe ſuch *Lips* could praiſe,
Or think my dark and winding *Ways*
Should ever lead to Thee?

III. Theſe

III.

Theſe *Eyes*, that once abus'd their Sight,
Now lift, to thee their wat'ry Light,
And weep a ſilent Flood;
Theſe *Hands* aſcend in ceaſeleſs Pray'r,
Oh! waſh away, the Stains they wear
In pure, redeeming Blood!

IV.

Theſe *Ears*, that pleas'd could entertain
The Midnight Oath, the luſtful Strain,
When round the feſtal Board;
Now *deaf* to all th' inchanting Noiſe,
Avoid the Throng, deteſt the Joys,
And *long* to hear thy Word.

V.

Thus art thou ſerv'd, in ev'ry Part
Oh! wouldſt thou but transform my *Heart*,
That droſſy Thing refine;
That *Grace* might *Nature*'s Strength controul,
And a new Creature,—Body, Soul,
Be *all*—be ever Thine.

I tranſcribed *theſe Verſes*, as I hope you will commit them to your *Memory*; and often *repeat* them as you ride or walk, till your Tongue, Feet, Lips, Eyes, Hands, Ears, and very Heart, are ſubſervient to the great End of *your own* Salvation, and that of *others*.—Exert yourſelf;—be of good Cheer; the Clouds that darken the Face of your Affairs, will ere long diſperſe. *He*, who gave his Blood for you, and refuſed not to bear the racking Agonies of the Croſs for you,—He will not *leave* you, nor *forſake* you. God, who is faithful and juſt, has *promiſed* to forgive us our Sins through the Mediation of his Son.—Lord, I *believe* this, help thou our *Unbelief*.—So wiſhes, and ſo prays,

your's very ſincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CLXXIX.

On Zimmerman.

Wedneſday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I Thank you, for *remembering* me before the Throne of Grace. Let your *Prayers* be for my cheerful Reſignation to the divine good Pleaſure, and for clear Manifeſtations to me of Jeſus Chriſt. My Life has long been a Burden to *myſelf*, and is now become unprofitable to *others*.—Your Intention to viſit me is kind, but I am not fit for Company, unable either to carry on, or reliſh Converſation: I am beſt when alone: Do not therefore give yourſelf the Trouble of coming ten Miles.—I accept the Will for the Deed.—As to your Tranſlation of *Zimmermannus* * *De Eminentiâ Cognitionis Chriſti*, I will, if my languid Spirits can bear the Taſk, carefully read it over, which I have never been able to do ſince I ſaw you in *London*. I lent it to Mr. ***; when he has done with it, deſire him to convey it to me: You ſhall then have (if the Lord will) the Reſult of my renewed Peruſal of that Piece, which I formerly was ſo deſirous of having *tranſlated* by you. May the Lord of all Power make you ſtrong to labour in his ſacred Service, and crown your Labours with abundant Succeſs.

I am your truly affectionate Brother in Chriſt,

JAMES HERVEY.

* This was a favourite Book of Mr. *Hervey*'s—and he deſired Mr. *Moſes Brown* to *tranſlate* it from the *Latin*, and promiſed to write an *Introduction* to it, which he never lived to perform. The *Tranſlation* will be publiſhed by Mr. *Brown* about *Michaelmas* next. See Vol. II. p. 239, 251, 256. It was then publiſhed.

LET-

LETTER CLXXX.

On various Subjects.

Saturday Morn.

My dear Friend,

I Have read over again and again, the corrected Copy of your little Tract, which you intend for the next Edition, and have examined it with my beſt Attention: Not able to make any Amendment, which is conſiderable, I have only ſuggeſted ſome *ſlight* Alterations. Elegance you do not covet in ſuch a Compoſition; plain and neat is the proper Array for ſuch an Addreſs.

I am ſurpriſed to read the Letter which the popular Gentleman from *Durham* writes againſt your Book. Never fear, my Friend:—Our *Writings*, as well as our *Lives*, are in the Hand of God Almighty: If he will ſpread, what ſhall obſtruct them? If *He* will work by them, who ſhall diſannul his Deſign? Oh may we cry to Him, cleave to Him, and live *by Faith* on Him! For not by Might nor Power; not by Eloquence of Compoſition, nor by Intereſt of Patrons, but *by my Spirit*, ſaith the Lord.

Pray take a little Pains with my *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*:—You can ſcarcely imagine what *Inquiries* are made after it, and what a *Demand* there is for it, even *before* Publication. It makes me rejoice with trembling. All-wiſe, all-gracious Jeſus, be jealous for thine own Honour.—Let me not, oh! let me not, cloud its Brightneſs, or obſtruct its Progreſs, by any injudicious Touches of my Pen.—I now feel the Loſs of our valuable Friend Dr. *Doddridge*, to whoſe Judgment I ever paid the higheſt Deference; but ſince *He* is gone, and we can have no more of his *perſonal Counſels*, let us redouble our Attention to *his Writings*.

I expect

I expect you will tell me my Manuscript is very prolix; but I designedly made it so, that my Friends might judge what is proper to be omitted. It is easier you know, to expunge than to compose: I wish they would, with a leaden Pencil, inclose in a Parenthesis what they would have dropt: I hope to retrench *one fourth* Part of the Copy. May the God of Wisdom direct, and the God of Mercy prosper *all* our Undertakings!

I am your's very sincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXXI.

On Comfort in Affliction.

Weston-Favell, Dec. 5, 1747.

My dear Friend,

I Assure you I am *extremely concerned* for the Death of your most excellent Wife, as indeed, indeed I think she has left *few Equals* behind her.—"Take her all in all, I shall never see her like again *."—But, my dear Friend, you must not give Way to *excessive* Sorrow—all proper Allowances I tenderly do, and ought to make, as such will be made both by God and Man; but yet our Sorrows must not be immoderate, or inconsistent with the Will of God, and Resignation to his Providence.—Give me Leave to present you with, and recommend to you on this melancholy Occasion a repeated Perusal of Dr. *Grosvenor*'s *Mourner* †, or *the Afflicted relieved.*—It is a most valuable *Gem*; and, as

* Shakespear's Hamlet. † Price Eighteen-pence.

it

it is wrote in Numbers like the *Spectators*, it will not *weary* your Attention. I am ſure you ſtand *in Need* of the Conſolations and Helps there ſuggeſted; I am never without ſome of theſe little Books to give away to my Acquaintance *under Affliction*; eſpecially for the *Loſs* of dear Relations or valuable Friends; I think it, for theſe Purpoſes, one of the moſt judicious and univerſally uſeful Books extant; and it well deſerves to be tranſlated into the Language of every Nation where Chriſtianity is profeſſed.

Don't you often recollect in this Seaſon of Diſtreſs, the Diſcourſe, the Prayers, the amiable, the rejoicing, and the heavenly Spirit of our dear Friend, who was with us laſt Month? Bleſſed be God for making Him ſuch a lovely Example, and ſuch a zealous Promoter of pure and undefiled Religion.—Bleſſed be God for promiſing *us* the ſame divine Spirit; and giving *us* the ſame glorious Hopes, which have had ſuch a quickning and ennobling Influence on *his* Heart.—The rich Goodneſs of the Lord exerciſed to *others*, ſhould encourage our *Expectations*, ſhould ſtrengthen our *Faith*.—Let it then, let it be ſo.—Adieu! my dear Friend!—I will come to you again very ſoon.—In the mean Time I ſhall not ceaſe *to pray* for you, as I am with great Compaſſion, and great Eſteem,

Moſt tenderly, moſt ſincerely your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Obſervations againſt Deſpair.

Dear Sir,

I Should be glad to ſuggeſt any Thing, either for your Improvement, or Conſolation.—But what can I ſuggeſt, while you entertain ſuch *hard* Thoughts of Chriſt, and will not be *perſuaded* out of this ſtrange Notion, " that the *Curſe of God* has lighted on you, and will follow you *to the Grave.*" Such a Thought (and it muſt be taken up without any *real* Foundation) not only renders you extremely miſerable, but will blaſt all your future Uſefulneſs.—Suppoſe you had *rebelled* againſt God in a *more extraordinary* Degree than even *your own Imagination* can paint; and ſuppoſe you was *rejected* by Him at the preſent; yet what ſays the Apoſtle, " *Humble* yourſelf in the Sight of the Lord, and *He* will lift you up." (*Jam.* iv. 10.)

As to the Quotation from Mr. ***'s Letter to you, wherein he obſerves with a kind of triumphant Malignity, " that the *Devil* had taken an Advantage of you, in Relation to ſome imprudent Management in the Affair, at ***, *&c. &c. &c.* and dragged you, as he expreſſes it, through a Horſe-pond, dirtied and wet to the great Diverſion of the *Spectators*," I aſk of *what* Spectators? Of the worldly-minded only, and the envious; to *whom* your former flouriſhing State *as a firſt Rate* Chriſtian, was a conſtant and viſible *Reproach*; yet *Chriſt* (though you are now thus depreſſed) is ſtill your Friend, and will break Satan's Teeth; and though *dirty*, will cleanſe you; though *wet*, will receive and warm you.

Now

Now let me put a *Queſtion* to you.—Would you *reject* your Child, becauſe, when dreſſed in its beſt Cloaths, He had met with a like Misfortune?—Or, ſuppoſe He had rambled out in the Snow, and ſcratched himſelf with Briars, and came to you bleeding and cold, would you turn him out of Doors, when he claimed your *Pity?*—We do not *know* Chriſt well enough, how kind! how good He is to us!—What is *my* Kindneſs and Compaſſion for you (on which you ſeem to place ſo high a Value) in Compariſon of *Chriſt's?*—Have I been nailed to the Croſs for you?—Oh pray earneſtly to HIM, for

> ———To HIM, to HIM, 'tis giv'n,
> Paſſion, and Care, and Anguiſh to deſtroy,
> Thro' HIM ſoft Peace and Plenitude of Joy
> Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd ſhall flow.
>
> PRIOR'S SOLOMON.

He has ſatisfied God for all your Sins:—He is your Advocate;—and has procured for you the ineſtimable Gift of the Holy Spirit to ſubdue your Iniquities.—Cultivate the Love of God in your Heart, and He will make your Path of Duty plain before you. I dare ſay, God will make you more abundantly uſeful than ever: Oh bring your Mind off from this deſtructive Notion, "that the *Curſe of God follows you.*"—This is a Suggeſtion of *Satan's* to prevent your Uſefulneſs;—but remember that Text, "The Lord knoweth how to *deliver* the godly out of Temptations." (2 *Peter* ii. 9.) And he will certainly deliver you out of this, and reſtore you to his wonted Favour.

Don't ſelect ſuch *terrifying* Texts for your *Meditation*, as in your Letter you tell me you have done.—It is as improper, as if you ſhould eat the coldeſt Melon, or uſe the moſt ſlight Covering when ſhivering with an Ague. Chuſe the Morning after you receive this

Letter (by Way of *Antidote* to the Texts of your own ſelecting) the following for your *Meditation:* "His *Mercy* is greater than the Heavens;" (*Pſalm* cviii. 4.) "His Mercy endureth for ever;" (*Pſalm* cxviii. 1.) Put together theſe *two* Expreſſions, and ſee whether they do not amount to more than either your Imprudences, or your Diſtreſs.—You have to be ſure done amiſs, and dealt fooliſhly in the Matter of ***; God forbid I ſhould *juſtify* your Conduct:—But oh let it not be *ſaid*, let it not be once *ſurmiſed*, that it is beyond the Reach of God's unmeaſurable Goodneſs to *pardon*, or of Chriſt's immenſely rich Merits to *expiate*. The Lord loves you with an everlaſting Love; and take, if you pleaſe, the *latter* Part of the xxxth of *Iſaiah*, Verſe 18. for your *Contemplation*;—The Words are, "For the Lord is a God of Judgment: Bleſſed are they that wait for him."

None can tell, none can think, what *Mercy* there is with the Lord; with inconceivable Tenderneſs his Bowels yearn towards the weakeſt, fraileſt Believer in his dear Son.—We have diſhonoured his Holineſs, and violated his Law; but let us not, to accumulate our Follies, *derogate* from the boundleſs Riches of his *Mercy* in Jeſus Chriſt, to all thoſe who *ſeek*, and *intreat* it.—There is a wide Difference between *Humiliation* and *Deſpair*.—Draw near to Chriſt with an humble Boldneſs.

May you ſee many, many Years on Earth; and, when the Earth ſhall be no more, may you be received into the *New Jeruſalem*; where dwelleth Righteouſneſs, conſummate Righteouſneſs, and everlaſting Happineſs.—This, my dear Sir, is my earneſt Wiſh, and fervent Prayer for *you*, and for *myſelf*, who am, with great Compaſſion and true Regard,

Your obliged humble Servant and Friend,

P. S. My favourite Author *Liborius Zimmermannus*, whiſpers to me on this Occaſion the following Paſſage: "Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldſt BELIEVE, thou ſhouldſt SEE the Glory of God, and experience his Goodneſs, when leaſt deſerved, or rather notoriouſly forfeited?" Hence may we be *convinced*, that his Loving-kindneſs is unbounded, is unwearied, is infinite; as much ſurpaſſing all our Follies, and all our Thoughts, as the World of Waters exceeds the Drop of a Bucket. Oh for a Spirit of ſteady *Faith* to live under the continual BELIEF of this precious, precious Truth.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Exultation on the Spread of the Goſpel.

To the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD.

Biddeford, 1741.

Dear Mr. Whitefield,

YOUR Favour ſtruck me with an agreeable Surprize: I verily thought my ſtubborn Silence had razed me from your Remembrance; but ſince you ſtill have an Affection for an ungrateful Friend, I take this Opportunity of returning my thankful Acknowledgments.

I rejoice to hear the Redeemer's Cauſe revives. Set up thyſelf, O incarnate God! above the Heavens, and diffuſe thy Glory throughout all the Earth. Let thy Enemies periſh, O Lord! Let Diſappointments attend the Attempts of thy Foes and the Devices of Hell: but let thy Servants be proſperous, and their Meſſage crowned with Succeſs.

Dear Sir, I cannot boaſt of Trophies erected here by the Captain of our Salvation: I hope the Arm of the Lord will be revealed more and more among us. I hope the Triumphs of free Grace will have wider ſpread and freer Courſe, and prevail mightily over our Unbelief. I own with Shame and Sorrow that I have been too long a blind Leader of the Blind: my Tongue and my Pen have perverted the good Ways of God: they have darkened the Glory of redeeming Merit and ſovereign Grace. I have dared to invade the Prerogatives of an all-ſufficient Saviour, and to pluck the Crown off his Head. My Writings and Diſcourſes have derogated from the Honours, the everlaſting and incommunicable Honours of Jeſus. They preſumed to give Works a Share in the Redemption and Recovery of a loſt Sinner: they have placed thoſe filthy Rags upon the Throne of the Lamb, and by that Means debaſed the Saviour, and exalted the Sinner.

But I truſt the divine Truth begins to dawn upon my Soul. O may it, like the riſing Sun, ſhine more and more, till the Day-break in all its Brightneſs, and the Shadows flee away. Now was I poſſeſt of all the righteous Acts that have made Saints and Martyrs famous in all Generations: could they all be transferred to me, and might I call them all my own, I would renounce them all that I might win Chriſt. I would not dare to appear before the bright and burning Eye of God with ſuch Hay, Straw and Stubble. No, dear Sir, I would long to be clothed in a Mediator's Righteouſneſs, and aſcribe all my Salvation to the moſt unmerited and freeſt Grace.

I have juſt been giving an Exhortation to my young Brethren: I have warned them to remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth. My Thoughts were led to the Subject by an alarming Providence, which

which ſnatched one of their Fellows in the Gaiety and Bloom of Life. May the Hand of the Almighty ſet Home the Word of his Miniſters: may young Perſons come in the Vigour of Health, to the Redeemer's Feet, and devote their warm Affections to his Service. And O may the Preacher himſelf both lead them in the Way, and encourage them to follow. Dear Sir, ceaſe not to pray for me: deſiſt not to counſel me, ſince I perceive you cannot forbear to love me.

I am, your's affectionately,

JAMES HERVEY,
Æt. 27 Years.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

On various Subjects.

Biddeford, Oct. 12, 1742.

Dear Siſter,

I Received your kind Letter. It was a Pleaſure to hear from *Hardingſtone*, the Place which gave me Birth, and the Place which preſerves my Siſter.—I am obliged to the Rev. Mr. *Roſe* for remembering me, and deſire him to accept my beſt Compliments; I hope he will be an Inſtrument of doing much Good. *To ſave Souls* is the nobleſt Acquiſition in the World; infinitely more deſirable, than to find great Spoils. May this be *his* Honour and Happineſs, and may it be *my* continual Aim!

My poor *Aunts* are no more, they are gone the Way of all Fleſh; Eternity has received them; their State is now become unchangeable. Oh, that we may be

alarmed by their Departure, and labour while we have Time, to make our Calling and Election ſure!

My Mother tells me, you have been much indiſpoſed: I ſhall rejoice to hear, that you are better. Sickneſs and Afflictions are God's *Call*; they are divine Admonitions, and warn us not to be fond of the World, but to ſet our Affections on Things above. May the bleſſed Jeſus make them effectual to our Souls!

I wiſh I had any News to write, that you can underſtand, and reliſh. The Small-Pox is marking many, and carrying off ſome among us: It is a Privilege of no ſmall Value to be *paſt* that infectious Diſorder: I have often thought, that it is too lively *an Emblem* of the Condition of our Souls by corrupt Nature and evil Practice. So polluted, ſo loathſome is our *better* Part in the Eye of uncreated Purity, till we are waſhed, till we are cleanſed in redeeming Blood. May we earneſtly *long* to be waſhed in that Fountain, opened in our Saviour's Side, for Sin, and for Uncleanneſs.

See how our Judgments and Inclinations alter in Proceſs of Time! I once thought I ſhould make leſs Uſe of the *Spectators* than *you*; but now I believe *the Reverſe* of this is true, for we read one or more of thoſe elegant and inſtructive Papers every Morning at Breakfaſt; they are ſerved up with our Tea, according to their original Deſign. We reckon our Repaſt imperfect, without a little of Mr. *Addiſon*'s or Mr. *Steele*'s Company. I wiſh Miſs *Becky K*—— an Increaſe of Happineſs in the Change of her State: Marriage ſhould augment our Joys, and diminiſh our Sorrows. My humble Service attends Mrs. *K*——, Mr. *C*——'s Family, and Mr. *V*——. My Love to my Brother, and to yourſelf, concludes all at preſent to be communicated by,

Dear Siſter, your affectionate Brother,

J. Hervey.

LETTER CLXXXV.

On the ſcriptural Poems.

Weſton-Favell, Dec. 6, 1756.

Sir,

I Received your obliging and valuable Preſent of the Scriptural * Poems, wrote by an *American*. It is an *extraordinary* Performance, conſidering the diſadvantageous Circumſtances, under which the Author laboured.—A Spirit of Zeal and Devotion animates *the Whole*.—There are too ſome elevated Thoughts, and fine Lines in it, particularly in that Part of his Poems, which He intitles *Man's Fall and Exaltation, or the Chriſtian Triumph*.

I hope the *Sale* of it will anſwer your Expectation, and recompenſe the Coſt you have beſtowed in Printing it ſo elegantly, and on ſo fine a Paper.—But, be that as it may, you have my beſt Wiſhes that it may become the Darling of the Publick; and you have at the ſame Time the ſincere Thanks of, Sir,

Your obliged, humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

* The Author of theſe *ſcriptural* Poems had no other Education, than what a Country School Miſtreſs could beſtow on Him. How far He improved by his own Induſtry, notwithſtanding the oppreſſive Weight of Poverty and Diſtreſs he laboured under, theſe ſcriptural Poems evidently *ſhew*, as the Sallies of true Genius are every where viſible in his Compoſitions. Such a Diamond as *this*, even rough from its native Mine, plays a ſprightlier Beam, than *one* of a more languid and feeble Luſtre, which has received the higheſt Poliſh of Education.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

Remarks on different Books.

Saturday Morning.

THANKS to my dear Friend, for the Entertainment He has given me, by *Hanway*'s Account of * *Nadiar Shah*; an illuſtrious Villain indeed! He ſpread Firebrands, Arrows and Death. May we be conformed to *his* Image, who went about doing *Good*.

If you have *Voltaire*'s Life of *Lewis* XIV. be pleaſed to give me the Peruſal of it: I fancy, *his* Reign in *France*, was ſomewhat like the *Auguſtan* Age in *Rome*. Periods of Politeneſs *both!* But what are thoſe to Heaven? that World, where DWELLETH Righteouſneſs, conſummate Righteouſneſs and everlaſting Happineſs. Don't you *long*, more and more, for thoſe Courts of the living God! Don't you love *Him* more and more, who (*after* He had overcome the Sharpneſs of Death) opened the Kingdom of Heaven to *all* Believers?

Warburton I hear has publiſhed two Volumes of Sermons, Octavo; in which it ſeems, He has *decried* experimental Religion, *diſregarded* the Peculiarities of the Goſpel, and *treated* the Operations of the Spirit as mere Enthuſiaſm. If *this* be the Effect of his *great* Learning, then good Lord deliver us *all*, ſay I, from *ſuch* an Attainment. If you either *have*, or can *borrow* them, juſt let me *peep* on them.—Don't buy them to gratify *me*; I can reliſh Nothing but what is *evangelical*.

Your Friend's *Diſſertations* were put into my Hands; very pure Diction, but that is all; all to *me*, at leaſt. There was the Bone, but the Marrow was gone; Jeſus

* See *Hanway*'s accurate and entertaining *Travels*, in two Volumes Quarto, Page 255 of the ſecond Volume.

Chriſt,

Chriſt, my Portion and your's, was forgot.— How different *his* Strain from St. *Paul*'s Reſolution, " I am determined to know nothing but Chriſt Jeſus and *Him crucified*," which happened to be the Subject of my Exhortation to my Family laſt Night. Lord reveal thy adorable Son, the all-ſufficient Saviour in our *Hearts*; and the more *others* neglect Him, ſo much the more let *us*, my dear Friend, be zealous to honour Him.

I have looked into the Manuſcript you ſent me. There ſeems to be many lively and ſpirited Sentiments in it, but ſurely it is defective in the main Point. St. *Paul*, I am apt to think, upon a Peruſal of the Treatiſe, would ſay, the Author has good Senſe, may be no bad Moraliſt, but being ignorant of God's Righteouſneſs, and going about to eſtabliſh his own Righteouſneſs, he has not ſubmitted to the Righteouſneſs of God, *Rom.* x. 3. —Lord, give us an Underſtanding, that we may know *Him*, that is true! Then we ſhall ſee Chriſt Jeſus, the God-Man, to be in the grand Affair of Salvation like the Meridian Sun; and all *other* Things, like the Stars at Noon-Day.

Did you ever read Mr. *Whalley*'s * Remarks upon *Shakeſpear?* If you have *not*, I will ſend you the Pamphlet. They are very ingenious, and well deſerve the Notice of the *Publick*; particularly of *your's*, who are ſuch an Admirer of *Shakeſpear*.

When you can ſpare *Francis*'s Tranſlation of *Demoſthenes* (I ſuppoſe it is the ſame *Francis* who tranſlated *Horace*) favour me with a *Sight* of it. A *Sight* of this will content me; but *God's Word*, that ineſtimable Book, which ſhews me the *Way of Salvation*, I would cleave to, I would dwell upon. And would not *you*, my dear Friend, do ſo too? Εν τουτοις ισθι.

* This Gentleman publiſhed all *Ben Jonſon*'s Works; and wrote a Supplement to Mr. *Hervey*'s Remarks on Lord *Bolingbroke*.

My

My Text on *Wedneſday* Evening will be a complete Deſcription of a Chriſtian; *viz.* "We are the Circumciſion, which worſhip God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Chriſt Jeſus, and have no Confidence in the Fleſh." (*Philip.* iii. 3.) A fine Subject for your *Meditation!*—Why ſhould I not add, for your *Converſation* alſo?

Ever your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. I have almoſt finiſhed *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*;—and in the *ſixteenth* Dialogue, you will find ſome Animadverſions on *immodeſt* Paintings and Statues. May the God of Purity proſper my Endeavours to aboliſh this *vicious* Taſte; and may all ſuch *Indecencies* be removed, as they cannot but ſhock every *truly religious* Beholder.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

On Man's truſting to his own Works.

Dear Sir,

TELL our ingenious Friend at ***, if I did not give a direct Anſwer to his Queſtion, it was becauſe he had ſtated it *improperly*. His Manner was like making a raw Apothecary's Apprentice the proper Judge of a Doctor's Bill: If ſuch a Chap could take upon Him to ſay, "Doctor, your Language is unintelligible, your Recipes are injudicious," what *Anſwer* would you make? Some ſuch Anſwers muſt be made, even to Dr. *C****** and Mr. *O***, if they or Dr. *C****** maintain or would inſinuate, that the Myſtery of Sanctification, as delineated by *Marſhall*, is *unintelligible* and *injudicious*; merely becauſe THEY do not immediately diſcern its Propriety.—I own, the *third*, and *fourth* Direction

Direction of Mr. *Marſhall* ſeem *obſcure* *; but this does not ariſe from any improper Manner of treating the Subjects, but from the myſterious Nature of the Subjects *themſelves*.

"This," ſays Dr. *C***, "is my firm Faith, that, if we do *well*, we ſhall be accepted through the Merits of Chriſt."—I might aſk the Doctor whether *He* does well? Dare he *avow* this, even before *me* his Fellow-Worm, and Fellow-Sinner? How then will he maintain the Pretenſion before that infinitely pure *God*, in whoſe *Sight* the very Heavens are unclean?—But I chuſe to *aſk* him, (what may ſeem *leſs* offenſive) has He never read of the Righteouſneſs of Faith † ?—of being made Righteous by one Man's Obedience ‡ ? and of Righteouſneſs imputed without Works § ? Now I ſhould be glad to *learn*, what the Holy Spirit *means* by theſe Expreſſions? And if our worthy Friend pleaſes to *ſhew*, how *his Faith* can be made conformable to any *one* of theſe Texts, I will undertake to demonſtrate the Conformity of *my Faith* to them all.—Ah! why ſhould we hug a deſpicable Rag, and reject a Suit of beautiful Apparel? The Lord Jeſus *enable* us all to diſcern the Things that are excellent!

Let me this *Chriſtmas*, wiſh you and Mrs. ** all Joy and Peace in Chriſt Jeſus. Theſe are the true Compliments of the Seaſon, and therefore ſent by

Your true Friend,

JAMES HERVEY.

* There is confeſſedly Somewhat of Obſcurity in the *third*, and *fourth* Direction;—and as Mr. *Marſhall*'s *Directions* are of a *very evangelical* Nature, they will undoubtedly appear to be out of the common Road; though his Method is remarkably inſtructive, as no Man perhaps was ever better acquainted with the human Heart; and the Method he has laid down for the effectual Practice of Holineſs is admirable.

† Rom. x. 6. ‡ Rom. v. 19. § Rom. iv. 6.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Remarks on various Authors.

Dear Sir,

I Here ſend you Part of my Manuſcript Copy of *Theron* and *Aſpaſio:* If you think it worth your While to beſtow any *Corrections* upon them, well; if not, this alſo is well. For my own Part, ſo very languid are my animal Spirits, I am more and more indifferent about them: I ſee ſo much Weakneſs in my Mind, and ſo many Imperfections in my Compoſitions, that I am afraid to venture upon the Stage of Obſervation again.—An obliging Letter from Mr. *H——r*, informs me of his Willingneſs to peruſe and correct any literary Attempt of mine; and diſcovers, I think, ſtill more the Integrity, Simplicity, and Piety of his Heart.

I prefer both *South*'s and *Delaune*'s Sermons to the Biſhop's, for Soundneſs of Doctrine.—The *firſt* might be crabbed in his Temper, and the *ſecond* voluptuous in his Life, yet *both* are more evangelical in their Sentiments than *He* is.—*Thoſe*, who can read ſuch Kind of *moral Eſſays* as the Biſhop's, (very improperly called *Sermons*) as *Guides* to Heaven, and as good *Comforters* while on Earth, will one Day I hope form a *better* Judgment, and be enabled in a *clearer* Manner to diſcern the Things which are excellent.

On Dr. *Stonhouſe*'s * Recommendation, I have lately read Dr. *Watts*'s Treatiſe on *the Love of God, and its*

* As Authors *differ* ſo very much in their Notions concerning the Love of God, and the Uſe of the Paſſions in Prayer, the Editor concluded it would not be unacceptable to the Reader, if he ſubjoined Dr. *Stonhouſe*'s * judicious Remarks on a Subject, which Biſhop *Hoadley* and Dr. *Snape* have ſo ſtrenuouſly debated.

* See the Eighth Edition of his FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A PATIENT, Page 56: "This

Influence on all the Paſſions; which is indeed a moſt excellent Book, happily calculated for *Uſefulneſs*.—If you have never *ſeen* it, you have a Pleaſure yet *to come*; and I would by all Means adviſe you to get it.—The Love of God is indeed the Source and Soul of Religion;—and what can produce it, what can cheriſh it, but a Senſe of *God's Love* to us manifeſted in his dear *Son?*

" This is a pathetick Addreſs to the Heart, which I could wiſh in the Hands of almoſt every Reader, for upon the whole I ſcarcely know a more important Book, as it ſhews the right Uſe, as well as the notorious Abuſe of the Paſſions in Matters of Religion; and points out the happy Medium between the rapturous Flights, and even indecent Expreſſions of Enthuſiaſts on the one Hand, and the dry Reaſonings, and cold Addreſſes of the Lukewarm on the other. The extravagant Sallies, wild Tranſports, and heated Imaginations of the former, will often in the Judgment of the latter, ſeem nearly approaching to Madneſs, and be ridiculed as ſuch.—So far as they are exceſſive and irrational, they are unqueſtionably blameable, and moſt carefully to be avoided; yet grateful acknowledgments, and the humble Approaches of a dependent reaſonable Being, to an omnipotent Creator, and infinitely benevolent Benefactor, demand far different Affections and Expreſſions from thoſe, with which we purſue a mechanical Improvement, or demonſtrate a mathematical Propoſition.—We are to love the Lord our God with all our Hearts, and with all our Strength; but the Expreſſions of this Love, where it is *equally ſincere*, will yet be *different* in different *Conſtitutions*.—Prayer, according to my Apprehenſion, may not improperly be defined an Addreſs to Heaven, enlivened with ſuch Degrees of Fervour and Intenſeneſs, as our natural Temper, influenced by a true Senſe of God and his Attributes, may produce.

" Excellent Inſtruction of various Kinds may be found in this Treatiſe.—A ſtriking Meditation of the Author's upon the Argument of each Diſcourſe, ſhews the practical Uſes of the ſeveral Propoſitions which he maintains, and directs the Reader to uſe his own Paſſions, as a Spur to quicken his Progreſs in the Chriſtian Life."—The following Quotation, will ſhew the Regard which the *great Dr. Boerhaave* paid to Treatiſes on this important Subject. " His Time was *wholly* taken up in viſiting the Sick, ſearching into every Part of Medicine with the utmoſt Diligence, reading the Scriptures, and thoſe Authors, who place *the Love of God*, and its conſequential Duties, in the cleareſt Light."

by

by *whom* we are fully assured, that he has *forgiven* us all Trespasses, and will *give* us Life eternal.

Present my affectionate Compliments to your Family, and believe me, as I really am,

Most cordially your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

On Bogatzky's Golden Treasure.

Weston-Favell, Feb. 22.

My dear Friend,

THE *three* Volumes of *Theron* and *Aspasio* desire you first to accept them, then freely to animadvert upon them; and above all, to implore the *Blessing of God* for them.—I think, when People's Sentiments differ so excessively as Mr. ***'s and mine, it is best to be at a Distance. O! may we *all* be kept close to our divine Head; and in a little Time, *that*, *which is imperfect*, will be done away. We shall see Him, as He *is*, and know, as we are known.—I hope you prosper in your Health, and are blessed in your ministerial Labours. The Book you inquire after, which Mr. *** saw in my Study Window at *Weston*, and described to you as a *well-thumbed* Lilliputian of two or three Inches high, was written by one Mr. *Bogatzky*, a *German*; in which Language it passed *nineteen* Editions, from which it is now translated, and intitled, *The Golden Treasury for the Children of God, whose Treasure and Hearts are in Heaven*; containing select Texts of the Bible, with practical Observations in Prose and Verse, for every Day in the Year.

Year.—It is pretty *well thumbed*, for there is rarely a Day paſſes that I do not make *Uſe* of it; and particularly when I am ſo languid, as to be incapable of attending to my uſual Studies. The Author very properly calls it a *Golden Treaſury for the Children of God*, who eſteem the *Word of God* more than Gold, and much fine Gold; and from which they may be *daily* ſupplied with proper Advice and Relief in all Manner of *ſpiritual* Neceſſities, as Thouſands have happily experienced already.—The Verſes are elegant, and edifying on *moſt* of the Subjects —and it was his earneſt Deſire and Prayer, that the Lord in his infinite Goodneſs would pleaſe to bleſs his Endeavours to the Good of many Souls, and to the Glory of his holy Name.—Mr. *Bogatzky* obſerves judiciouſly, that it is not to be expected, that a Performance of this Nature, will ſuit the Taſte of *thoſe*, who unhappily miſtake *mere outward* Morality for *true* Chriſtianity; and go no further than *natural* Reaſon and Strength will carry them: But ſuch as either have, or deſire to have a *real Experience* of the Kingdom of God in their Souls, will find much in it to the awakening, comforting, and encouraging their Hearts in the *right* Way.

That We may know, and ever continue in the *right* Way, is, my dear Friend, the frequent and ardent Prayer of,

Your affectionate Brother in Chriſt,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CXC.

On being courageous for Christ.

Weston, Saturday Morning.

MUCH I loved; and much I esteemed my dear Friend, *before*; but *now*, methinks I love and esteem him more, on account of his kind Acceptance of my free Admonitions.—Do, my dear Friend, let us *remember* how important the Hours of our present Life, and the Moments of social Intercourse are.—Dr. *Wall* of *Worcester*, who has a fine Taste for Painting, can, though engaged in great Business, paint, and talk now and then upon Paintings; Dr. *Cotton* of St. *Alban's*, who has a fine Genius for Poetry, though amidst a Variety of Employs, can write and give his Sentiments on Poetry; and why should not Dr. *S***, though in an equally large Sphere of Action, edify his Acquaintance, by his Tongue and Pen, with some *religious Hints*. This, I think, is his distinguishing Talent; and when He pleases, I am sure *no Man* knows how to introduce Scripture better, or to converse in a more striking Manner. Oh! that a Stricture of it may run through, brighten, and dignify his Temper, his Business, his whole Conversation!

You are perfectly right in esteeming those Authors, whose *Piety* beams through all their Pages. And for this very Reason, I esteem, admire and embrace *Jenks*'s Works; *Marshall on Sanctification*; and *Witherspoon* on the *imputed Righteousness of Christ*; because Nothing has so efficacious and benign an Influence on *true Piety*, as their Doctrines: Nothing so sweetly calms the Conscience, so thoroughly refines the Affection, or, to say all in a Word, so effectually sheds abroad the Love of God in the Heart.

I wish

I wiſh you and Mrs. *S***, Abundance of Comfort in Miſs *Sophia*. It was ſaid of one, "*Nabal* is his Name, and *Folly* is with him," (1 *Sam.* xxv. 25.) So I ſay of your Infant Daughter, *Sophia* is her Name, and may *Wiſdom* be with her! even the η ανωθεν σοφια, the *Wiſdom from above*, which St. *James* ſo charmingly deſcribes in chap. iii. 17. and not with *her only*, but with her *Parents*, and with their truly affectionate *Friend*,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CXCI.

On the Benefits of Self Examination.

Miles's Lane, Saturday Morn.

My dear Friend,

IF I am tolerably well, I will wait upon Dr. *C***n* on *Tueſday* Morning.—He has a delicate Genius, and I dare ſay he is an excellent Phyſician:—Oh that his fine Parts may be grafted into the true Olive-Tree, and bring forth Fruit unto God.—If Providence permits us to meet, I hope to have ſome evangelical Diſcourſe with him.

Sure you could not go to *London*, without putting to your Heart ſome of your own important Queſtions, under the Heads of *Self-Examination*.—Have you indulged yourſelf in needleſs Amuſements, needleſs Diverſions of any Kind?—Have you employed your Time uſefully to *yourſelf*, or to *others?*—My deareſt Friend, remember in what Book, by whoſe Hand ſeveral ſuch like Queſtions are written! I fear you have not ſo much as ſpoke one Word *for Chriſt*, ſince you have entered the Metropolis; though you muſt have had *ſo many* Opportunities. Oh! why do you thus bury your *ſprightly*

Talents in a Napkin!—Edify your Neighbours by your Converſation.—What a Loſs has Mr. ** and Mr. ***, and others of your Correſpondents, ſuſtained by your *forgetting*, or *diſuſing* the Language of *Sion?*—I have lately purchaſed *Lowman's Expoſition of the Revelations.* Give me Leave to refer you to the fifth Verſe of the ſecond Chapter, "Remember therefore from whence thou art *fallen*, and do thy *firſt* Works." Pray lend me *Lowman* on the *Civil Government of the Hebrews*, which I hear is a moſt excellent Book, and illuſtrates many obſcure Paſſages in the Bible.

Do you keep a *Diary* as you uſed to do, a *ſecret* Hiſtory of your Heart and Conduct, and take Notice of the Manner in which your *Time* is ſpent, and of the *Strain*, which runs through your *Diſcourſe?* Do you minute down your Sins of *Omiſſion* as well as of *Commiſſion*, and obſerve the Frame of your Spirit in *religious* Duties? Do you regiſter your *moſt ſecret* Faults, thoſe Faults to which *none* but your own Conſcience is privy; none but the *all-ſeeing Eye* diſcerns?—And do you often *review* theſe intereſting Memoirs? remembering at the ſame Time, that for *all* theſe Things God will one Day call you into Judgment.—Keeping *a Diary* is the Way to know *ourſelves*, and of all *other* Preparatives it beſt diſpoſes us to *Prayer*; and to ſeek *in Earneſt* after that bleſſed Redeemer, who died to ſave Sinners; and through *whom alone* we can ever expect to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Adieu! my dear Friend!—God in Heaven bleſs, and protect you! I hope to *ſee* you ere long—and am in the mean Time with true Regard,

Your's faithfully and affectionately,

JAMES HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CXCII.

Remarks on the Letters on Theron and Aſpaſio.

Weſton-Favell, Sept. 4, 1758.

Madam,

BE ſo good as to preſent my very affectionate Compliments to your excellent Friend Mr. *Kennedy*. Inform him, that my *intended Work* has for a long Seaſon, on Account of my great Infirmities, been like the Sun in *Gibeon*, and like the Moon in the Valley of *Ajalon*. I ſhall be particularly pleaſed and thankful to receive his Thoughts on that important Subject, the Aſſurance of Faith. Mine are much the ſame as Mr. *Ebenezer Erſkine*'s in his valuable Sermons, and as Mr. *Boſton*'s in his moſt judicious * Notes on *The Marrow of Modern Divinity*.

Pray, Madam, favour me with a long Extract from Mr. *Kennedy*'s † Letter; I do aſſure you, I admire his Writings: They have a Beauty, which is quite natural and artleſs; joined with a Piety, which is very affecting and edifying.

* See Page 430 of Volume II.

† Mr. *Kennedy*, who Mr. *Hervey* ſo highly and juſtly reſpected, is Miniſter at the *Scots* Church in *Rotterdam*.

In the laſt Letter Mrs. *C*—— received from Mr. *Hervey* are theſe Words: "I received your's with good Mr. *Kennedy*'s Letter incloſed.—It ſpeaks the very Sentiments of my *Heart*, much better than *my own* Tongue or Pen could expreſs them. I don't perceive a ſingle Sentence, to which I ſhould make any Objection. With *other* Believers in Jeſus Chriſt, I would be of *one Heart*, but with Mr. *Kennedy* I have the Pleaſure to be of *one Mind*.—I beg you to preſent my moſt affectionate Reſpects to the worthy Writer, and deſire him to give us a Continuation of his Thoughts."

A Book has lately appeared, in two ſmall Volumes, intitled, *Letters on Theron and Aſpaſio.* I cannot ſay I would recommend it to your Peruſal; but I ſhould be glad, if you would mention it in ſome Converſation with your learned and devout Viſitants, in order to know *their* Opinion. For my own Part, I hardly can tell *what* Opinion to form. The Author conceals his Name, and it ſeems difficult to diſcover his Principles, or his Aim. Some Things are excellent, written with Spirit, and in a Strain truly evangelical; in ſome Things I ſtand corrected by Him; I kiſs the Rod, and, far from being diſpleaſed, am thankful for his Animadverſions; though in ſome Inſtances, he has acted a diſingenuous Part; not conſulting the moſt correct Edition of my Book, not adverting to my own Explanation of my Meaning, and making me approve the *Whole* of a Perſon's Works *, where I only commend ſome *particular* Part. But what gives me the *greateſt Diſguſt*, and will, I believe, offend every candid Reader, is a bitter Vein of Contempt and Invective againſt ſome of the beſt of Men that ever lived, and ſome of the beſt Authors that ever wrote. I once thought, the Apoſtle *James*'s Queſtion implied an Impoſſibility; but it ſeems to be reduced to real Fact by the Pen of this Critick, and in the *Letters on Theron and Aſpaſio*, where the *Fountain ſends forth* at the ſame Place, in the ſame Performance, *ſweet Water and bitter.*

I hope you will not act with Mr. *Kennedy* according to the exact Rules of Retaliation; but though He has

* Mr. *Hervey* did not think himſelf under an Obligation to defend every *particular* Sentiment of an Author, whoſe Treatiſe he might approve *in general.*—And here it may be proper to obſerve, that his own Candour, and the frequent Solicitations of others, induced him to be more indulgent than He ought, and to give rather too favourable an Opinion: for which he has been miſrepreſented by the Artful, and abuſed by the Malevolent.

been

been *ſlow* to write, you will be *ſwift* to anſwer, that He may the more ſpeedily improve and delight yourſelf, Madam, and

Your very humble Servant,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CXCIII.

The Doctrines of the Goſpel have no Tendency to Licentiouſneſs—The Excellency of the Bible—The Character of one not fit to be a Companion.

Saturday Morning.

Dear Sir,

I AM ſorry to hear, that Mr. *** ſhould think my Doctrine tends to the Introduction of *Licentiouſneſs*. Far, very far from it!—*Mine* is the genuine Doctrine of the Scriptures; and the *only* Doctrine to reclaim Mankind, as it encourages Sinners not to *continue* in their Sins, but to turn unto their injured Lord, and receive Salvation at his beneficent Hand.—"He that cometh to me, I will in no wiſe caſt out," are our bleſſed Maſter's own Words; and all my Writings, Preaching, and Converſation, are founded on that comfortable Declaration to my loſt undone Fellow-Creatures; on that tender *Invitation* to thoſe, in whom there is no Health.

But Mr. *** is offended at this:—He, like the *Egyptian* Taſkmaſters of old, requires Men to make Brick without Straw.—"Let us (ſays he, unmindful of our *Impotence*) make ourſelves *better*, and *then* go to Chriſt, who will receive us favourably for our *Works Sake*."—But in this View *our Works*, even if we could perform them, without the Grace of Chriſt, would be

ineffectual. (See *Luke* xvii. 10.)—Are *Theſe* capable of expiating the Guilt of a polluted Race, and of procuring Salvation?—If *our Works* could do THIS, then *Theſe*, and not *Chriſt*, would be our *Saviour*.—If we had a Right to demand a Recompence for *our Works*, even on a Suppoſition they were *perfect*, then a Redeemer and his Death would be *uſeleſs*: Surely therefore Mr. ***'s Notions are *contrary* to the whole Tenor of the Goſpel! May the *divine Spirit* open his Eyes, and incline his Heart to diſcover, that *Chriſt* offers himſelf to *all*, who will come: The *vileſt* of Men have juſt the ſame Right to Chriſt and his Merits, as the *beſt* of Men; a Right founded not on their awakened Deſires, not on any Thing in *themſelves*, but purely, ſolely, entirely on the *free Grant* of a Saviour.—We are all Sinners, though in a more or leſs Degree; and we muſt all flee to Chriſt for *ſpiritual* Bleſſings; not as *deſerving*, but as *guilty* Creatures; a ſad Mortification this to the *proud* Worldlings, or to the *Self-Righteous* Moraliſt, whom it is the Deſign of the Goſpel *to humble*.

Mr. *** (as I dare ſay you have often heard Him) ſpeaks of Heaven made eaſy, "upon Condition * of Obedience to the Goſpel Commands."—This would not be very eaſy to *me*, whatever it might be to *Him*: But if Heaven and eternal Life be "the Gift of God through Jeſus Chriſt," and given us on account of his Obedience unto Death, then it is eaſy indeed.—What Love is here! Well might the Apoſtle *Paul* ſay, that "the Love of Chriſt conſtraineth us." Chriſt makes us *free*, and thoſe whom HE makes free, are † *free in-*

* Mr. *Hervey* had ſeen ſo bad an Uſe made by the *Socinians*, of *Conditions* and *Requiſites*, in Oppoſition to the Doctrine of Free-Grace, that he could by no Means allow even *Faith*, much leſs our *Obedience*, to be called a *Condition*.

† John viii. 36.

deed,

deed. This is the Way of Salvation pointed out to us by the Wiſdom of the Almighty.—May our Eyes be enlightened to ſee *this* Way, which many *wiſe* Men overlook, at which many *great* Men are offended!

I wiſh Mr. *** would ſtudy his *Bible* more, and the *Claſſicks* leſs.—There is little Good to be got by reading the Scripture careleſsly, but *He*, who humbly applies to God for Direction, and exerciſes Himſelf therein conſtantly and conſcientiouſly, will find ſuch an *Efficacy*, as is not to be found in *any other* Book whatever:—And therefore it is called, by way of Preheminence, THE BIBLE (or THE BOOK;) importing, that as *This*, and *only This*, is a divine Work, no other Books can be *compared*, or even ſo much as *named* with it. It is the *Book of Books*; the Book of GOD: Mr. *** however neglects *this Book*, I fear; and indeed, if I may ſpeak my Sentiments to you freely, I look upon Him to be ſo puffed up *with Pride*, and the Conceit of *his own* Abilities, that his *Paſſions* run away with Him, and he fires at every Thing, which thwarts any of the Notions He has imbibed.—Is not ſuch an one diſqualified for Friendſhip?—Can a Man of *his* Diſpoſition attend coolly to Arguments againſt his *pre-conceived* Opinion, how modeſtly, or forcibly ſoever ſuch Arguments may be urged?—*This* ſurely is not the Spirit of the Goſpel; nor are *theſe* the Qualities of one, who *profeſſes* himſelf a Diſciple of that Maſter, whoſe Exhortation is, "Learn of me for I am lowly, and meek." I have no Hopes of doing Mr. *** any Good; and, as we think ſo very differently, the leſs we have to do with one another, perhaps the better. He really is not now fit even for a *Companion*, much leſs for a *Boſom Friend*. No Man can be a proper Aſſociate (as a Writer of no ſmall Penetration has judiciouſly remarked) in whom theſe, or ſuch like Infirmities are predominant; namely,

1. If

1. If he be reſerved, or be incapable of communicating his Mind freely.—2. If he be haughty, and proud of his Knowledge, imperious in his Diſpoſition, and fond of impoſing his own Sentiments on us.—3. If he be poſitive, and will diſpute to the End, by reſiſting the cleareſt Evidence rather than be overcome.—4. If he be fretful and peeviſh, ready to take Things in a wrong Senſe.—5. If he affect Wit on all Occaſions, and is full of his Conceits, Puns, Quibbles, Jeſts and Repartees. *Theſe* may agreeably entertain and animate an Hour of Mirth, but they have no Place in the *Search after Truth.*

6. If he carry about him a Sort of Craft and Cunning, and Diſguiſe, acting rather like a Spy, than a Friend. Have a Care of ſuch an one as will make an *ill Uſe* of Freedom in Converſation, and immediately charge you with ſhocking *Tenets*, when you happen to differ from thoſe Sentiments which Authority, or Cuſtom has eſtabliſhed.

7. In ſhort, *avoid* the Man, who *practiſes* any Thing, that is *unbecoming* the Character of a ſincere, free, and open Searcher after Truth. And above all Things, pray and work againſt all evil Qualities in your own Breaſt.

I had a Letter lately from our old Acquaintance *in the Weſt*, who complains grievouſly of his *Burthens*, as he calls them. It ſeems he has *ten Children*; and is hipped to Death, leſt *He*, and *his Family* ſhould be reduced to Beggary. His Income to be ſure is ſcanty and precarious; but I conjured him not to be diffident *of Providence*; reminded him of our bleſſed Maſter's Charge (*Matthew* vi. 2, 5.) againſt being too anxious about our Subſiſtence in this Life; and I ſent him likewiſe the following Paſſage from a Poem of the Reverend Mr. *Onely*'s, aſſuring him at the ſame Time, that if He would

would have a due Concern for the Things which are God's, then God would alſo be careful of *Him*, and *his*.

" *But Daughters, Sons—Alas! thy Weakneſs ſcan;*
" *Know Preſcience never was deſign'd for Man.*
" *Their Wants you dread, ſome able Hand ſupplies;*
" *Their Wealth you build, ſome Accident deſtroys.*
" *From Thee ſome Mites, and honeſt Fame be giv'n;*
" *The reſt—from Virtue, and the Care of Heav'n.*"

He ſays, IF HE HAD NOT BEEN DEPRIVED OF FORESIGHT, He had never *married*; and by Way of Explanation ſent me an odd Quotation, which I have here tranſcribed: " I cannot but admire the Wiſdom of Nature in denying to Men and Women that *Foreſight* when they are *young*, which they acquire at a *greater Age*; for without *that*, I believe the World could not ſubſiſt above fourſcore Years, and a new Creation of Man would be wanted once every hundred Years at leaſt; ſince the *Inconveniencies* of Marriage, are *experimentally* known to overbalance the *Conveniencies*.—This YOUNG FOLKS will not *believe*, and thus the World is *peopled*."

Your Friend Colonel * * *, has made a Preſent of *Steel*'s *Chriſtian Hero*, to all his Officers.—I wiſh, when he had been in ſuch a Diſpoſition, that he had given to all the common Men, Dr. *Woodward*'s *Soldier's Monitor*, which are not above fifteen Shillings *per* Hundred.—This Book was wrote by the Command of Queen *Anne*, as I have been told, and delivered to every Soldier at the Government's Expence: The *Sailor's Monitor*, wrote by the *ſame* Hand, was given to every Sailor.—And I think it very impolitick in the Government to *diſcontinue* ſo well-judged a Donation.—If I was *Chaplain to a Regiment*, I would preach before the Soldiers on this Text, " I have ſet the Lord always before

before me; becauſe he is at my right Hand, I ſhall not be moved." *Pſal.* xvi. 8.

Your Reflections on ſeeing the Skeleton at *Oxford*, and on your near View of Death (in the emblematical Shape of a Skeleton with an Hour-Glaſs and a Dart) advancing towards you in your late Sickneſs, have ſuch a Similarity with thoſe of a worthy Friend's of mine, as I think will both ſurprize and pleaſe you.—" Oh! my dear Sir, ſays he, to *talk* of Death, and to enter *in earneſt* upon dying, are two different Things:—To view the Meſſenger who comes from the JUDGE of all, as actually approaching with his open Commiſſion in one Hand, and his uplifted Dart to execute it in another (an expecting Grave and eternal Judgment in his immediate Train) is as different as to view a painted Lion, who is only terrible on Canvaſs, and actually to ſee him with his rolling Eyes, and really to hear his tremendous Roar."

Have you ſeen the Reverend Mr. *Adam*'s *Practical Lectures on the Church Catechiſm?*—He is an experienced Chriſtian—and a ſpirited Performance it is.—The ſame Gentleman wrote the Preface to Mr. (*Truro*) *Walker*'s *Heart-ſearching Sermons*.—Dr. *S*** made me a Preſent of it; and wrote in the Blank Leaf before the Title Page, " What betwixt the Frenzy of Anger, the Ague of Hopes and Fears, the Fever of Love, the Conſumption of Envy, our diſtempered Minds are kept under a continual Diſeaſe, againſt which theſe Lectures are a certain Specifick."—Mr. *Adam* is Rector of *Wintringham* in *Lincolnſhire*,—and has made, I am told, an amazing *Reformation* amongſt the People in that Neighbourhood, who *before* his Settlement amongſt them were remarkably diſſolute, and ignorant:—He ſpares no Pains in diſcharging his miniſterial Duty: His Congregations are very large, I hear, and Men, Women

Women and Children, come ten or a dozen Miles to attend his Preaching.

A Gentleman lent me the other Day Dr. *Leland*'s *View of the principal Deiſtical Writers*; amongſt which is one MORGAN, who ſtyles himſelf a MORAL PHILOSOPHER; a Character, which is of late grown very faſhionable amongſt our modern Deiſts, but THEY might with equal Propriety call themſelves MIRACULOUS HEALERS; for THEY could as ſoon heal a decayed Body by their *moral Philoſophy*, as THEY could cure the Sinſick Soul by it.—Miſerable Teachers are all ſuch, who *thus* pretend to reform either themſelves, or Mankind. —*He* and *He only* can caſt *Devils* out of the Soul, who can ſay to the *Leper*, "Be thou clean;"—and to the *Storm*, "Be thou ſtill."—*He only* can heal the decayed *Body*, who hath ſaid to the Paralytick, "Take up thy Bed, and walk."

I am, dear Sir, with great Reſpect, and much Eſteem, your moſt obliged, and very humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. I have a particular Reaſon for deſiring you would give me your well-weighed Opinion of the amiable Dr. *Watts*'s ORTHODOXY and CHARITY UNITED: —It is wrote with an excellent Deſign.—The Gentleman, who perſuaded me to purchaſe it, is a Perſon of great Candour, Learning, and Piety.—He is ſo fond of this Book, that he has recommended it to all his diſtant Acquaintance; and rarely goes into any Company, without introducing it in the Converſation: He extols it in the ſtrongeſt Terms, as a Piece which no Chriſtian ought to be without, ſince its grand End is to promote charitable Sentiments, and Practices towards one another, amidſt the numerous Follies, and Errors of the Time.—Would to God our *religious Differences* were properly

properly ſettled on a ſure Foundation, that the contending Parties were reconciled in Love; and that "all we, who call ourſelves Chriſtians, might hold the Faith in Unity of Spirit, in the Bond of Peace, and in Righteouſneſs of Life." Amen, and Amen.

LETTER CXCIV.

On preſenting a Lady with a Roſe.

Weſton-Favell, Nov. 4, 1757.

Dear Sir,

YOU wonder at my Delay in anſwering your very friendly Letter: This is the true Cauſe. When I received your Favour, I was very buſy, in diſpatching to the Preſs my *three Faſt Sermons*, lately publiſhed. By ſome Accident your Letter was miſlaid, and could not be found. This Day it came to Light, and, the Moment I looked upon the Date, it ſtruck me with a painful Regret, a Regret almoſt equal to the Pleaſure I enjoyed, in your edifying Converſation.

Your Lady has ſhewn the moſt welcome Complaiſance to *me*, and to the * *Roſe*; to *me*, in accepting what is leſs than a Trifle; to the *Roſe*, in putting it to ſuch a Uſe. Could that poor Vegetable be ſenſible, it would rejoice to be a *Remembrancer* of its moſt amiable Creator. The Prophet calls upon the *whole Creation*, inanimate as it is, to *exult*, and *triumph* in the Grace of

* When this Gentleman was at *Weſton*, Mr. *Hervey* (as he walked with him in the Garden) plucked a Roſe, and deſired him to preſent it to his Wife, to put her in Mind of the *Roſe of Sharon*. She paid that Regard to the Giver and the Gift, as to put it into a Frame with a Glaſs.

our incarnate God. " Sing, O Heavens; be joyful, O Earth; break forth into ſinging, ye Mountains; O Foreſts, and every Tree," whether cultivated or wild, *for the Lord*, by his Incarnation, Blood, and Righteouſneſs, *has redeemed Iſrael, and glorified himſelf*; moſt magnificently diſplayed all his divine Perfections, *in* the Salvation of *Jacob*.

I heartily wiſh, that Mrs. ** may become, every Day, more and more acquainted with the *Roſe of Sharon*; that his Lovelineſs, Riches, and Glory, may be revealed in her Heart, by the Holy Ghoſt. Happy the *Souls*, in which this Flower of Heaven bloſſoms; which are charmed with its Beauty, and refreſhed with its Odours. Their Happineſs will not fade as a Leaf, but like the Merit and Mercy of their Lord, will be new every Morning; new every Moment, new through eternal Ages.

I wiſh, I could gratify your benevolent Temper, by giving you a comfortable Account of my Health. But Nothing adminiſtered for its Succour and Reſtoration, ſucceeds. It ſeems to be the Will of our great Phyſician, that my Strength ſhould be Labour and Sorrow. May his holy Will be done; only may my Faith in his Blood be ſtrong, and my Love of his Name be warm. Then ſhall I meet you, ere long, amidſt the innumerable Company of Angels, and no more complain, " My Head, my Head;" no more ſay, " I am ſick."

How ſhall I recompenſe my generous Doctor, for preſcribing without a Fee? By wiſhing, that he may never want the Aid, which he ſo kindly tenders to his

affectionate Friend, and Brother in Chriſt,

J. Hervey.

LET-

LETTER CXCV.

On the Consolation of the Gospel.

Weston-Favell, Feb. 22, 1758.

Madam,

I Received the Favour of your Letter, and found no small Pleasure in perusing its Contents. It gave me a singular Satisfaction, to see a Lady of such fine Sense, and in the very Bloom of Life, *mindful* of the Things which belong to her eternal Peace. May this happy Disposition increase with your increasing Years! and it will be the greatest *Blessing* that you can enjoy, or your Correspondent wish.

If *my Writings* have afforded you any Entertainment, or been the *Means* of administring the least Improvement, I desire to adore and bless the all-gracious God. For *He*, Madam, teaches to profit; *his* Spirit commands Success; and all our *Good* comes wholly from his heavenly *Benediction*.

I am pleased to find *this*, among your other valuable Expressions; "I want to have all those heavenly Consolations."—You consider Religion in a *right* View. It is not a vexatious *Burthen*, or an irksome *Task*; but it is intended to be the *Comfort* of our Lives, and the *Joy* of our Hearts. God is the God *of all Comfort*, Christ is styled the *Consolation of Israel*, and the Holy Ghost is called the *Comforter*.—The Gospel is the most *comfortable* Report imaginable; it is glad Tidings, and the joyful Sound; it assures poor Sinners, that God has laid all their Iniquities, both great and small, on his beloved Son; that Jesus Christ has brought in a most perfect and everlasting Righteousness, whereby they may be justified; and that our first, our great, our leading

leading Duty is, to believe all this, in our own Behalf, for our own Benefit.

By the Comfort and Peace reſulting from theſe Bleſſings, it would win our Hearts to love the God, who is ſo immenſely amiable and gracious to us; to be ſtudious of doing his Pleaſure, who has made ſuch unſpeakably rich Proviſion for our Happineſs. The Apoſtle prays for his *Theſſalonian Converts*, that the Father of everlaſting Compaſſions, would firſt *comfort* their Hearts, and then, and thereby, *eſtabliſh* them in every good Word, and Work.

I ſhould make no Scruple to ſend my *Faſt-Sermon* for your Peruſal, if I *had* one. But it has pleaſed the divine Providence to viſit me with a violent Fever, which has confined me for many Weeks; I am ſtill the Priſoner of this Diſeaſe, ſo that I was incapable of going abroad on the *Faſt-Day*. And indeed, if it had been otherwiſe, I ſhould ſcarcely have been *able* to gratify my own Inclination, by complying with your Hints; becauſe I never *write* my Sermons, having accuſtomed myſelf to preach *without Notes*; and it was owing to a particular Incident, that thoſe *three Diſcourſes*, which I publiſhed, were committed to Writing.

Permit me, Madam, to wiſh, that you may be ſtedfaſt and immoveable in your preſent Turn of Mind, which is ſo truly wiſe and noble; that by *him*, who ſitteth in Heaven and beholds all the Children of Men, it may be ſaid of Miſs ***, as it was formerly ſaid of another excellent Perſon; "MARY has choſen that good Part, which ſhall not be taken from her."

To theſe Wiſhes, allow me the additional Pleaſure of being,

Madam, your moſt obedient humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CXCVI.

On Mr. Wesley's Letter.

Weston-Favell, March 4, 1758.

Dear Mr. **,

I Have a long Letter, containing two or three Sheets, from Mr. *Wesley*.—It consists of Animadversions on my Dialogues and Letters, which I should be glad if you would peruse, and favour me with your Opinion. He wrote me *one* before, more stinging and sarcastick than *this*. I have taken no Notice of *either*, being very unwilling to embark in Controversy; but for your Judgment *on the last*, which is written with Candor and Temper, I should be much obliged, and have an *additional* Reason to be,

Dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CXCVII.

On the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ.

Weston-Favell, March 11, 1758.

Madam,

I AM much obliged for your benevolent Wishes, relating to my Health. By Way of Return, permit me to wish, that your *Soul* may prosper, may flourish, may blossom as a Rose; that you may "grow in Grace, and in the Knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

From

From this Paſſage we may obſerve, that the Way to advance in true Holineſs of Heart and Life, is to advance in the *Knowledge of Chriſt*.—It is for want of knowing *Chriſt*, that the Generality of Mankind are ſo captivated by Trifles, and enſlaved to tranſient Gratifications. It is for want of knowing *Chriſt* more thoroughly, that many Chriſtians have ſo little Peace and Joy, and many go mournfully in their Way to Eternity.

By *his Knowledge* ſhall my righteous Servant juſtify many.—By giving them the Knowledge of *himſelf*, of his divine *Dignity* and ineſtimable precious *Work*; of that grand *Price*, which he paid for the Redemption of Sinners, which delivers them from the Wrath to come, and intitles them to the Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"The divine Power," ſays St. *Peter*, "has given us all Things pertaining to Life, and Godlineſs."—How? through the Knowledge of *Him*, who has called us to Glory and Virtue; through the Knowledge of *Chriſt*, as calling us to the Enjoyment of *eternal* Glory, which he has procured for us by his Blood; and thereby moſt ſweetly leading and engaging us, to the *Exerciſe of every Virtue*.

I hope *Marſhall on Sanctification*, will be *bleſſed* to your Conſolation, and Edification. If it is not at the *firſt* Reading, it may at the *ſecond*, or it may at the *third*. I would ſay to the Reader of this excellent Treatiſe, as the Prophet *Elijah* ſaid to his Servant, who went to the Sea in order to make Obſervation, but found Nothing worthy of Notice, "Go again *ſeven* Times."

As we know MORE of Chriſt, the more frequently ſhall we *comfort* Ourſelves with the Thought, that it is *He*, who will come in the Clouds of Heaven; and that we ſhall all appear before the Judgment-Seat of Chriſt.

This, to the Believer, is a moſt comfortable and delightful Conſideration; "My *Redeemer* is my Judge. *He*, who died for me, paſſes the *final* Sentence. Look! how *great* is his Majeſty and Glory! So *great* is my Atonement and Propitiation."

Shower's ſerious Reflections on Time and Eternity, an excellent little Book, which has paſſed *ſeven* Editions, generally lies on my Study Table, that I may not only read, but digeſt it. I recommend it to your attentive Peruſal and frequent Meditation; and hope you will ſeriouſly apply it to your Improvement and Advancement in a Life of Holineſs. As it will coſt only a Shilling, you may give ſome of them away, and a very uſeful Gift it will be.

Should I ever come to *London*, I will be ſure to do myſelf the Pleaſure of waiting upon Miſs ***. In the mean Time, what ſhe mentions by Way of Caution, ſhall be obſerved with all Punctuality due to a Command,

By her moſt obedient, humble Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CXCVIII.

On various Subjects.

Weſton-Favell, Jan. 3, 1758.

Dear Mr. ***,

I Received your welcome valuable Letter in due Time; but almoſt as ſoon as I received it, I was ſeized with a violent Illneſs; ſo violent, that the current Report was, "*Hervey* is dead."—*Near* to Death I certainly *was*; and God Almighty knows, I am, according to human

human Appearance, not *far* * from it even *now*: But pray let me, if I *live*, expect the Continuation of your Remarks.—Your Letters are ſuch, as I ſhould delight to read, even my laſt Moments.

I wiſh you many a happy *New Year* on Earth, and at the laſt an abundant Entrance into the *New Jeruſalem*, —where the Voice of Joy and Health is perpetually heard.

Weak I am, very weak, and much out of Order; inſomuch that I have not been *able* to go to Church ever ſince *Chriſtmas*. But your Writings refreſh and delight, inſtead of fatiguing me!—Your *fourth* Paragraph has moſt exactly ſtated the Difference, which ſubſiſts between *yourſelf*, and *Aſpaſio*, relating to *Faith*. The Forbearance and Candor, with which you treat this Difference, does not give up a Jot or Tittle of your *own* Opinion, yet it tends very much to conciliate Favour and Eſteem in its Behalf.

Your *Viſion* is very grand and quite ſtriking; I love ſuch Strokes of Imagination; they keep Attention awake, and impart Pleaſure together with Profit.—*Aſpaſio* is doubly obliged to your Pen, formerly for *correcting*, now for *defending* his Work.—You obſerve, my Enemy is your's. He has attacked your generous Vindication. In Reply to this Attack, you have ſpoke my very Sentiments †.

Mr. ***, you will find, is *angry* with me on the oppoſite Score, for ſpeaking *too much*; and, as *He* thinks, *too openly* on the Side of Election, and particular Redemption. Pray favour me with your *free* Opinion, and wherever you think he charges me *juſtly*, or I have expreſſed myſelf *improperly*, ſpare not to ſpeak the naked

* Mr. *Hervey* died the *December* following.

† This refers to the *Remarks* (made by this Gentleman to whom Mr. *Hervey* here writes) on the *Scotch* Author, who wrote the Letters on *Theron and Aſpaſio*.

Truth.—He has lately publiſhed a large Book, Price Six Shillings ſtitched, on the Doctrine of *Original Sin*; great Part of which, is an Abridgment of Dr. *Watts*'s *Ruin and Recovery*; and of another Treatiſe, wrote by Mr. *Hebden*. In *this* he takes Occaſion to quote two or three Paſſages from *Theron and Aſpaſio*, one from Vol. I. Page 184, which he thus introduces: "To explain this a little farther in Mr. *Hervey*'s Words. By fœderal Head I mean, what the Apoſtle teaches, *&c.* That as *Adam* was the firſt *general* Repreſentative (of *this Kind*, ſays *Aſpaſio*, but Mr. *** makes him ſay) *of Mankind*, Chriſt was," *&c.* "Far from reſting upon a ſingle Text," *&c.* He goes on to the Bottom of the Page, then turns back to the upper Part, repreſents me as forming a Concluſion in theſe Words:—"All theſe Expreſſions demonſtrate, that *Adam* (as well as Chriſt) was a Repreſentative of *all Mankind*. And that what *He* did in this Capacity, did not terminate in *Himſelf*, but affected *all*, whom He repreſented."—This is a very injurious Repreſentation. One Sentence is a palpable Miſquotation. Would it be proper to take any Notice of it? I am ſometimes apprehenſive, that He would draw me into a Diſpute about *particular* Redemption. I know He can ſay ſtartling and horrid Things on this Subject; and *this*, perhaps, might be the moſt effectual Method to prejudice People againſt my *principal* Point.

I am, dear Sir, with much Gratitude,

and true Affection, your's in Chriſt,

JAMES HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CXCIX.

On Earneſtneſs in Religion.—Remarks on Mr. Law.

Dear Sir,

UPON a *repeated* Review of your *Sketches* for inſtructing your Family on *Sunday* Evenings, I really don't know how to *improve* them.—I think they are well digeſted;—but, when you exerciſe your Talent in *ſpeaking* from thoſe Sketches, do not forget to implore *a Bleſſing* on what you are going about.—Stir up the Gift of God, which is in you, by a zealous *Uſe* of them; and you yourſelf will *improve* them better than I can for you.—I ſhall only *ſuggeſt*, that as ſoon as you have finiſhed, ſet down, as freſh Heads for *another* Occaſion, what *new Thoughts* occurred to you *while* you was ſpeaking. Oh! let us work while the Day laſts! My dear Friend, the Judge is at the Door, and Eternity at Hand. May we *watch*, and *pray* always, that we may be found worthy to ſtand before the Son of Man at his coming.

I incloſe Part of a Letter, ſent by a clever Man and no mean Scholar.

" It is with infinite Pleaſure I can inform you, that I am now brought to a Senſe of my Duty, to which I was an entire Stranger till lately.—Glory be to God, I have now ſome Concern upon my Mind, ſome ſerious Thoughts of a future State!—How amazing is it, that a Perſon ſhould arrive at my Years, without knowing any Thing of the Religion he profeſſes. Strange as it is, this was my Caſe; for, till within theſe ſix Months, I was as much in the Dark as to *ſpiritual* Affairs, as *one*, who had never heard the Name of Chriſt. The *Bible* was to *me* the ſame as an unknown Language, and all my *Pretences* to Religion were Nothing but a mere life-

leſs Formality. Oh! that the inexpreſſible *Marks* of the *Love* of my God, and his *Goodneſs* to me, may increaſe the Love I owe to Him, more and more every Day!"

Our Friend Mr. *H——y*, who you know is a great Favourer of the myſtick Writers, has deſired me to read Mr. *Law*'s *Spirit of Prayer*, and *Spirit of Love*, which is an *Appendix* to it. I ſhall *aſk* him, whether he deſigned it to puzzle, or *edify* me?—I am ſure it has done the firſt to *me*, may it do the latter to *Him*.—Oh! what *Need* have we to *pray* for that bleſſed Spirit, which may lead us into all Truth.

I begin to be weaned from *human* Writings, even from the moſt applauded.—The pure Milk of the divine Word my Soul covets. Don't you reliſh its Sweetneſs, and taſte its Power more and more? The Apoſtle *injoins* us in every Thing to give *Thanks*, for *this* is the Will of God; (1 *Theſſalon.* v. 18.) and if we are to *thank* Him for *every* Thing, how ought we to *thank* Him, how can we ſufficiently *thank* Him, for ſuch a Treaſury of Bleſſings, as the *Holy Bible* contains for us?—And yet (is it credible?) there are, there are *thoſe*, who *neglect* theſe gracious Tidings of a *Reconciliation* with God, through the *Mediation* of his own Son Jeſus Chriſt.

But whatever be the Conduct of *others*, let *you* and *I*, dear Sir, eſteem it as it deſerves, and ſay with the Pſalmiſt, "I will *delight* myſelf in thy Statutes, I will not *forget* thy Word. Make me to *underſtand* the Way of thy Precepts, ſo ſhall I *talk* of thy wondrous Works."—*David* you ſee *prayed* to God for Illumination, and *talked* of divine Things. That *this* may be accompliſhed in *us*, and that *we* may follow *David*'s Example, I dare ſay you will add an Amen, to the Amen of,

Dear Sir, your's very ſincerely,

J. HERVEY.

P. S. I am told, and grieved I am to hear it, that the once zealous Mr. *** is grown quite indolent (no very laudable Character for a Clergyman) and has entirely laid aſide his Tranſlation and Improvement of the elegant Dr. *Stearne*, *De Viſitatione Infirmorum*. He ſhewed me a Specimen of it ſome Months ago: The Tranſlation was ſpirited, and the Notes well calculated to ſupply the Author's Deficiencies.—Nothing perhaps is more wanted, or would be more uſeful (eſpecially to the Clergy) than a judicious Treatiſe *on Viſiting the Sick*, in a neat Pocket Volume; but I am ſenſible, there is nothing equally difficult to execute. I never yet ſaw one to my Mind.—*The Clergyman' Companion*, as it is called, is little more than a Collection of Prayers, with the Order of Viſitation of the Sick, out of the Common Prayer, the Communion Service, and the Office of public and private Baptiſm. If methinks ſuch a Man as Mr. *Walker* of *Truro* could find Time to ſet about it, it would be done *effectually*; becauſe he is a *moſt experienced* Chriſtian, and has *long* been accuſtomed to the Chambers of the *Sick*; and would write from Facts, and his own Knowledge of the human Mind.—I would not give a Ruſh for a Jumble compiled from different Authors:—*That* is the Labour of the *Head*, and not the Feeling of the *Heart*; and can never produce the *Effects* I wiſh to ſee.

LET-

LETTER CC.

Downame's Chriſtian Warfare.—Luther's Hymn.

Weſton-Favell, July 26, 1756.

NOW my dear Friend I have procured your Favourite Author, *Downame*'s *Chriſtian Warfare againſt the Devil, the World, and the Fleſh.* He is, indeed, a pleaſing perſpicuous Writer. The Language, as you obſerved, remarkably pure and correct; He is very experimental, and enters into the Diſtreſſes of tempted Souls; many Things are ſweet, comfortable, charming. Sometimes, I think he draws a little Veil over the Grace of God, not ſuffering it to blaze out in its full Luſtre and Glory. Don't you think he is ſomewhat inaccurate, in ſtating the Nature of Juſtification? *Lib.* ii. *Chap.* 50. "Juſtification, he ſays, conſiſteth in two Parts; the firſt, Remiſſion of our Sins for the full Satisfaction of Chriſt, by his Death and Sufferings: The other, the Imputation of his habitual and active Righteouſneſs."—Should it not rather be, Juſtification conſiſts of two Parts; the firſt, Remiſſion of our Sins; the ſecond, Being perfectly righteous in God's Sight; and *both* theſe ſpring from the Imputation of Chriſt's Righteouſneſs to the poor Sinner?

I find, from your Manuſcript, it is your Opinion, that the Antediluvian Sacrifices were ſlain by the Sword of the Cherubim, planted and waved at the Entrance of *Eden.* This is a very remarkable, and a very awful Circumſtance, and if true, very worthy of *particular* Notice. But what *Reaſons* have you, dear Sir, for the *Support* of this Sentiment? Be ſo kind as to mention them, at your Leiſure.

Mr. *P***, about a Week after his Return to *Northamptonſhire,* gave me your Letter. I fear, He will become

become a *Prey* to the Allurements of the World.—I believe he is not very zealous for the *Goſpel of Chriſt*. I am pretty ſure, he does not *love* the Servants of our Lord; therefore I expect, that, from this Quarter, my Character will ſoon be put under an Eclipſe; nor ſhall I be much diſappointed, if by this Incident my new Friend is put away from my Sight. *Thanks* for your Hints concerning my Conduct; it is very ſeaſonable, and ſhall be obſerved.

I have ſometimes thought, that the beſt, ſtrongeſt *Proof* of a future State of Happineſs occurring in the *Old Teſtament*, is deducible from the Hiſtory of *Enoch*. *Enoch* walked with God, was high in his Favour, and had much Communion with him; it is recorded as a ſingular Reward of his holy and exemplary Life, that he was *not*, for God *took* Him: Now if the *ancient* People of God had no Notion of a *future* State of Happineſs, what ſtrange Apprehenſions muſt they form concerning this Inſtance of the divine Procedure? At *this* rate Jehovah muſt appear to puniſh in the moſt exemplary and dreadful Manner his *firſt*, and *greateſt* Favourite. Whereas, ſuppoſe them rooted in the Belief of a much happier Condition ſucceeding the preſent Life, and the Caſe is plain, and God is juſtified in his Doings.—Pleaſe to give me your Opinion, as to this Argument.

I hope, you are thinking of your new Verſion of *Pſal.* civ. which will be very agreeable, and I hope, not a little edifying to, Dear Sir,

Your much obliged and affectionate Friend,

J. Hervey.

P. S. I here ſend you Mr. *Moſes Browne*'s almoſt literal Tranſlation of *Luther*'s moſt comfortable Hymn, which is in very conſiderable Eſteem in the *German* Church. *Zimmermannus de Cognitionis Chriſti Eminentiâ*, is a Comment on it; and is now tranſlating by Mr. *Browne*, at my Deſire.

LUTHER's

LUTHER'S HYMN,

In Eight Practical Rules.

I.

'TIS not too arduous an Eſſay,
To tread reſolv'd the Goſpel Way;
The ſenſual Inſtinct to controul,
And warm with purer Fire the Soul.
Nature may raiſe her fleſhly Striſe,
Reluctant to the heav'nly Life;
Loth in a Saviour's Death to ſhare,
Her daily Croſs, compell'd to bear.
But Grace omnipotent at length,
Shall arm the Saint, with ſaving Strength;
Thro' the ſharp War with Aids attend,
And his long Conflict ſweetly End.

See *Zimmermannus*, Page 5.

II.

Act but the Infant's gentle Part;
Give up to Love thy willing Heart:
No fondeſt Parent's melting Breaſt
Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee bleſt;
Taught its dear Mother ſoon to know,
The tendereſt Babe his Love can ſhow.
Bid thy baſe ſervile Fear retire;
This Taſk no Labour will require.

Zimmermannus, Page 11.

III.

The *Sov'reign Father*, good and kind,
Wants but to have his Child reſign'd:
Wants but thy yielded Heart (no more!)
With his large Gifts of Grace to ſtore.
He to thy Soul no Anguiſh brings,
From thy own ſtubborn Will it ſprings:
That Foe but crucify (thy Bane!)
Nought ſhalt thou know of Frowns or Pain.

Zimmermannus, Page 17.

IV.

Shake from thy Soul o'erwhelm'd, depreſt,
Th' encumb'ring Load that galls her Reſt;
That waſtes her Strength in Bondage vain:—
With Courage break th' enſlaving Chain.
Let Pray'r exert its conqu'ring Pow'r;
Cry in thy tempted trembling Hour,
"My God! my Father! ſave thy Son!—
"'Tis heard,—and all thy Fears are done."

Zimmermannus, Page 32.

V.

Yet if (more earneſt Plaints to raiſe)
Thy God awhile his Aid delays,
Tho' you don't *now* his kind Hand feel,
Thy Grief let lenient Patience heal.
Or if Corruptions Strength prevail,
And oft thy Pilgrim Footſteps fail;
Pray for his Grace with louder Cries,
So ſhalt thou cleans'd and ſtronger riſe.

Zimmermannus, Page 43.

Theſe next Lines within the Hooks do not belong to *Luther*'s Hymn, but are uſed by *Zimmermannus*, Page 52. as an Illuſtration of the preceding Stanza.

[The faſter Hold my Faith on Jeſus takes,
His brighter Glories on my Spirit breaks.
If then to Heav'n I lift my votive Hands,
Love's ſtrongeſt Flame my raptur'd Soul expands.
Thee Lord ſhe loves, and would with Zeal forego
A thouſand Worlds, Love dear as thine to know.]

Then *Luther*'s Hymn proceeds thus:

VI.

If haply ſtill thy mental Shade,
Dark as the Midnight Gloom be made,
On the ſure faithful Arm divine
Firm let thy faſt'ning Truſt recline.
The gentleſt Sire, the beſt of Friends,
To thee nor Loſs, nor Harm intends:
Tho' toſt on a tempeſtuous Main,
No Wreck thy Veſſel ſhall ſuſtain.

Should

Should there remain of reſcuing Grace
No Glimpſe, no Footſtep left to trace;
Hear thy Lord's Voice:—'Tis *Jeſus' Will*,
" Believe (thou poor dark Pilgrim) ſtill."

Zimmermannus, Page 55.

VII.

Then thy ſad Night of Terrors paſt,
(Tho' the dread Seaſon long may laſt)
Sweet Light ſhall from the tranquil Skies,
Like a fair Dawn before thee riſe.
Then ſhall thy Faith's bright Grounds appear,
Thy Eyes ſhall view Salvation clear.
Be hence encourag'd more, when try'd,
On the *beſt Father* to confide.
Ah! from thy Mind extirpate quite
The ſickly Films that cloud her Sight:
See! of how rich a Lot, how bleſt
The true Believer ſtands poſſeſt!

Zimmermannus, Page 68.

Theſe Lines within the Hooks do not belong to *Luther*'s Hymn, but are uſed by *Zimmermannus*, as an Illuſtration of the preceding Stanza. See Page 74.

[Looſe from hard Bonds, my God! a Mind
In Chains too faſt, too ſtrait confin'd.
I'm heal'd—ſet free!—from Sin made pure!
Thy Blood, my Chriſt, has wrought the Cure.
I feel a Pow'r my Will controul!
Quench thy long Drought my thirſty Soul!
The living Fountain now I've found,
Diffuſing balmy Streams around.]

Then *Luther*'s Hymn concludes with this eighth practical Rule.

VIII.

Come, backward Soul! to God reſign;
Peace, his beſt Bleſſing, ſhall be thine:
Boldly recumbent on his Care,
Caſt thy felt Burthens ONLY THERE.

Zimmermannus, Page 88.

LET-

LETTER CCI.

On various Subjects.

Weſton-Favell, Jan. 8, 1757.

Dear Sir,

MANY Thanks for your laſt Letter; indeed it delighted, and edified me. Think no more of making me *any Preſent from your Collection of Books:* It is in your Power to give me a greater Gratification, from the good Treaſure of your *Heart.*

I am particularly delighted with your Interpretation of ערב את לבו. Your Senſe is grand and inexpreſſibly important; and without your Senſe, methinks the whole Tranſlation is like a magnificent Portal, without a Hinge to turn upon.—I am edified and comforted with your Analyſis of the whole Verſe: a moſt encouraging and truly evangelical Repreſentation of the Covenant of Grace! I am ſorry, you are diverted from enlarging upon ſo excellent a Subject. Let this Work not be laid aſide, but only poſtponed.

I am much pleaſed with your Remarks on Dr. ***'s Sermon; I ſaw it ſome Time ago, and thought with you, that he entirely miſtook the Meaning of his Text; that his Views of the Goſpel were very dim, and his Account of that Miracle of Grace, Salvation by Chriſt, very lame. I had alſo the Happineſs to be thoroughly of your Opinion with regard to his *injudicious Outcries againſt Reaſon*; I declare, I look upon my Religion to be *Reaſon* in its higheſt Refinement. *My Reaſon* ſays, Prove all Things; admit Nothing without a ſatisfactory Proof; and, when any Thing is *proved* to be revealed by God, receive it as an Oracle.—I cannot but think likewiſe, that every Part of our Religion (though

abſolutely undiſcoverable *by Reaſon*) is, when diſcovered and underſtood, perfectly *rational*, as it comports with the Attributes of the Godhead; ſuits the State of Man; and is moſt admirably adapted to diſplay the divine Glory, and redreſs human Miſery: Whatever is formed with ſuch a Tendency, to this *my Reaſon* moſt readily ſubſcribes; and pronounces worthy of all Acceptance.

I hope, by the Time of the Arrival of the incloſed Frank, you will have a Freight ready for the Veſſel; and to *me*, I aſſure you, it will be more precious than the Merchandize of Silver, or the Gain of fine Gold.

You have taken an effectual Method, to make me (enervated as my Arm is, and languid as my Spirits are) more punctual for the future in my Correſpondence. If this Hand has Strength to hold a Pen, it ſhall not be tardy in executing this Office; or rather in diſcharging this Debt any more.

I am entirely of your Opinion, with regard to the Aſpect of the Times: There ſeems to be a black Cloud hanging over the *proteſtant* World. I fear, we have *abuſed* our Privileges. Now perhaps the Lord is going to take his Fan in his Hand, and thoroughly purge his Floor. *Prepare* us, bleſſed Jeſus! Be our Strength in an Hour of Trial! Be our Light in a Day of Darkneſs!

I have had ſome Thoughts of publiſhing a Couple of Sermons, preached on the *two preceding* Faſt-Days, relative to this important Point. *One* upon *Ezek.* xviii. 27. the *other* upon *Heb.* xi. 28. Of theſe *two* Diſcourſes, contrary to my uſual Method, I happened to take Notes. They pretend to Nothing refined or extraordinary, they affect neither ſoaring Sentiments, nor lofty Style; they are ſtudiouſly plain, only, I think, they enlarge more upon Chriſt our Sanctification, our Redemp-

Redemption, our only Refuge, than moſt of the Diſcourſes, which I have ſeen written on that Occaſion. Will you give me your *Advice*, and put up a *Prayer* for the divine Direction?

I long for the Arrival of your precious Cargo; to *me* it is peculiarly precious, as it makes evident, that Life and Immortality were known in ancient Times, and revealed in the ancient Scriptures. It ſeems to me a ſtrange, and worſe than an uſeleſs Attempt, to *controvert*, and endeavour to *overthrow* this Truth.—May *you*, dear Sir, have much of the Spirit of Wiſdom and Underſtanding, to *diſcover* the Truth; much of the Spirit of Counſel and of Might to diſplay, defend, and eſtabliſh the Truth! even the Truth as it is in Jeſus.

Your's affectionately, and gratefully,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CCII.

Advice to Phyſicians.

Sunday Morning.

Dear Sir,

I Find by the Papers, that your old Friend Dr. *** the Phyſician is dead!—What a *Call* to *us* to get our Lamps trimmed, and our Souls ready for their Exit!—what a forcible Admonition to do Good to immortal Souls while we have Opportunity!—May the God of Glory be ever *with* you, and *bleſs* you with all ſpiritual Bleſſings!

I greatly wiſh, that thoſe in the Practice of Phyſick, would ſtudy St. *Paul*, as well as *Hippocrates*;—and attend occaſionally to the *religious* Wants of their Patients,

when they are conſulted as to their *bodily* Diſorders. *This* would be acting the Part of *Chriſtian* Phyſicians. —*This* would be endeavouring to copy after the compaſſionate Phyſician of Mankind, who, while He cured the *Body*, cured the *Soul*.

Being totally and continually ſilent at the Patient's Bed-ſide, is, I think, in ſome Meaſure, denying or being aſhamed of the divine Redeemer, who bought us with his Blood.—Is it not, as it were, refuſing to embark in his Cauſe?—How many *Sick* might be improved and comforted by a Phyſician, without any Hindrance to his Preſcriptions, Detriment to his Character, or Loſs of his Time?—Oh! that theſe *Maſters of the healing Art* would ſet the *Lord* always before them; and then *He* would direct their Paths!

I was looking the other Day into the Life of Sir *Philip Sidney*, who wrote the *Arcadia*, in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time,—and I find it recorded of him, that "being ſhot in the Thigh in encountering the *Spaniards* near *Zutphen* in *Holland*, and parched with Thirſt, a Bottle of Liquor was procured for Him,—and juſt as Sir *Philip* was about drinking it, a poor Soldier in the ſame Condition, bleeding and ghaſtly, was carried along by Him, and caſt up his dying Eyes at the ſame Bottle; which Sir *Philip* perceiving, took it from his own Mouth, and gave it the poor Man with theſe Words, THY NECESSITY, HONEST FRIEND, IS YET GREATER THAN MINE."—He told the Surgeons when they *cut* Him, "that they had indeed a Man under their Hands of a ſenſible and delicate Nature, yet *one*, to whom the *great Redeemer* had given Power above *himſelf*, either TO DO, or SUFFER: And therefore deſired they would not throw a Blemiſh on their Art, through over Tenderneſs."

His laſt Words were, "Love my Memory:—Cheriſh my Friends:—Their Fidelity to me may aſſure you

you they are honeſt:—But above all govern your own Will and Affections, by the Will and Word of your Creator and Saviour; in ME beholding the End of this World, and all its Vanities." I will warrant you the *Soldiers* remembered theſe Words of *their General*; and ſo would the *Sick* in like Manner, long remember the Words of their *Phyſician*, if He would now and then introduce a few *religious Hints*, and drop occaſionally a *ſtriking* Sentence or two, with Propriety and Seriouſneſs.

Worldly Craftineſs is a bad Guide; I wiſh you may have *religious* Diſcretion for *your's*, as *Telemachus* had the diſcreet *Mentor*.—And that you would begin (inſtead of paying court to the Great,) to court Souls for the everlaſting Bridegroom.—*This* is your true Intereſt;—and will avail you, when every *worldly* Conſideration will be found ineffectual.

As ſoon as I had read Mr. ***'s Letter, I burnt it according to your Deſire.—Who can now retrieve the Syllables, Sentences and Words? Thus are the *Sins*, *all* the Sins of *them*, who believe in the divine Jeſus, done away. What a Privilege! what a Bleſſing? Should not our *Souls* exult in it? Should not our *Diſcourſe* dwell upon it?

Adieu, dear Sir,—and believe me with great Reſpect, and hearty Wiſhes for your preſent and eternal welfare,

Your's, *&c.*

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CCIII.

Rymer on revealed Religion—Remarks on the Death of Swift and his Deſign.

Wedneſday Morn.

Dear Sir,

THE Grievance, of which you complain, like many other Grievances, is *irremediable*; for, according to the old Proverb, what is every one's Buſineſs is no one's. It is the ſame in *numberleſs* Inſtances:—How many *Turnpikes* are erected, where the Money taken will ſcarce defray the Expence of the Gates; and where the Roads neither *are*, nor ever *will be* mended; and conſequently, they are Nuiſances inſtead of Benefits; yet our Nobility and Members of Parliament paſs frequently through ſuch Turnpikes, *complain* of the Grievance, but take no Pains to *redreſs* it.—And even in an Affair of the higheſt Conſequence, how negligent is the Community? I mean, in the long-expected Reformation of our Liturgy; in which, excellent as it is *upon the Whole*, there are ſome Paſſages ſo *juſtly exceptionable* *, that every Biſhop in the Kingdom will tell you, He *wiſhes* to have them expunged; and yet I know not for what *political*, or *timid* Reaſons, it continues juſt as it *did*. Had our *firſt Reformers* been thus indolent, we ſtill had been *Papiſts*.—Our Laws are a Matter of daily Complaint, and might moſt certainly be *abridged* to the great Benefit of the Nation: This is allowed by every Individual; but the Parliament, you ſee, will not *exert* themſelves in bringing this important Affair to paſs.

* Mr. *Hervey* uſed to complain, that the *Baptiſmal* Service, (See Vol. II. Page 241.) and *that* for the Viſitation *of the Sick*, were very defective, and *much* wanted Amendment.

I have

I have often wondered, that in this Age of Humanity, (for ſuch with all its Faults it certainly is) that while *Infirmaries* are erecting in different Parts of the Kingdom, publick Bridges building, and large Collections making for charitable Uſes, that there ſhould be no Societies eſtabliſhed *for redreſſing Grievances*. To *found* ſuch Kind of Societies would be truly laudable, and highly beneficial: May God of his infinite Goodneſs and unerring Wiſdom, put it into the Hearts of the Active, the Benevolent, and the Powerful, to ſet *in good Earneſt* about the Inſtitution of Societies *for redreſſing our Grievances*; ſome for *publick*, and others for *private* Grievances.—Were ſuch once eſtabliſhed, what a World of Good might be done! Then the Fatherleſs, the Widow, and the Injured, would have ſubſtantial Friends always at Hand, who would reſcue them from their Oppreſſors, by taking them under their own Protection, and defending their Cauſe out of the Subſcription *Fund*.—From *theſe Funds* likewiſe the Expence of procuring uſeful Acts of Parliament, or of getting ineffectual ones amended or repealed, might be defrayed.

I know you will be pleaſed to hear that Mr. *** has lately wrote very ſeriouſly to Mr. ** about his *religious* Concerns, and preſſed him ſtrongly, "To DETERMINE (as his Expreſſion was) and ſet about Religion *in good Earneſt*."—"Pray, dear Sir," ſaid He in one Part of his Letter, "take Care, and do not *hurry away* Life:—Give that Affair a *ſerious* Thought; I am ſure it is worth it.—I wiſh you *well*, (ſorry am I to ſay I think) *better* than perhaps you wiſh *yourſelf*.—I ſhould be glad to be miſtaken.—Would to God I could perſuade you reſolutely to fall in Love with Religion, and eſpouſe its Cauſe with all your Intereſt, and with all your Might.—Was *that* once and thoroughly to be the Caſe, what an Inſtrument might not you be, in the Hand of God, to

rouſe Men from their Lethargy; to animate them in the Purſuit of their own eternal Welfare; and to encourage their Zeal for that of others?—Oh Sir! a Man with your Capacity, your Fortune, your Opportunities, what could there be too hard for him—except *Himſelf!*—By your irreſiſtible Arguments and ſpirited Behaviour you knock down others on every Occaſion, and carry almoſt every Point you undertake; why don't you knock down *yourſelf?*—*Aude ſapere, incipe.*

" What *Conſcience* dictates to be done,
" Or warns you *not* to do,
" *This*, as your Hell, with Horror ſhun,
" *That*, as your Heav'n, purſue."

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

In another Part of his Letter, he thus interrogated Mr. * *.—" Will not every *wiſe* Man, frequently *aſk* Himſelf ſome ſuch Queſtions as theſe?—Am I, or am I *not*, in the right Road?—How long ſhall I halt between *two* Opinions?—Is not to Day certain, and To-morrow uncertain?—Am I *aſhamed* of being religious? Have I Courage to ſtand it out againſt *God*, and not againſt the *World?*—Do I take proper Care of my *Children*'s religious Principles?—If I deſtroy *myſelf*, ſhall I deſtroy my *Offſpring* too:—and eternally?"

Towards the Concluſion he added; " You have recommended ſeveral Books to *me*, let me recommend *Rymer*'s * *Repreſentation of revealed Religion* to *you*;—though, if I was to adviſe Mr. * *, it ſhould not be merely TO READ, but TO DETERMINE;—reſolutely and unalterably TO DETERMINE to be a *religious* Man.—You want no Inſtructions, and the Time of Life with *you*

* Dr. *Rymer* has a great Variety of new, yet ſolid Thoughts; expreſſed with a Spirit, and Peculiarity of Style extremely entertaining, and quite unaffected.

is gone a great Way.—Some People, I can tell you, ſuſpect you for a Deiſt: If you really *are* ſo, I then *aſk*, Do you act *devoutly* on your own Principles? Do you *pray* to God daily? This every Deiſt will allow to be *neceſſary*; and, till you have habituated your Mind to *Prayer*, I ſhall have little Expectations of doing you that important Service, which you muſt be ſenſible by my writing this Letter, I am *very deſirous* of doing, as far as in me lies.—The reſt muſt be left to a *ſuperior* Agency; I mean the Operation of God's holy Spirit on your *Heart*."

No Anſwer has yet been returned by Mr. *** to this Letter. I believe he is puzzled how to act. He cannot well paſs it by in Silence; and to give any Thing under his Hand on ſo *intereſting* a Subject as Religion, will be, to a Man of *his* Turn, very ineligible.

You ſee by the Papers, that *our great Wit* * is dead.—Is it not a little remarkable, that ſo long before his Death, he ſhould be deprived of his Senſes?—deprived of them at the very Time he was about writing a moſt pernicious Book, which I am told, he intended to have publiſhed with this ludicrous Title, *viz. The Memoirs of the Reverend Mr.* Jeptha Quixote, *Saint Errant*; *the true and undoubted Son of the renowned Don* Quixote, *Knight Errant*; *who inherits all his Father's Virtues.* The *Deſign* of which was to *burleſque* Things ſacred, as enthuſiaſtical, and to ſet in a *ridiculous* Light, ſome of the moſt exemplary Chriſtians, under the Notion of Saint Errantry.—This would have been a moſt malicious Piece of Wit; and being the Production of ſo celebrated a Genius, would have ſpread like Wildfire, pregnant with infinite Miſchief; for as *Horace* has juſtly remarked,

* Suppoſed to be *Dean Swift.*

——————— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque ſecat res *.

HOR. Sat. X. Lib. I.

When you reflect on *this*, and *other* Attempts to *diſcourage* good Men, and to render Religion *contemptible* in the Eyes of Worldlings, are you not apt to ſay with the *Pſalmiſt*, "The Lord that dwelleth in Heaven ſhall laugh them to Scorn †?" *He*, though unſeen, directs the *Whole* by his wiſe Providence; turneth Men's Hearts as ſeemeth good unto him; and in *his* Hands are the Appointments of Life and Death.—To his Guidance, and to his Protection, I commend *you*, my dear Sir, and

Your's very ſincerely,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CCIV.

On Witherſpoon's Eſſay.

Friday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Have ſent you the following Letter for your Inſpection, and ſhall make no Remarks on it myſelf, leſt I miſlead your Judgment. The Gentleman, who wrote it, means well, and is deſirous of promoting the Intereſt of the Goſpel in the Way which He apprehends to be *right*; but He thinks differently from *you*, and *me*, not

* Thus tranſlated by Mr. *Francis*,
"For *Ridicule* ſhall frequently prevail,
"And cut the Knot, when *graver* Reaſons fail."

† Pſalm ii. 4.

only

only in his Notions of *imputed Righteouſneſs*, but of *other* evangelical Peculiarities.—I have tranſcribed his Letter, and concealed his Name, that you may communicate your Remarks with more Freedom, than perhaps you *would* have done, had I not taken theſe Precautions to prevent your Diſcovery of my Correſpondent.

Oct. 7, 1758.

My dear Friend,

WITHERSPOON's Eſſay on the *Connection between the Doctrine of Juſtification by the imputed Righteouſneſs of Chriſt and Holineſs of Life*, dedicated to *you*, was lately put into my Hands.—You know, that I have an unconquerable Diſlike to your favourite Expreſſion, THE IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST. I would on no Account have uſed it in any of *my own* Writings; and I wiſh it was *univerſally* laid aſide, particularly by every Miniſter in his Pulpit; becauſe I apprehend, the *Notions*, which the Generality of People conceive of the *Imputed Righteouſneſs of Chriſt*, has done as much *Miſchief*, eſpecially amongſt the *lower* Sort, to the Cauſe of Chriſtianity, as the Writings of Infidelity have done amongſt thoſe of a *higher* Rank.—This is my *ſettled* Opinion—Infidels may be, and often have been convinced; but Perſons of weak Minds, habituated to the Sound of the IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS of CHRIST (a ſatisfactory Definition of which very few can give) are not only ſteeled againſt all Conviction, but are too apt to diſregard Morality; and to cenſure and deſpiſe every Preacher and Writer, who from Principle, or any other Cauſe, diſapproves of this CANT TERM: Pardon me, for I really think it ſo, and therefore cannot call it otherwiſe; yet I own myſelf a great Admirer of *Witherſpoon*'s

ſpoon's * Eſſay; I think it the beſt Defence of the Doctrine of Redemption that I have ever ſeen,—my principal and almoſt only Objection is againſt the Phraſe, *Imputed Righteouſneſs*. It appears to me quite unſcriptural to ſpeak of the *Righteouſneſs of Chriſt being imputed to us*: It is liable to *great Abuſe*, and it is not eaſily underſtood;—nor am I ſatisfied to uſe it, notwithſtanding all *you* have ſaid in its Defence; and all, that ſo judicious and excellent a Man as Dr. *Doddridge* (in his Sermons on *Salvation by Grace*) has ſaid to † explain it.—I fall in, however, with *Witherſpoon*'s Sentiments, though I do not uſe his particular Phraſes;—and you will obſerve he himſelf often intermixes

* *Witherſpoon*'s Eſſay on *The Connection between the Doctrine of Juſtification by the imputed Righteouſneſs of Chriſt, and Holineſs of Life*; with ſome Reflections upon the Reception which that Doctrine has met with in the World, ſecond Edition.

† The Righteouſneſs of Chriſt is in the Book of God *imputed*, or ſet down to the Account of *all*, who are finally juſtified and ſaved, as *that* by which the Debt is balanced; and by which they are intitled to ſuch Favours as *righteous* Perſons might expect from God.—But then it is an invariable *Rule* in the divine Proceedings, that this *Righteouſneſs*, or this *Atonement* and *Satisfaction* of Chriſt (for I think it matters but little, *by which* of theſe Names it ſhall be called) be a Means of delivering *thoſe*, and *only thoſe*, who believe.

Purſuant therefore to the Metaphor taken from Books of Account between Debtor and Creditor, when any particular Perſon *believes*, this is ſet down to his Account, as a moſt important Article, or as a Memorandum (if I may ſo expreſs it) in the Book of God's Remembrance, that *ſuch an one* is now actually become a *Believer*; and therefore is now intitled to Juſtification and Life by Chriſt. In *this* Senſe his Faith is imputed to Him for Righteouſneſs; yet it is not regarded by God as the grand Conſideration, which balances the Account, or indeed as paying any of the *former* Debt, which it is impoſſible it *ſhould*; but only as *that*, which, according to the gracious Conſtitution of the Goſpel, gives a Man a Claim to *that*, which Chriſt has paid; and which God has graciouſly allowed as a valuable Conſideration, in Regard to which He may honourably *pardon*, and *accept* all, who ſhall *apply* to Him in his appointed Way, or in the Way of humble Believing.

others

others to the ſame Purpoſe, as Page 17, the Saviour's Merit—Page 21, vicarious Sufferings—Acceptance of the Goſpel, Page 23. Doctrine of Chriſt crucified,—his Atonement—Page 29. Flying to the Propitiation of Chriſt—Page 36, the Doctrine of Chriſt's Mediation, *&c. &c.*—By *theſe* it appears, that it is not the *Phraſe* but the *Thing*—Juſtification by Chriſt alone, on which he lays the Streſs, ſee Page 70, Line 47, and his Arguments will be equally forcible on *any* Man's Principles, who is not a *Socinian.*—I believe the *Doctrine*, as he has ſtated it in Page 15, though I ſhould not chuſe to uſe ſome of his Expreſſions.—His Remark, Page 61, Line 18, *&c.* is I think very juſt, and confirmed by many melancholy Facts.—Page 63, 64, 65, is perhaps too ſtrong.—The ſame may be ſaid of other Syſtems of Morality:—They, who embrace them, and live unſuitably, are Hypocrites. See Page 65, Line 2 and 3.

Upon the Whole, I heartily wiſh every Chriſtian, eſpecially every Miniſter in the Kingdom, would carefully read this very uſeful Treatiſe of *Witherſpoon*'s, and act accordingly;—and if I had any Acquaintance with Him, though I am hopeleſs of bringing *you* over to my Sentiments, I would endeavour at leaſt to prevail on *Him* to ſubſtitute the *Merits of Chriſt* for the Phraſe IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS in the next Edition;—and then his Book would be more extenſively uſeful; as *many* are prejudiced againſt the *Imputation* of another's Righteouſneſs.

I am, my dear Friend, (notwithſtanding our *different* Opinions in ſome religious Points) with much real Eſteem, moſt affectionately and moſt ſincerely your's.

So far my Correſpondent, whoſe Letter I ſhall forbear to anſwer till I hear *your* Sentiments; which I ſhall expect

expect by the firſt Opportunity.—I am ſure if I did not think, that the Phraſe *Imputed Righteouſneſs* was ſtrictly defenſible on *ſcriptural* Grounds, it ſhould never more be *uſed*, either in the Pulpit, or in the Writings of,

Dear Sir, your obliged Friend and Servant,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CCV.

On his Illneſs.

Weſton-Favell, April 16, 1757.

Dear Sir,

BELIEVE me your Letters are far from *fatiguing* me: They *refreſh* me even under my greateſt Weakneſs. They tell me of Jeſus, which was crucified, the only Cordial for my drooping Soul.

What, do you think, is the Meaning of—*But this ſhall be with Burning and Fuel of Fire, Iſaiah* ix. 5. Is מאכלת, a Subſtantive? I ſhould rather take it for an Adjective, agreeing with אש. Let the Interpretation of this Place fill the *Cover* of your Letter.

I am raiſed indeed from my Bed, but not releaſed from my Chamber, after a violent Fever. The two preceding *Sundays* I have been *unable* to officiate for myſelf; and my Diſorder has left upon me ſo grievous a Cough, as makes my Days, eſpecially my Nights, become Labour and Sorrow.—Pray favour me with the Continuation of your Thoughts. They cheer and comfort me in my languid Eſtate.—The two Sermons were tranſcribed, before this Sickneſs ſeized me: And, ſince I have your Encouragement, they ſhall *ſoon* (if my Life is prolonged) be put to the Preſs. I propoſe to intitle

intitle them, *The Time of Danger*, and *The Way of Safety* *. The Lord God omnipotent accompany them with his Bleſſing! Mean they are, as the Stones from the Shepherd's *Sling*, but I remember it is written, "They ſhall ſubdue with *Sling-ſtones*." In this Word do I *truſt*, in this Word do I *comfort* me.—May our Lord Jeſus Chriſt Himſelf, and God even our FATHER, give you, dear Sir, everlaſting *Conſolation* for all the Kindneſs you have ſhewed to

Your truly affectionate Friend,

J. HERVEY.

LETTER CCVI.

Scriptural Criticiſm—Obſervations on his Friends.

Weſton-Favell, May 19, 1757.

My dear Friend,

ACCEPT my beſt Thanks for your welcome and valuable Letter, which found me juſt releaſed from the Chamber of Sickneſs: The Fever is removed, the Cough abated, but my Strength like the bruiſed Reed. And now *my Mind* is a Fellow-Sufferer with my *Body*; this being enervated, that is enfeebled.

However, as I am delighted with your Criticiſms, give me Leave to propoſe another Text to your Conſideration, which puzzled me much, as I was reading Yeſterday: You will find it in *Zech.* xiv. 6, 7. The

* Theſe Sermons were publiſhed in the *Auguſt* following, with another Faſt Sermon, in a neat Volume, together with his *Conſiderations on the prevailing Cuſtom of viſiting on* Sundays: To which Volume is now added, *The Miniſtry of Reconciliation.*

Hebrew

Hebrew of the ſixth Verſe, ſeems to be uncommonly difficult.

A Sermon or two I am ſtill inclined to publiſh. In this and in all our Ways may the God of all *Wiſdom* direct us, and the God of all *Grace* proſper us, through Jeſus Chriſt.

I have not the Honour of Lord *Dartmouth*'s Acquaintance, but I hear that he is full of Grace, and valiant for the Truth; a Lover of Chriſt, and an Ornament to his Goſpel.—Lady *Frances Shirley* is alive and full of good Works, and I hope grows up in him in all Things who is the Head. Dr. *Stonhouſe* (whom you inquire after) ſtill reſides at *Northampton*; is in high Repute as a Phyſician, and, I truſt, does not forget, or neglect "the one Thing needful;" though the World, the ſmiling World, is a *Syren*.—Lord, ſtop our *Ears* againſt its enchanting Song, and let our *Eyes* be blind to its inveigling Charms.—Mr. *Moſes Browne* executes his Miniſtry at *Olney*, with much Acceptance I am informed, and with a good deal of Succeſs.—About ten Days ago Mr. *Percy* took a Family Dinner with me.—Our Converſation turned partly upon Points of Literature, partly upon evangelical Subjects: Oh that we may taſte the Sweetneſs, feel the Energy of the latter, and count all Things *as Droſs* in Compariſon of their tranſcendent Excellency!—Is not your Interpretation of *Zech.* xiv. 6, 7. rather too forced? Is not the following ſomewhat more natural and eaſy, if not more juſt?

It ſhall come to paſs in that Day, there ſhall not be Light, full and ſtrong, in Oppoſition to the Gloom of Night; but now Effulgence and Clearneſs of Viſion, anon Obſcurity and Dimneſs of Viſion: Yet it ſhall be one real, determinate Day; whoſe Duration, whoſe Properties, and all whoſe Circumſtances, are known to the Lord. Thus much he hath graciouſly revealed by his Prophet, that during the firſt Periods, the Morning

and

and the Noon of this wonderful Diſpenſation, it ſhall not be entire Day nor entire Night, but a Mixture or Interchange of both. Sometimes Grace triumphant, ſometimes Sin rebelling in the Hearts of Believers: Sometimes Calamity darkening, ſometimes Proſperity brightening the State of the Church. However, at the Even-Tide, when ſuch an Appearance is leaſt expected, it ſhall be unmixed, prevailing, perfect Light. Then the Light of the Moon ſhall be as the Light of the Sun, and the Light of the Sun, as the Light of ſeven Days. Then the Earth ſhall be filled with the Knowledge of the Lord, and his People ſhall be *all* righteous.

Freely cenſure, ſolidly correct this Interpretation, if you think it improper; and give me Leave to expect, according to your own Appointment, a *monthly* Letter for the Comfort and Edification of,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CCVII.

Remarks on the Letters of Theron and Aſpaſio.

Weſton-Favell, Aug. 6, 1757.

My dear Friend,

I Have been too tardy in acknowledging the Receipt of your Letter, which was very valuable, and deſerved Thanks, as ſpeedy as they are ſincere.—The true Cauſe of my Delay, is this; I have been preparing two or three Sermons for the Preſs, which to my enervated Hand, is really a Work of Toil: Yeſterday I ſent them to *London*, and hope to ſee them *in Print* within

within the Space of a Fortnight. I purpoſe to have *ſome* upon neat Paper, for the Uſe of the *Gentry*, if God ſhall incline the Hearts of any ſuch Perſons to look into them; and *others* upon worſe Paper, for the Benefit of the *Poor*, and the Conveniency of giving away.—As ſoon as they appear, you will give me Leave to ſend you a Copy; and, if you ſhould like to give them among the *Poor*, I will ſend you a conſiderable Number. —With *them* I intend to put into your Hands a Treatiſe lately publiſhed, under the Title of *Letters on Theron and Aſpaſio*, in two ſmall Volumes, Price Five Shillings. —The Author is a *Scotchman*, I preſume, becauſe they are printed at *Edinburgh*; and He gave Orders for a Sett to be ſent to me from *Edinburgh*. He conceals his Name; and none with whom I am acquainted, are able to diſcover *whoſe* Work it is. There are ſome Strictures on my Performance; but by far the greateſt Part of the Book is very wide from this Mark. Some Things are truly excellent, and *ſome* Animadverſions upon me are perfectly *juſt*; but *others* (if I miſtake not) are unfair and diſingenuous. The Manner of writing is by no Means deſpicable, rather elegant and ſpirited, than coarſe or dull: But there is ſuch an implacable Bitterneſs of Spirit, and ſuch an unchriſtian Virulence of Cenſure, againſt many of the beſt Men that ever lived, and beſt Authors that ever wrote, as much ſurpriſes and greatly offends me. I think, I never ſaw a Notion of *Faith* more lax, nor an Idea of *Grace* more exalted than *in this Book*. However, I will not foreſtall your Judgment, but will deſire your Acceptance of the Piece, and to have your Remarks upon it.

If your Account of the *ancient* Believers and their Knowledge of Chriſt be *right*, then the *Opinion* of the Generality of Divines is *wrong:* They ſuppoſe, that the devout *Jews* ſaw in their Sacrifices, not barely a *nobler* Sacrifice to be offered up by the Saviour, but

the Saviour himſelf, ſuffering, bleeding, and dying. How will you reconcile with *your* Scheme St. *Paul*'s Declaration, "the Goſpel was preached unto *them*," explained by *his* Definition of the Goſpel, "Chriſt died for our Sins?" *Heb.* iv. 2. 1 *Cor.* xv. 3.—You ſay, "Does יקרות any where ſignify Effulgence?" In *Job* xxxi. 27. you will find יקר bearing this Signification; yet I muſt confeſs, I am not thoroughly ſatisfied with my own Interpretation: It is too low and reſtricted;—for the Prophet is evidently foretelling a State of Things and a Stock of Knowledge, greatly ſuperior to any Thing enjoyed under the *Jewiſh* Diſpenſation; and to *this laſt*, I think *my* Expoſition is moſt ſuitable. I hope you have a long Letter ready, and will not puniſh my Delay, according to the Rigour of the Law of Retaliation.

I am, with unfeigned Gratitude,

and cordial Affection, your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

Pray favour me with your Diſſertation on *Job*, his Time, his Country, and Religion. They are very curious Subjects, and you will enrich them with evangelical Truths.

LETTER CCVIII.

A Scriptural Criticiſm.

Weſton-Favell, Sept. 3, 1757.

My dear Friend,

MANY Thanks for your laſt: I ſhall read it, and read it again; and the Lord give me a right Underſtanding of that moſt precious and important Chapter.

I hope you will accompany *my Sermons* with your Prayers to God for a *Bleſſing* on them, the Reader, and the Writer; and I ſhall be truly thankful for the Communication of any Remarks, Corrections, or Improvements, which may occur in your Peruſal of them. This, and any other of my Writings I ſhould be glad to have rectified where they are wrong, and enriched where they are impoveriſhed, becauſe, though ſuch Improvements may come too late to take Place, while I live, they may, when I am dead, be admitted, and enable me to ſpeak more uſefully.

What think you of the Method taken by a *modern* Critick to interpret *Pſal.* lxviii. 30. "*Hoc in Loco, Fera Arundinis, Cætus Robuſtorum, & Juvenci, ſunt Leones, Tauri, Pecudeſque laſcivientes, ſive Tyranni feroces inſolenteſque: quibus continuata Tranſlatione, addidit Pſaltes* מתדפס בדצי כסף, *hoc eſt,*" [Here *a Word* is wanting in the Original; and not knowing from what Author the Quotation is taken, the Deficiency could not be ſupplied from thence] "*que de induſtria conculcantes & turbantes argenteos Rivos ardentes nimirum & vaſtantes vicinorum Judæorum Bona.*" — The Author *queries*, whether רץ from רוץ *currere*, may, conſiſtently with the Propriety of the *Hebrew* Language, be interpreted *a River?* Might he not alſo *query*, whether כסף is ever, among the *Hebrew* Writers, and by Way of Adjective, uſed to deſcribe the Colour of the Waters? *Homer* I remember, has

———Ποταμος καλλιῤῥοος αργυροδινης.

But I am not certain, that any ſuch Expreſſion gained Admittance into the School of the Prophets. Your Sentiments upon this Criticiſm, will entertain, inſtruct, and oblige, Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES HERVEY.

LET-

LETTER CCIX.

On his Illneſs.

Saturday Morning.

My dear Friend,

HOW fares it with you?—Overwhelmed I find with Buſineſs!—but ſtill, I truſt, remembering Chriſt, and eternal Ages.

I think you reaſon well, and very ſtrongly on what you propoſe.—May the *Wiſdom*, from which nothing is hid, *direct* you in all your Undertakings!—May the *Power*, to which nothing is impoſſible, *proſper* your Preſcriptions for *my* Benefit, and that of *others!* I aſſure you I ſhall ſteadily *perſevere* in the Uſe of them, and intend to begin very ſoon; tho' a continued Cold and an unexpected Journey, have hitherto unfitted me from taking any Medicines of this Sort.—Mr. *** of whom you enquired after me Yeſterday, told me you imputed to the Journey my Neglect in not having yet ſent your Preſcription to the Apothecary's—and I am obliged to your Candour for aſcribing it to that Cauſe, and not to any Diſregard of your Advice: For I am perſuaded,

——————Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi poſſent etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

VIRG. ÆN. II.

I have juſt been reading *Gerhard*'s *Chriſtian Support under all Afflictions* *; and a moſt excellent Book it is.—If

* *Gerhard* was one of the moſt learned and beſt of Men.—This Book (in 12mo) was originally wrote in *Latin*, but is tranſlated into various Languages. It conſiſts of Contemplations on God's Love to Mankind;—on the Benefits of Chriſt's Paſſion;—and on the Advantages of a holy Life, with a Prayer ſuited to every Meditation.—There is ſuch a Warmth, Piety, and Solidity in this Work, as to render it ſuperior to almoſt every Thing of the Kind.

your Medicines have not the desired Effect, I must seek Relief from HIM:—From HIM; not from a Fellow Mortal!—Ah! what are all the *Consolations*, which all the Creatures in the Universe can afford, in Comparison of that grand Consolation of our condescending Lord's, "Ye are my Friends," *John* xv. 14. "Come and inherit the Kingdom prepared for you," *Matt.* xxv. 34. "Where the Inhabitants shall no more say I am sick," *Isa.* xxxiii. 24.—"and where there shall be no more Death, nor Sorrow." *Rev.* xxi. 4.

I am my dear Friend, with great Esteem, and under a due Sense of many Obligations,

Most affectionately, and most sincerely your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CCX.

On profaning the Lord's Day.—On Reproof.—On various Authors.

Saturday Morning.

My dear Friend,

IF you have any *Law Books* by you, I wish you would look into the *Indexes*, and see what *Laws* have been made to secure the Lord's-Day from Profanation. 'Tis Pity, that *these* * should be unknown to the common People; and still a greater Pity, that our *Justices of the Peace* should not exert themselves vigorously in an Affair of such Consequence to the *present*, and *eternal* Welfare of their Fellow-Creatures. I wish a *spirited* Pamphlet was

* All Persons, who profane the Lord's-Day, are liable to the following *Penalties*; and it is much wished that the *Magistrates* would determine to put these Laws *in Execution* with the utmost Strictness.

By

was judiciously drawn up and published on this Occasion; setting the Sins of OMISSION in a true Light.—It grieves me to think how much *Good* is neglected to be done; especially by Gentlemen who have Leisure and Abilities to *plan* Schemes for the publick Benefit. But alas! so far are they from *applying* themselves in good Earnest to promote Religion, that they too generally *ridicule* or *discourage* any Attempts of this Kind.—Ah! how little do they *reflect*, that the Night is coming on apace when no Man can work; (*John* ix. 4.) and that for *all these* Things God will bring them into Judgment.

Can you tell me who was the * Author of THE DUTY of REPROOF? The most material Objections *against*

By doing or executing any Business, or Work of their *ordinary Callings* on the Lord's-Day, or any Part thereof, (Works of Necessity and Charity only excepted)—under which Head of *ordinary* Callings is included *Shaving on Sundays*, which is a most shameful, and notorious Custom.	By the 29th *Car.* II. *cap.* 7. Persons convict hereof by View of a Justice of the Peace, Confession of the Party, or Witness, are to pay Five Shillings, or be put in the Stocks two Hours: Licensed Houses besides *forfeit* their Licences.
By publick Crying, or Exposing to Sale any Wares, Merchandize, *&c.*	By the same Act it is Forfeiture of Goods so exposed to Sale.
By Idling, or Wandering in the Time of Divine Service.	By the same Act Five Shillings, or Stocks two Hours.
Alehouse-keepers, Vintners, Innkeepers permitting Tipling in their Houses,	By 1st *Jac.* I. *cap.* 9. If Convicts of such Permission are to pay 10*s.* and if Convicts of Drunkenness, disabled to an Alehouse for three Years, by 21st *Jac.* I. *cap.* 7.

* The *Duty of Reproof* is in the Catalogue of the Books dispersed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—Mr. *Hervey* was very delicate in his Manner of Reproving; but as he thought it his Duty, he frequently *reproved* his Friends, and others, either personally or by Letter. See *striking* Instances of this Kind in Vol. II. Page 156, 157; 164; 207. and in the present Volume, Page 22, 23; 44; 92, 93.

Reproof are there conſidered:—Some Cautions and Directions are added;—and in ſuch a Manner, as may facilitate the ſucceſsful Diſcharge of this Duty:—a Duty too much neglected, though *enjoined* us by no leſs Authority than the Scripture itſelf, which is profitable for Reproof. "Reprove one, that hath Underſtanding, ſays *Solomon*, and He will underſtand Knowledge." (*Prov.* xix. 25.) And the Apoſtle *Paul* urges *Timothy* to reprove, rebuke and exhort, with all Long-ſuffering and Doctrine. (2 *Tim.* iv. 2.)—Indeed my dear Friend, you are very deficient in this Duty of *Reproof*, tho' you have ſo many *Opportunities* of doing it with the utmoſt Propriety.—Pray read this little Pamphlet over and over again.—Weigh it thoroughly:—You will then, through the Grace of God, be zealous *in reproving others*, and will readily pardon the *Freedom* I have occaſionally taken in *reproving you*, whom I ſo much love and value. You remember Sir *George Littleton*'s Lines,

> "Some Merit's *mine* to dare to be ſincere,
> But greater *your's* Sincerity to bear."

Dr. Sherlock's *Defence and Continuation of his Diſcourſe concerning the Knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt, and our Union and Communion with him*, was put into my Hands the other Day; but in my Opinion it is *far from being a ſatisfactory* * Defence.—*Antiſozzo* is an unanſwerable Book;

* Dr. *Sherlock* in his *Defence, &c. &c.* Page 513. "I am charged with maintaining the *Socinian* Notion of Juſtification, but it is no other than what the Church of *England* owns and aſſerts.—I have (ſays He, Page 516) already vindicated moſt of thoſe Expoſitions, which my Adverſaries charge with *Socinianiſm*, as I have occaſionally met with them; but Mr. *Ferguſon* in his *Intereſt of Reaſon*, &c. Page 475, has put together ſome Texts which He thinks I have ſo expounded, as to deſtroy their Evidence for the Godhead of Chriſt:" *To which Charge* Sherlock replies.—Again, Page 534, "I have taken Notice of every Thing which was *material* in my Adverſaries, and of too many Things, which were *not*. I have not particularly taken

Book *; and Dr. *Sherlock* never was ſo *gravelled* in all his Life, as he was by the Publication of that witty, keen, and ſolid Performance.

Do you know any one who has got *Schmidius*'s *Greek Concordance* to the *Greek Teſtament?* I am told it is well executed, and it muſt be very ſerviceable, as it ſhews at one View in what *Senſe* the ſame Word is uſed in different Paſſages. I will buy it, but ſhould be glad to ſee it firſt if you can borrow it for me.

Biſhop *Patrick* on *Contentment and Reſignation*, I here return you; as likewiſe Dr. *Barrow* on the ſame Subject.

Baxter on *Univerſal and Special Redemption*, I muſt beg to keep a little longer, eſpecially as you tell me *your* Sentiments, and *his* are nearly the ſame.—Our Friend Mr. *** highly eſteems this Book; and he has ſent me *Baxter*'s *Aphoriſms on Juſtification*, which he has deſired me, as they are explanatory of each other, to read at the ſame Time.—*Baxter* in theſe Pieces, he tells me, ſteers a middle Courſe between the *Scylla* of *Arminius*'s Syſtem, and the *Charybdis* of *Calvin*'s.—When I have read them with due Attention, I ſhall without Reſerve, communicate my Remarks to you.

Oh! my dear Friend, what *Need have we for Prayer* to be guided aright amidſt ſo many different Opinions, even of great and good Men. *Arminius*, *Calvin*, *Baxter*, all excellent Men in their Way! yet how divided in their Notions!—but Jeſus, that eternal Source of Love, will, I would charitably hope, bleſs *all*, who ſincerely deſire to *magnify* his holy Name, notwithſtanding their

Notice of ANTISOZZO, becauſe there was *no Need* of it; but whatever is conſiderable in it is anſwered in this my Defence." And he concludes, Page 535, "I am reſolved this Controverſy ſhall never end in a Trial of *Wit*."—A prudent Reſolution! for *Sherlock* well knew, great as his Talents were, that *Aſop*, the Writer of *Antiſozzo*, excelled him both in *Wit*, and *Argument*. See Letter CLIX. of this Volume.

* See Page 45, of this Volume.

different Apprehenſions on theſe Points.—God of his unerring *Wiſdom* aſſiſt us in all our Determinations! God of his infinite *Mercy* defend us from all Error, and grant, that we may be true Followers of our Lord and Saviour, who is a Light to lighten the *Gentiles*, and the Glory of *Iſrael!* What a comfortable *Conſideration* is it, that there *is* ſuch a Light for my dear Friend, and for

His moſt affectionately and moſt inviolably,

JAMES HERVEY.

P. S. Pleaſe to lend me *Staynoe*'s *Inſtruction for the good Education of Children*; and Dr. *Doddridge* on the *Religious Education of Children*.—I am now about writing a little * Tract on that Subject.

LETTER CCXI.

On various Subjects.

Weſton-Favell, Monday Morning.

Dear Sir,

I AM much obliged to you for the Loan of Dr. *Squire*'s *Enquiry into the Foundation of the Engliſh Conſtitution:* The Performance ſeems to be curious, uſeful, and intereſting.—But how intereſting ſoever the Subject may be to *others*, it can be very little ſo now to *me*; as my Indiſpoſition is daily increaſing, and muſt, in all human Probability, ſoon put an End to my Being.

In Spite of the ſarcaſtical Reflections you ſay are thrown upon me, I muſt recommend to every one *Marſhall*

* This was publiſhed after Mr. *Hervey*'s Death, and will be found among his Miſcellaneous Tracts.

on

on *Sanctification*, and *Jenks*'s *Submiſſion to the Righteouſneſs of God.*—Theſe are with me the two fundamental Books:—Theſe teach *vital* Religion. Do *they*, who decry Faith, and extol their good Works, diſtinguiſh themſelves by the *Practice* of them? If *not*, I muſt beg Leave to ſay, they are Self-condemned.—Only obſerve for the next Month (by their *Fruits* you will know them) the Conduct of *thoſe*, who are ſuch loud Advocates for the Merit, the Dignity of Man, and the Freedom of his Action; and of thoſe, who rely on the active and paſſive Obedience of Chriſt. And then tell me ingenuouſly, *which* are the People, who pay the greateſt Reverence to the *Word of God*; and in particular to the *fourth* Commandment?—Inquire which of them uſe *Family Prayer?*—*whoſe* Converſation is moſt edifying?—which of them *viſit* *, and *travel* on *Sundays?* and which of them paſs that *holy Day*, as become *thoſe*, who have named the Name of Chriſt? I will be *bold to ſay*, that on an impartial *Examination*, the *Majority* will be found on the Side of *thoſe*, who embrace the Doctrine of the Imputation of Chriſt's Righteouſneſs; and who expect Salvation by *Him alone*, and not by *Deeds*, which they have *done*.—Yet I ſhould wonder how Men of Diſcernment (Men, who one would think ſhould be daily ſenſible of their *innumerable* Failings) could poſſibly eſpouſe the *oppoſite* Doctrines, had I not *too many* melancholy Proofs to the contrary. —You may ſafely *confide* in this Doctrine; for *this*, dear Sir, is not to be conſidered as the *particular* Opinion of *James Hervey*, but it is the *general* Opinion of our exemplary Reformers; 'tis the Doctrine of our Articles, and our Homilies.—Will you ſay, that our *modern* Moral-Chriſtians, if I may ſo *call* them, are to

* Mr. *Hervey* publiſhed ſome *Conſiderations on the prevailing Cuſtom of viſiting on Sundays*; which are inſerted in the firſt Volume.

be

be ſet in Competition with Men, like *theſe?* I appeal to *Facts*.—Mark the *Effect* of preaching *mere Morality*, and of preaching the *Grace of Chriſt*.—But ſo long, as the *Devil* is ſuffered to deceive the Nations, and ſo long as the *Heart* is unconvinced of Sin, we may *aſſure* ourſelves, that the Doctrines of Juſtification by Chriſt's Righteouſneſs, and Salvation by free Grace, will meet with Oppoſition. Therefore St. *Paul* exhorts *Timothy*, Αγωνιζε τον καλον αγωνα της πιστεως, "To fight the good Fight of Faith:" It is an *Addreſs* to a Combatant, and ſuppoſes a Conflict; a noble Conflict, καλον, the fineſt Word in the moſt expreſſive Language, importing *all*, which is *good* and *great:* Let us not then be *aſhamed* of the Cauſe.

My Cough is very troubleſome—I can get little Reſt. Medicines yield no Relief—but my never-failing Cordial is the Love of Chriſt.

> Religion bears my Spirits up,
> A faithful and unchanging God
> Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
> In Oaths *, in Promiſes †,—in Blood ‡.
>
> *Watts's Hymns*, Book I.

Staynoe ‖, after whom you *inquire*, was a good Man, a Tutor at *Trinity College*, *Oxford*, and afterwards Rector of St. *Leonard*, *Foſter-Lane*; and in the Year 1704, publiſhed in two Volumes Octavo, his Treatiſe on *Salvation by Jeſus Chriſt:* Mine is the *ſecond* Edition:—It is no contemptible Book, though the Style is rather too prolix, and he has ſome *peculiar* Notions.—But who has ever ſeen a *faultleſs* Book?—All Writers have their Failings more, or leſs.—No Mortal is exempted from them; not even *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton* himſelf.—This ought to teach us *Candour*, and *Humility* in ſuch

* Heb. vi. 17. † 2 Pet. i. 4. ‡ Rev. i. 5.

‖ See Page 391, Vol. II.

a State

a State of Imperfection; and above all it ſhould inſpire us with a reverential Admiration of the *Book of God*, which alone is free from Error; by which we are guided into all Truth; and in which we are promiſed eternal Life; procured for us by the Righteouſneſs, Sufferings, and Mediation of Jeſus Chriſt.—I wiſh, moſt heartily wiſh, you may ſufficiently regard this *ineſtimable* Book; and then you will be like the Tree planted by the Water-Side, which bringeth forth its Fruits in due Seaſon; and like that happy Man, of whom it is written by the *Pſalmiſt*, "Look! whatſoever He *doeth* it ſhall proſper."

I am, my dear Friend,

Affectionately, and unalterably your's,

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTERS

FROM THE LATE REVEREND

JAMES HERVEY, A.M.

RECTOR OF WESTON FAVELL,

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

PREFACE.

THESE Letters, upon the Death of Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, came into the Hands of her Executors, who were highly pleaſed and edified with reading them. They ſhewed them to ſeveral of their Friends, and they were unanimous in deſiring to ſee them publiſhed. They had a great Reſpect for their Judgment, and yielded to it for the following Reaſons:

THEY thought Mr. HERVEY's true Character was more legible here, than in his printed Books: For he appears the ſame Admirer of JESUS in his Cloſet, as in his Pulpit—in his private Correſpondence, as when writing for the Public. His Heart appears to have been devoted with fervent Love to his divine Saviour. They could not doubt of this, who converſed much with him, who ſaw him at his Table, or heard him at his Prayers. But in theſe Letters here is freſh Proof. They breathe the warmeſt Sentiments of Gratitude, and demonſtrate that the Love of GOD in CHRIST did actually influence his private, as well as his public Life and Converſation.

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THE Editors acknowledge alſo, that they had a View to the Benefit of the Public. They had read theſe Letters with Pleaſure and Profit. The Subject, of which moſt of them treat, had warmed their Hearts, and they had been the Means of kindling in their Breaſt the ſame heavenly Flame. They felt ſomething of the Love of GOD in CHRIST. And they were led to hope and pray, that the Publication of theſe Letters might be bleſſed to others, as the Reading of them had been to themſelves.

CHRISTIAN READER, they are put into thy Hands, that thou mayeſt profit by them; and if they prove the Means of doing thee any Good, give the Glory where it is due. Mr. HERVEY certainly intended this in writing them. You cannot peruſe one Letter without ſeeing, that he aimed at this, with a ſingle Eye; and with the ſame Aim they are now laid before thee. If the bleſſed GOD pleaſe to make them acceptable and uſeful to his People, we have our Reward.

LETTERS

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY.

LETTER I.

On the Unworthineſs of the Creature, and the divine Mercy.

London, Jan. 1, 1750.

MY LADY,

SINCE I have wronged your Ladyſhip's Condeſcenſion and Generoſity, by doubting whether my laſt Letter would be acceptable, I cannot forbear making the ſpeedieſt Reparation poſſible. In this, I ſhall take a Liberty, which your Ladyſhip little expects. A Liberty, which will more than compenſate my late unreaſonable Diffidence of your Good-nature.—To hold your Ladyſhip no longer in Suſpence, I ſhall take Leave to comment upon your valued and excellent Letter. Only aſſuring your Ladyſhip, that it is not to cenſure, but to admire; to expreſs my own Satisfaction in it, and to confirm your Ladyſhip's good Reſolutions from it.

You are pleaſed to ſpeak of yourſelf as an *unworthy Object*, before the infinitely exalted God of all. I congratulate your Ladyſhip, on being enabled to think meanly of yourſelf; and moſt heartily wiſh, That neither the Splendour of any Thing that is great, nor the Conceit of any Thing that is good in you, may ever withdraw your Eyes from looking upon yourſelf as ſinful Duſt and Aſhes. But how can your Ladyſhip entertain ſuch ſelf-abaſing Thoughts, who have been accuſtomed to univerſal Admiration, and to ſhine even in a Court?—Perhaps, you will rather aſk, How ſhall I perſevere in this amiable and advantageous Temper, notwithſtanding all the adulatory Inſinuations, that may be whiſpered in my Ear?—Indeed, my Lady, this is a very important Inquiry. And the Anſwer is ready.—By meditating on the unſpotted Holineſs, and adorable Excellencies of the great God. On the Extent and Spirituality of his righteous Law. On the exceeding Sinfulneſs of Sin; committed by Creatures, who are ſurrounded with the choiceſt, choiceſt Favours both of Providence and of Grace.

You add, "Bleſſed be God for all his ineſtimable Mercies."—Your Ladyſhip does right, to exerciſe Gratitude. A grateful Spirit is the moſt pleaſing to our almighty Benefactor, and the moſt honourable to our holy Religion; it tends to render the Poſſeſſors moſt ſerenely happy, and to fit them for a continued Communication of divine Bleſſings.—Let me, therefore, entreat your Ladyſhip to cultivate this ornamental and delightful Diſpoſition. By frequently contemplating the free and boundleſs Goodneſs of your heavenly Father. His Goodneſs is altogether as immenſe, as his Power. It is great, beyond Words, beyond Thoughts, and can only be expreſſed in his glorious Gifts. And O! how marvellous are theſe! He has given Himſelf to be your Portion—his Son to be your Propitiation—

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his Spirit to be your Guide—his Promiſes to be your Charter—and his Kingdom, his own celeſtial Kingdom, to be your eternal Inheritance. Well may we cry out, with the Prophet, in joyful Aſtoniſhment, " How great is his Goodneſs, and how great is his Beauty !"—I hope, your Ladyſhip will always beware of harbouring low and diſhonourable Apprehenſions of the divine Benignity.

You ſay farther, " That you read the Bible with great Comfort."—Perſiſt, my Lady, in the beſt of Studies. This is the Way, to enlarge Knowledge ; to encreaſe Humility ; to quicken Gratitude ; to eſtabliſh and improve every gracious Habit.—I need not expatiate on this Subject. If your Ladyſhip has taſted the Sweetneſs of this ſpiritual Manna, no Words of mine can give it a higher Reliſh.—I ſhall only beſeech the ever-bountiful Diſpenſer of all Wiſdom, " That the Word of Chriſt may dwell in your Ladyſhip richly." Not only be peruſed, but ſink into your Heart. Not only have a tranſient Influence, but *dwell* with an abiding Efficacy. And that, not ſcantily, but copiouſly, abundantly, *richly*.

This is one of the nobleſt Bleſſings I can wiſh for your Ladyſhip, at the Commencement of the *New Year*. This will render each revolving Year, happier than the preceding ; and render all, a Preparation for, as well as an Introduction to, a bliſsful Eternity.

I have communicated to my worthy Friend, the Meſſage which your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to tranſmit. He is all Activity and Zeal to ſerve poor Mr. Browne. Like one thoroughly ſenſible, that yet a little while, and the Diſtreſſes of our Brethren, and all Opportunities of adminiſtring to their Relief, will be no more.

I forgot to return my thankful Acknowledgments to your Ladyſhip, for attempting to procure me a Scarf. I knew nothing of your Ladyſhip's being aſked, when

you was ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf in the Affair. And I beg of your Ladyſhip, not to beſtow another Thought upon it. For, I aſſure you, I would rather decline, than ſolicit, ſuch an Honour.

But, regardleſs as I am of that, I ſhall always deſire the Honour, of profeſſing and approving myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER II.

With a Preſent of his Books—On the divine Mercy.

London, Feb. 4, 1750.

My Lady,

MR. WHITFIELD informed me, that your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to enquire after my Books, and was inclined to admit them into your Collection. Encouraged by this condeſcending Hint, they now wait upon your Ladyſhip, and beg the Honour of your Acceptance. This they would have done much ſooner, but, being out of Print, I was under a Neceſſity of ſtaying for the new Edition.

They wait upon you, my Lady, not with a View of detaining your Ladyſhip's Attention, one ſingle Inſtant, from thoſe ineſtimable and divine Volumes, the Holy Scriptures. But if, in ſome vacant Moment, when a Relaxation from ſublimer Thoughts is requiſite, they may be allowed to entertain your Ladyſhip, I ſhall think them highly privileged.

And how happy ſhall I think the Author, if they may be a Means of raiſing in your Ladyſhip's Mind, a more frequent Advertence to, and more amiable Apprehenſions

henſions of, the ever-preſent, the all-gracious God!—That God, whoſe tranſcendent Perfections ſhine through univerſal Nature; and are diſplayed, with infinitely ſuperior Luſtre, in the Redemption of Mankind by Jeſus Chriſt!—That ineffably excellent God, whom to know, is the only Wiſdom; whom to love, is the trueſt Happineſs; and whom to enjoy, in his own heavenly and everlaſting Kingdom, is ſuch a Felicity, as I cannot expreſs, but ſhall moſt earneſtly pray, that your Ladyſhip may poſſeſs.—This will be the moſt effectual, though a ſilent Way of teſtifying, with what ſincere and profound Reſpect

I am, your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER III.

On her Preſent to him—On the divine Bleſſings.

Monday Morning.

My Lady,

I HAD no other View, in taking Leave to preſent my little Books to your Ladyſhip, than to teſtify in the moſt expreſſive Way, how highly I honour your Ladyſhip, and how ardently I wiſh your Ladyſhip the unequalled Joys of Religion. Your Ladyſhip's Acceptance was the only Reward I coveted; joined with an humble pleaſing Hope, of adminiſtring ſome ſerious and improving Entertainment, in one of your Ladyſhip's vacant Minutes.

Since your Ladyſhip has added, to your condeſcending Acceptance, a generous Preſent; and doubled it,

more than doubled it, by that very obliging Manner, in which it was conferred; my Heart longs to be grateful. I know of no other Method, whereby I can expreſs my Gratitude, than to act as your Ladyſhip's Almoner; and *make* to your Ladyſhip *Friends of this Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs; which, when your Ladyſhip*, at ſome very diſtant Period, *fails, may receive you into everlaſting Habitations.*

I have already promiſed ſome Cloaths to a poor but godly Man; Father of many Children, much afflicted with Sickneſs in his Family, and hardly furniſhed with neceſſary Apparel. I am certain, your Ladyſhip will approve of ſuch a Practice; when it proceeds from a Senſe of Obligation to that ineffably gracious Saviour, *who had not where to lay his Head.* Had not where to lay his bleſſed Head, till He hung upon the racking Croſs, and laid it in the ſilent Grave.

In the mean Time permit me to wiſh—What ſhall I wiſh?—What is the beſt Bleſſing, the nobleſt Treaſure, that Heaven and Earth can afford? This I would wiſh for your Ladyſhip. And I find it beautifully ſtyled, (*Epheſ.* iii. 8.) "the unſearchable Riches of Chriſt." I find it freely offered in thoſe inviting Words, (*Rev.* iii. 8.) "I counſel Thee to buy of me Gold tried in the Fire, that Thou mayſt be rich."—This Treaſure may the God of infinitely tender Mercy, the God of unbounded Beneficence, beſtow on your Ladyſhip! And this comprehends

Pardon of Sin: of every Sin, be it ever ſo aggravated; of all Sins, be they ever ſo numerous. So entire a Pardon, that they ſhall be "blotted out as a Cloud," and be as though they had never been.

An imputed Righteouſneſs. That immaculate Righteouſneſs, which the incarnate God wrought out, in our Nature, and as our Surety. This is that everlaſting Righteouſneſs, which magnifies the Law, and makes it honourable,

honourable. On Conſideration of this Righteouſneſs, God, though inflexibly juſt, yet juſtified the Ungodly. This is that fine Linen, that *beſt Robe*, that *Marriage Garment*, ſpoken of in the Scriptures of Truth. In this your Ladyſhip may appear unblameable and irreproachable, even in the Court of Heaven, and before the Throne of Glory.

The Gift of the divine Spirit. Whoſe ſacred Influences enlighten the Underſtanding, and renew the Heart, work Faith, and ſhed abroad Love; give Strength to overcome this preſent evil World, and make "meet for the Inheritance of Saints in Light."—*The Riches of Chriſt* include *all the Promiſes*. Thoſe GREAT *Promiſes*; thoſe EXCEEDING GREAT *Promiſes*; thoſe EXCEEDING GREAT *and* PRECIOUS *Promiſes*, which are contained in the Oracles of Inſpiration. Which yield a copious Supply of preſent Conſolation, and aſcertain to Us the invaluable Reverſion of eternal Felicity.

Your Ladyſhip will eaſily obſerve upon this Occaſion, how amiable a Diſpenſation the *Goſpel* is; which conveys all theſe ineſtimable Treaſures. How beneficial a Duty *Prayer* is; which opens as it were, and ſtretches out the Hand, to receive theſe glorious Privileges. How deſirable an Ordinance the *Sacrament* is; which ſeals, ratifies, and confirms them all to our Enjoyment.—That all, rich and incomparably excellent as they are, may be your Ladyſhip's happy, happy Portion, is and always will be, both the unfeigned Deſire, and earneſt Prayer of, my Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

moſt obliged, and truly grateful,

humble Servant.

LETTER IV.

On the Excellency of the Bible, and her Visit to him.

Wednesday Afternoon.

AND does your Ladyship insist upon my writing the Letter, You mentioned? I was in Hopes, your Ladyship, according to your usual Indulgence, would have with-drawn your Command, and dismissed me from the Task. A Task, to which my scanty Stock of scriptural Knowledge, is absolutely unequal. Otherwise, I should rejoice to execute it, both as it would be an Instance of Obedience to your Ladyship, and might be for the Honour of that invaluable Book; which is the Magazine of our Comforts, and the Charter of our Salvation.

Let me, my Lady, be treated like *Gideon*'s Son, *Judg.* viii. 20. His gallant and courageous Father, bid Him draw upon the captive Kings, and sheath his Sword in their Hearts. The Youth, weak and timorous, like myself, hesitated and recoiled. The Hero, seeing and pitying his Timidity, released Him from the Office, and performed it Himself.—Promising myself, that I also should be excused by your Ladyship, I really have not set about the Business. But, as your Ladyship is pleased to mention the Affair a second Time, I will, with my best Attention, consider the Point. And *if*—IF, my Lady, I can muster up, or the divine Teacher shall vouchsafe to suggest, any Thing worth your Ladyship's Notice; I will, with the greatest Pleasure, submit it to your Judgment.

I think, your Ladyship's Expostulations with Mr. R——— were pertinent, weighty, and closely urged. If He makes me a Visit, I shall, in *one* Particular, imitate

imitate your Ladyſhip's Example. Give not the leaſt Hint, that I had the Honour of ſeeing You, or have had the Favour of hearing from You. But, in *another* Caſe, I queſtion whether I ſhall be able to ſummon up Reſolution enough, to copy after my Pattern. Or, ſhould I attempt to ſpeak roundly to Him, my Cheeks, pale as they are, would be encrimſoned. Inſtead of working Conviction in a Brother, I ſhould ſuffer Diſorder in myſelf. So tender are my Spirits! As I am ſure, your Ladyſhip muſt perceive, by a certain Confuſedneſs and Precipitancy in my Behaviour; quite contrary to that Eaſe and Serenity, which Every One muſt obſerve in your Ladyſhip. I know not how it is, but I cannot, either by the Exerciſe of my Reaſon, or even by an Advertence to God, rectify this Weakneſs.—But why, may your Ladyſhip aſk, do I give You the Trouble of hearing this Complaint?—Only with a View of demonſtrating to your Ladyſhip, That nothing conſiderable can be expected from a Perſon, to whom, as the wiſeſt of Men ſpeaks, "The Graſs-hopper is a Burden."

I muſt not conclude, without making my Acknowledgments, for the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Company. For, an Honour it undoubtedly was, and ſuch I ſhall always eſteem it. Therefore, You may depend upon it, I ſhall mention it to no Body: until I want to have Oil poured upon a Flame, and the Pride of my Heart, which is already too great, augmented. I would improve your Ladyſhip's Condeſcenſion, and learn to ſee in a clearer and more affecting Light, my inexpreſſible Obligations to my great Redeemer. Who came from *the Habitation of his Holineſs and his Glory*, to viſit a poor, depraved, and condemned Creature.—Where-ever your Ladyſhip goes, You are ſure to be received with the utmoſt Reſpect. But when the all-glorious Jeſus came into the World, He knew, that

He

He ſhould *be deſpitefully treated*; *be ſpit upon*, and *buffeted*; be cruelly *mocked*, and ſeverely *ſcourged*; be condemned to Death, and nailed to a Croſs: Yet He came—with Chearfulneſs and Delight He came. Since it was, to reſcue Us from Ruin, and obtain eternal Redemption for Us.—Should We not ſay, with the Pſalmiſt; "How dear are thy Counſels unto us, O God!" May a Senſe of thy infinitely tender Goodneſs, be ever warm on our Hearts, and ever influential on our Lives! Till We are admitted to ſee Thee, in thy own Kingdom: and love HIM with all our Souls, love HIM to all Eternity, who "loved Us, and gave Himſelf for Us."

May *He keep* your Ladyſhip *as the Apple of his Eye!* keep you under the Shadow of his Wings! then You will be as ſafe and as happy, as can be wiſhed by,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER V.

Pious Wiſhes for her.

MY LADY,

I HAD the Pleaſure of peruſing your Ladyſhip's Letter to Mr. *Whitfield*. And muſt beg of your Ladyſhip, not to mention any ſuch Thing as Obligation, when your Ladyſhip condeſcends to peruſe my Letters, or accept my Books. Or, if your Ladyſhip, thinks proper to mention the Word, that it may never be applied to your Ladyſhip, but always appropriated to me. For I ſhall always acknowledge it as a ſingular

Favour,

Favour, whenever your Ladyſhip permits me, either by my little Volumes, or by a ſerious Epiſtle, to remind your Ladyſhip of a *crucified* REDEEMER, and of immortal Joys.

I am debarred the Pleaſure of waiting upon your Ladyſhip this Day by a Cough; which would probably be encreaſed by my coming abroad, and would certainly make me troubleſome to the honourable Company. —I cannot conclude, without wiſhing your Ladyſhip Abundance of Conſolation and ſpiritual Advantage from the Miniſtry of my excellent Friend.—May his Word be ſweetly efficacious on your Ladyſhip's Heart; and "drop as the Rain, diſtil as the Dew!" May your Ladyſhip enjoy ſuch Manifeſtations of the dying Jeſus in the ſacred Ordinance, as may enkindle adoring Love, and excite penitential Sorrow!—May all the Bleſſings of the new Covenant be ſealed and inviolably confirmed to your Ladyſhip! that you may become "ſtedfaſt in Faith, joyful through Hope," and ever "abound in the Works of the Lord."—This will impart the higheſt Happineſs to your Ladyſhip, and will reflect an unfeigned Satisfaction to

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

LETTER VI.

On the Truth and Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

Miles's Lane. Thurſday Morning.

MY LADY,

YESTERDAY I had the Pleaſure of receiving your Ladyſhip's Letter.—If my little Attempt was ſo happy, as to gain your Ladyſhip's Approbation, and

and confirm your Ladyſhip's Eſteem for the Book of God, my principal Deſire was anſwered:—I could not entertain the leaſt Hope of being ſerviceable to the beſt Intereſts of ſo great a Genius. But I heartily wiſh, that the God of the Spirits of all Fleſh may convince Him, by ſome abler Hand, and ſome more effectual Means.

My Lord, however, ſhews a candid and generous Spirit. Eſpecially, as I might be thought to have treated a favourite Character, perhaps, one of his intimate Acquaintance, ſomewhat too freely; though, I hope, not indecently or rudely.

Ah! my Lady, if the Scriptures are a Deluſion, where ſhall We ſeek our Happineſs? In Wealth? 'Tis a ſplendid Encumbrance. In Honour? 'Tis a glittering Bubble. In the Pleaſures of the World? They, like the Brine of the Ocean to a thirſty Palate, will irritate, rather than ſatisfy. In gay entertaining Company? This is only a temporary Opiate, not a laſting Cure. And 'tis well if, like an *Opiate* whoſe Power is ſpent, it does not leave the Spirits diſordered, flattened, ſunk. But in the precious Promiſes of the Goſpel, and its renewing Energy on our Hearts, in the Diſcoveries of God's boundleſs Love to poor Sinners, in the Diſplays of Chriſt's infinitely free Grace, and in the Hope of his everlaſting Glory; in theſe *grand Specifics*, for preparing and diſpenſing which Revelation has the *Patent*, the true Health, Eaſe, and Felicity of our Nature are to be found.

For this Reaſon, the Scriptures are called *Wells of Salvation*. *David* declares, "In the Lord's Word will I rejoice, in the Lord's Word will I comfort me." And our moſt benevolent Redeemer aſſures us, "Theſe Things have I ſpoken, that your Joy might be full."—*Let the Word of Chriſt*, therefore, my honoured Madam, *dwell in you richly*. Dwell in your Hand; dwell in your

your Heart. And give me Leave to wiſh, that you yourſelf may " dwell under the Defence of the Moſt High, and abide under the Shadow of the Almighty."

I am this Day going to remove, with my Brother's Family, to *Tottenham*. But if your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to honour me with any Commands, they will, by being tranſmitted to *Miles's-Lane*, be ſure to find

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and obedient Servant.

LETTER VII.

On the Death of the Prince of Wales—The Character of true Chriſtians.

Miles's-Lane, March 25, 1751.

My Lady,

WILL you permit my Pen to wait upon and to condole with your Ladyſhip on the Loſs, which the Nation has ſuſtained? A ſerious Letter at ſuch a Juncture, may be no more unſeaſonable than a Suit of Mourning, now the Prince Royal lies a pale extended Corpſe; and He that was Heir to the Crown, " inherits Worms and creeping Things."

Though I wiſh your Ladyſhip may long enjoy, even in this inferior State, every Honour that ennobles the Character, and every Pleaſure that refines the Affections; yet give me Leave to point out to your Ladyſhip a far more excellent Inheritance, than all the Kingdoms of the World.—This is diſplayed before Us, in that inexhauſtible Magazine of Truth, the Scriptures. This is conſigned over to Us, in that ineſtimable Charter of our higheſt Privileges, the Bible.

There

There, my Lady, the true Chriſtians are conſtituted *Heirs of the Promiſe.* "God, (ſays the Apoſtle) willing more abundantly to ſhew unto the *Heirs of Promiſe* the Immutability of his Counſel, confirmed it by an Oath." Heb. vi. 17. An Inheritance this, not like the precarious Poſſeſſions of Earth; which Thieves may ſteal, Inundations may deſtroy, or Flames conſume: But, which is firm as the ſtrong Mountains, and ſtable as the everlaſting Hills. For, though *all Fleſh is* (fading as) *Graſs*; *and all the Goodneſs thereof*, all its Splendour, its Dignity, and moſt admired Accompliſhments, *as the Flower of the Field*; which is ſtill more tender, and much ſooner withereth than the Graſs itſelf: *yet the Word*, the promiſing Word, *of our God endureth for ever.* Nay, though Heaven and Earth paſs away, this ſhall never fail. The Felicity it offers, is more laſting than the Univerſe; is laſting as Eternity.

True Chriſtians are *Heirs of Salvation.* Thus they are ſtyled by the Herald of the great King. Who, ſpeaking of thoſe exalted Creatures the Angels, adds; "Are they not all miniſtring Spirits, ſent forth to miniſter for Them, who ſhall be *Heirs of Salvation?*" Heb. i. 14.—What are all the Patrimonies that Parents can bequeathe, or all the Preferments that Monarchs can beſtow? Could they be aſcertained to their Poſſeſſors for a Multitude of Years; yet they are empty; they are unſatisfactory; and no more able to content the Deſires of an immortal Soul, than a few Drops of the Summer-ſhower are ſufficient to fill the vaſt Cavities of the Ocean. But Salvation is a Portion, large as our Wants, boundleſs as our Wiſhes; and commenſurate to all our Capacities of Happineſs. Salvation comprehends that *Pardon* of Sins, which blotteth out the Hand-writing of Condemnation, that is againſt Us. It comprehends that *Juſtification* of our Souls, by which We have Acceptance before the God of Heaven. It comprizes

prizes that *Sanctification* of the Heart, which renews Us after the divine Image; and that *Hope* of eternal *Glory*, which gives Us the true Enjoyment of this Life, and ſome ſweet Anticipation of the next.

True Chriſtians are *Heirs of a Kingdom.* For thus are they diſtinguiſhed, if not in the Offices of Heraldry below, yet in the nobler Records of the Court above. In them, they are dignified with the illuſtrious Character of Kings and Prieſts. "Unto Him that loved Us, and waſhed Us from our Sins in his own Blood, and *hath made Us Kings and Prieſts unto God.*" Rev. i. 5, 6. And the Judge of the World, when He aſſigns an eternal Reward to the Righteous, vouchſafes to addreſs them in this glorious Manner; "Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, *inherit the Kingdom* prepared for You from the Foundation of the World." A Kingdom whoſe Magnificence and whoſe Delights, receive not their Meaſure from our Deſerts, nor even from our Thoughts; but are proportioned to the immenſely rich Goodneſs of the moſt High God, and to the unſpeakably precious Merits of Jeſus Chriſt.—True Chriſtians, my Lady, are "Heirs of God, and joint Heirs with Chriſt." Rom. viii. 17. But what Eye can ſurvey the Extent of this Inheritance? Or what Words can deſcribe its Richneſs? 'Tis great as the infinite Jehovah, and glorious as his tranſcendent Excellencies. It conſiſts in the Viſion of his Majeſty, and the Fruition of his Godhead: in the delightful Senſations of his unutterable Love, and a complete Conformity to his moſt holy Image.

How! my Lady, O! how ſhould We admire, adore, and love that moſt amiable of Beings, that *Prince of the Kings of the Earth*, who, to procure for Us this bliſsful Inheritance, "humbled Himſelf to Death, even the Death of the Croſs."—That your Ladyſhip may be

eſtabliſhed in the Hope of this heavenly Heritage, and abound in the Love of its ever-bleſſed Author, is the frequent and earneſt Prayer of,

My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant,

LETTER VIII.

On his Ill-health, declining her Invitation.

My Lady,

I AM grieved, I aſſure You, and aſhamed to think, that I do not, with Delight and Gratitude, accept your Ladyſhip's Invitation, and promiſe to wait upon your Ladyſhip on *Saturday*.—Am I then ſuch a ſullen and reſerved *Cynic*, ſo inſenſible of your Ladyſhip's Condeſcenſion, and of the Honour I might do myſelf? —However faulty in other Reſpects, I beg of your Ladyſhip to believe me blameleſs in this Particular. It is not Inclination, but a Conſtitution tender as the Foam, brittle as the Bubble upon the Waters, that is my Bar.—Would your Ladyſhip ſuſpect it? I have put on my Coat but once during all the Winter. And then I returned Home with a Cold, and was obliged to take to my Bed. So very much has my late violent Diſorder impaired a Habit of Body, extremely enervated before!—My poor Heart, that is naturally fond of Activity, and would fain exert itſelf for the bleſſed Redeemer's Glory; that is peculiarly charmed with the Works of Creation, and knows no higher Entertainment, than a contemplative rural Excurſion; is ſometimes

times apt to repine, at being cut off from its favourite Gratifications. But I desire to check such un-submissive Emotions; and rest satisfied in a chearful thankful Assurance, That what the all-gracious God ordains, is incomparably better than I could chuse for myself.—Let the Voice of Murmuring, therefore, be entirely suppressed. Complaints, be ye for ever banished from my Lips. "Let the Praises of my God be upon my Tongue, and let all that is within me bless his holy Name."—And I shall have a very endearing Obligation to bless his infinite Goodness, if He is pleased to make the weak Productions of my Pen, acceptable to your Ladyship's Taste, and beneficial to your best Interests. To get Wealth by One's Writings, is a perishing Acquisition. To win Fame, is a splendid Delusion. But, to further the Comfort and Salvation of a Fellow-Creature, of a Friend, an honoured, and highly-esteemed Friend, this is Gain indeed. If, (ten thousand Ages hence, when I have the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the Realms of Glory) I may be permitted to reflect, that, as your Ladyship honoured me with your Notice on Earth, I was in some *low*, *little* Degree instrumental to establish your Faith in Christ, and encrease your Joy in the Lord, how will it transport me with Gladness!—Pardon me, my Lady, if there is Vanity in the Thought. There is, I am persuaded, a superior Portion of Affection and Duty.

Your Ladyship will perceive from the preceding, that I have received the Favour of your last. And though I cannot have the Honour of waiting on your Ladyship, I shall not cease to pray, that You may have the noblest, the divinest Being, not a Visitant only, that turneth in to tarry for a Day; but a Guest, to dwell perpetually in your Heart. This is his own Promise, to them that seek his Presence, and love his Name; "I will come unto You, and make my Abode with You, and manifest

myſelf unto You." And have we not Reaſon to love Him, who "has Pleaſure in the Proſperity of his Servants:" Who "is exalted that He may have Mercy upon Us, and waiteth that He may be gracious unto Us:" Who ſays—and they are the moſt charming Words that ever were uttered—"As the Father hath loved me, ſo have I loved You." I wiſh, your Ladyſhip would give me your Sentiments of the laſt Paſſage. For I muſt confeſs, I know not how to expreſs myſelf on the Occaſion. I can only wonder, admire, and adore. O! that it ſhould be So done to Worms, to Duſt, to Sinners! Who can forbear weeping for their Inſenſibility of ſuch Love, and their Ingratitude to ſo infinitely tender a Saviour? Who would not delight to remember Him? Delight to have Communion with Him? Long, above all Things, to pleaſe and glorify Him on Earth, and have the Fruition of his glorious Godhead in Heaven?

May this be the Portion of your Ladyſhip, and of Him who has ſo frequently the Satisfaction and Honour of ſubſcribing Himſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged
and dutiful Servant.

LETTER IX.

On the Funeral of the Prince of Wales.—On the Love of Chriſt.

April 14, 1751.

My Lady,

I BEG Leave to aſſure your Ladyſhip, that I am far from expecting any Acknowledgements, or hoping to receive Letter for Letter. I want only to be ſatisfied, that

that my ſincere Concern for your Happineſs, is not reckoned *impertinent*, may not be altogether unacceptable, when it puts you in Remembrance of Chriſt Jeſus, and eternal Ages. For I am perfectly ſenſible, that there is a Time to be ſilent, as well as a Time to ſpeak; and that it is no impoſſible Thing, for Zeal to be more officious, than prudent. And as I would not be defective, in my Gratitude, ſo neither would I be offenſive, in the Manner of expreſſing it.

I forgot to beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, for mentioning the Affair of Mr. ——. But, by mentioning it only to my dear Friend, I thought I had not tranſgreſſed your Ladyſhip's Injunction. However, the laſt Letter with which you honoured me, neither is ſhewn, nor ſhall be communicated, to any Body. Eſpecially the concluding Sentence: which, had it related to Any but myſelf, I ſhould have ventured to ſay, is no ignoble Character; yet, not without wondering, that your Ladyſhip had Courage to avow it. O! may the Lord of all Lords give you to taſte the Comforts, that flow from an Union with the bleſſed Jeſus; and to ſee the Honours, that are intended for the Children of God! Then, Madam, your Ladyſhip, will acknowledge the *One*, to be abundantly richer than all the Inhabitants on Earth; the *Other*, to be incomparably nobler than all the Honours of Birth, of Titles, or of Royalty itſelf.

When the Bells tolled, and the Guns fired, in order to introduce his Royal Highneſs's Corpſe, with melancholy Solemnity, to its long Home, was not your Ladyſhip much impreſſed? Surely, every Stroke of the Bells, and every Diſcharge of the Cannon, had a Meaning; and ſpoke aloud the *Pſalmiſt*'s Admonition: "O! put not your Truſt in Princes, nor in any Child of Man, for there is no Help in them. For, when the Breath of Man goeth forth, He ſhall turn again unto his Earth; and then all his Thoughts periſh." If Princes cannot

be relied on, where ſhall we repoſe our Confidence? Is there None, of whom we may ſay, "Under his Shadow we ſhall be ſafe?"—There is, my Lady, there is. And, in the next Verſe, the Prophet directs Us to the glorious Object. "Bleſſed is He, that hath the God of *Jacob* for his Help, and whoſe Hope is in the Lord his God." He is not impotent, periſhing, or of a precarious Exiſtence; but the great and everlaſting I AM: "who made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all that therein is." Who is as faithful alſo, as He is powerful, and "keepeth his Promiſe for ever." Never failing his People, in any, in every, Time of Need.—May your Ladyſhip be eſtabliſhed in His Favour, and filled with His Love! May He be your Shield on Earth, and your exceeding great Reward in Heaven!

Did not your Ladyſhip recollect, upon the ſame Occaſion, that ever dear and infinitely illuſtrious Perſon, who laid down his Life for Mankind? That *Prince of Heaven*, and *Prince of the Kings of the Earth*, who once became a pale, bloody, and mangled Corpſe for all our Sins! He died, alas! He died, not reclined on a royal Bed, but nailed to the curſed Tree: not by a natural Diſeaſe, but by the tormenting Hand of the Executioner: not with ſympathizing Friends about Him, but in the Midſt of infamous Felons, and ſurrounded with cruel Mockings. He died (ſurpriſing to relate, yet comforting to believe!) under the Wrath of God, and the Curſe of the Law. And thereby delivered Us from every Evil; obtained for Us an unutterable Good. —O! that our Hearts may be affected, towards our all-gracious crucified Redeemer; as *Xenophon's Armenian* Princeſs was, towards her generous Conſort! Your Ladyſhip, I preſume, has heard the Story; therefore I only hint at it, but do not fatigue you with the Narrative.

Though our divine Maſter died, amidſt ſuch diſgraceful Circumſtances; his Almighty Father honoured

his Obſequies, with the moſt magnificent *Regalia of Mourning*. The Heavens were hung in Sackcloth, and the Sun was covered with a Veil. The Foundations of the Earth ſhook, and impenetrable Rocks burſt aſunder. The very Graves opened, and the mouldering Dead aroſe. The Veil of the Temple rent, and the inacceſſible Place, the Holy of Holies, was diſcloſed to public View.—And wherefore all theſe awful and auguſt Formalities, attendant on the expiring Jeſus? Doubtleſs, to roll away the Reproach of the Croſs; to atteſt the unequalled Dignity of his Perſon; and the complete Sufficiency of his Atonement.—They were deſigned to tell the inattentive World, That the ſacred Sufferer was none other than *Immanuel*; God and Man, in one wonderful Perſon. Man, that He might be capable of dying; *God*, that He might overcome and aboliſh Death. Man, that He might be qualified for Suffering; *God*, that his Sufferings might be immenſely meritorious; *able* to take away the Guilt, not of a ſingle Criminal only, but of All Ages and All Nations, from the Beginning to the End of Time.—Have we not then, my Lady, the utmoſt Reaſon to ſay? Bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be God, for this unſpeakable Gift!

I have been too tedious: The charming Subject, and your Ladyſhip's Candour, muſt plead for my Prolixity. My Health is ſo very precarious, and my Conſtitution ſo enervated, that I ſcarce ever am able, and am always unfit, to wait upon your Ladyſhip. I have often found Pleaſure, in viſiting the poor Tenants of the meaneſt Hut, where I had an Opportunity of talking on heavenly Things. How much more ſhould I be delighted, in an Admiſſion to your Ladyſhip's Company; where I ſhould hear the ſame favourite Topics diſcourſed on, with all the Refinements of Politeneſs and ſuperior Senſe! But extreme Weakneſs, and great Languor, diſqualifies me for the Enjoyment of this Satisfaction.

—However, I ſhall often have the pleaſing Satisfaction, of praying for your Ladyſhip's abundant Happineſs; and ſometimes, I hope, you will allow me the Honour, of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's, moſt reſpectful,

and ſincerely grateful humble Servant.

LETTER X.

On preferring the Country to Town.—The Beauties of Creation.

April 26, 1751.

My Lady,

WHEN I received the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Commands, I hope, your Ladyſhip was ſafely arrived at *Twickenham*, and very much refreſhed with your Ride.

Mr. *C*——, my Lady, is not at *London*, nor is expected in Town. As I don't know Him, I have not enquired much about Him. But, I think, I have heard Somebody ſay, That He preaches at ——; and that one Mr. —— is to ſupply at the *Tabernacle*, during the Abſence of my dear Friend. So that, if we are to ſtay for the Favour of your Ladyſhip's Company, till Mr. —— is upon the Spot, I fear, it will be—not like your Ladyſhip's Readineſs to do Good, quite ſpeedy, —but, like your Ladyſhip's Diſpoſition to reſent, very, very ſlow.

I think, your Ladyſhip's Preference of the Country to the City, at this delightful Seaſon of the Year, is perfectly well-judged. Nature, rural Nature, is now in her Prime. The Air is full of Fragrance. The Trees

Trees are putting on their verdant Honours. Every Haw-thorn Buſh will ſoon be a Noſegay. Every Orchard is profuſely ſplendid with Bloſſoms. The Fields are rich with ſpringing Corn, or gay with golden Crowfoots, and ſilver Daiſies. The Lambs bleat, the Linnets ſing, and a Concert warbles from every Grove. —If Nature has ſo many Charms; how inconceivably excellent and glorious is Nature's all-mighty Author!

I hope, your Ladyſhip will ſee double Beauty, in the blooming Scenes of Creation, by ſeeing a benevolent and adorable Deity in them all. The Sun, ſhining in his brighteſt Luſtre, will clearly diſplay his Creator's Magnificence. I truſt, You will be able to read the ſame Leſſon by the Moon's fainter Lamp, and the twinkling Tapers of the Stars.—Will not every murmuring Brook, and every melodious Bird, whiſper in your Ladyſhip's Ear, That the Lord is gracious, and has Pleaſure in the Satisfaction of his Servants?—Will not every fragrant Gale, and every balmy Breeze declare, How free the Communications of his Grace are, and how reviving a Senſe of his Love is?—Does not each Flower, that enamels the Garden, or embroiders the Mead, bear Witneſs to the tranſcendent Perfections of its Maker; and woo (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) your Ladyſhip's Affection for the infinitely amiable God?—When to all theſe ſweet Inducements, is added the Gift, the ineſtimably precious Gift of his dear Son; who can reſiſt ſuch heavenly Goodneſs?—Ten thouſand Delicacies, to regale our Senſes; the Blood of Chriſt, to expiate all our Guilt; the Influences of a divine Spirit, to ſanctify our Souls, and make them meet for Glory: is not this ſuper-abundant Liberality? Enough to captivate every Heart! And would captivate them, was not human Nature deplorably corrupt!

May every Object remind your Ladyſhip of theſe pleaſing Truths! May they be lively, efficacious, and

inſtrumental to work in your Mind that happy Temper, which the Apoſtle beautifully deſcribes, and which is the very Eſſence of true Religion. Speaking of Jeſus Chriſt, He adds,—" Whom, having not ſeen, Ye love; in Whom, though now Ye ſee Him not, yet believing, Ye rejoice with Joy unſpeakable, and full of Glory." 1 *Pet.* i. 8. When We live under the Power of *this benign* Religion, it will be *Spring* in our Souls. Conſcience will be ſerene, as the Summer Sky. Holy Deſires, will bud and bloſſom as the Roſe. The Voice of Joy and Gladneſs, ſweeter far than the Nightingale's Song, will ſooth our Hearts. And Proſpects, incomparably finer than the viſible Creation yields, will entertain and charm the Eye of our Faith.—May your Ladyſhip be bleſſed with an abundant Share of this Happineſs! which will be a very deſirable Addition to the Happineſs of, My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt reſpectful,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER XI.

On the Loving-Kindneſs of Chriſt—Remarks on the Uſe of the Microſcope.

Tottenham, June 7, 1751.

My Lady,

PERMIT me, by this Paper-Meſſenger, to enquire after your Ladyſhip's Health, and to tranſmit my ſincereſt Wiſhes, for the Continuance of this and every other Bleſſing.

When

When I had the Honour of writing to your Ladyſhip ſome Time ago, I mentioned a delightful Paſſage of Scripture; which, I hope, will be written on your Memory, and ſpread its ſweet Influence through all the Powers of your Mind. As Characters cut on the living Bark, which not only abide, but grow wider and wider with ſucceeding Years.

" Whom having not ſeen, Ye love."—The Cauſe of this ſacred Affection another Apoſtle points out. " We love HIM, before HE firſt loved US." Loved Us with a *marvellous Loving-Kindneſs*—with a Love, that paſſeth Knowledge. As will evidently appear, if ſome of its wonderful Circumſtances be conſidered.

To *Whom* it was exerciſed.—To noble, to worthy? No; but to fallen and ſinful Creatures, whoſe Hearts were Enmity againſt the bleſſed Redeemer, and his holy Law.—Who deſerved Vengeance, and were altogether become abominable.

By *Whom*.—By a Mortal, like Ourſelves? By the higheſt Arch-Angel?—By HIM rather, whom all the Angels adore; who ſpoke the World into Exiſtence; and who upholdeth all Things, by the Word of his Power.

How it was exerciſed.—Did He look kindly? Speak graciouſly? Or help Us with his Hand?—Theſe were the ſmalleſt of his moſt merciful Vouchſafements.—He bowed the Heavens, and took our Nature. He humbled Himſelf lower ſtill, and bore our Guilt.—HE, that ſits on the Throne of Glory, was ſtretched on the curſed Tree, and laid in the gloomy Grave.

How *diſtinguiſhing* it was.—There is a Species of Beings, nobler in their Original, than the human Race. *Theſe* violated the holy Commandment. But did *Theſe* find Mercy?—No Pity is ſhewed to *Them*, while unmeaſurable Compaſſion is extended to *Us*. *They* ſink into endleſs Perdition, while *We* are ſnatched, as Brands, from

from the everlaſting Burning. *They* are purſued with Thunder-Bolts of Wrath, while " Mercy embraceth *Us* on every Side."

What He procured for Us.—He procured for Us a Deliverance from the Guilt of Sin, by his great Atonement; and a Deliverance from the Tyranny of Sin, by his bleſſed Spirit. He procured for Us the matchleſs Honour, that We ſhould be called the Sons of God; and the ineſtimable Privilege, that We ſhould become the Heirs of Glory.—But indeed, it is impoſſible for a Letter, or for a Volume to declare, what the divine Redeemer has obtained for his People. All the Promiſes of Scripture—all the Joys of Heaven—all the Perfections of the Godhead—all, All are the Portion of Believers, and the Purchaſe of Immanuel's Blood.

Should We not be grieved, my Lady, that We have loved this infinitely gracious Benefactor no more? Should We not deſire above all Things, to love Him more ardently for the future? Or, can I form a better Wiſh for your Ladyſhip, more expreſſive of a grateful Heart, than that a Senſe of this exceeding great Love of God our Saviour, may be ſhed abroad in your Heart? May be refreſhing, exhilarating, delightful to your Soul, " as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land."—It is the Prophet *Iſaiah*'s elegant Compariſon: the preſent State of the Weather, will often bring it to your Remembrance—and I hope, the God of all Power and Goodneſs will give You to know what it means, by happy, happy Experience.—To his infinitely rich and everlaſting Mercies I commit your Ladyſhip, and beg Leave to profeſs myſelf, with the greateſt Sincerity, and with equal Reſpect,

My Lady, your Ladyſhip's

moſt dutiful Servant.

P. S. Would

P. S. Would not a good *Microſcope* be a refined and improving Companion for ſome of your Ladyſhip's rural Hours? I bleſs the Providence of God for that curious Inſtrument; which has diſcovered ſo much of his incomprehenſible Wiſdom, his amazing Power, his condeſcending and moſt profuſe Goodneſs, even in the minuteſt Specks of the animalcula Creation. This would render the Fields and Gardens, an inexhauſtible Fund of Entertainment. This would ſhew you Wonders of Mechaniſm, of Symmetry, and Decoration, in what We uſually diſregard, as the Refuſe of Nature. It would raiſe, I believe, the moſt venerating and truly amiable Ideas of the Almighty Creator; and help to tune the Soul for that Song of the four and twenty Elders; "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive Glory, and Honour, and Power: for thou haſt created all Things, and for thy Pleaſure they are, and were created."

LETTER XII.

On Peace of Mind, and a charitable Spirit.

Tottenham, June 27, 1751.

My Lady,

I HAVE heard my Brother talk of *doing Honour to a Bill:* which, I think, conſiſts in ſpeedy Payment. I ſhould not do proper Honour to a Line from your Ladyſhip, if I did not gratefully acknowledge it, by the firſt Opportunity. The Reaſon of (what You may apprehend) my preſent Delay, is, That I did not receive your Ladyſhip's Letter, which was written on Friday, till the Thurſday following.

I re-

I rejoice to hear of the peaceful State of your Ladyſhip's Mind. May the God of Peace and Love, encreaſe it ever more and more! and make all Bleſſings abound to you "according to his Riches in Glory by Chriſt Jeſus!"—"Great Peace," ſays the Pſalmiſt, "have They that love thy Law."—"Thou ſhalt keep Him in perfect Peace," ſays the Prophet *Iſaiah*, "whoſe Mind is ſtayed on Thee."—"He is our Peace," adds the Apoſtle, ſpeaking of our divine Redeemer.—From which Paſſages We learn, that the Way to obtain that Heart-felt Peace, which the Smiles of the World cannot give, nor the Frowns of the World take away, is, To be exerciſed in God's holy Word; to rely on his boundleſs, boundleſs Mercy; through the infinitely precious Merits of his dear Son.

I have not had the Favour of a Line from Lady Huntingdon, for ſome Months. When I was at London, to ſee Mrs. Whitfield, on her Return from Briſtol, ſhe told me that the good Counteſs's Health was very much reſtored by the Waters. That ſhe was (to uſe her own Expreſſion) charmingly well. I hope, this Amendment continues; and wiſh, it may be perpetuated.

I congratulate your Ladyſhip on the Happineſs of a benevolent Spirit, that delights in doing Good, and in prompting Others alſo to Acts of Munificence. Go on, honourable Madam, and "be rich in good Works." For the ever-faithful God has ſaid, "The liberal Soul (not barely executeth, but) deviſeth liberal Things; and by liberal Things ſhall He ſtand." And the all-gracious Immanuel has declared, "It is (not bleſſed only, but) more bleſſed to give, than to receive." I am ſure, He put in Practice his own Precept. What was his Life, but a Series of diffuſive Charity? What was his Death, but the very Triumph of divine Goodneſs? O! for a Heart inflamed with his Love, and conformed

formed to his Image! Let the One be the Motive, and the Other the Model of your Ladyſhip's Generoſity. Then, will it be "a ſweet-ſmelling Savour, acceptable to God through Jeſus Chriſt."

Should I ever come near Twickenham, I ſhall find a very peculiar Pleaſure, in paying my Duty to your Ladyſhip. Or, was I in any tolerable State of Health, nothing could detain me from taking a Journey on Purpoſe. But if I ſhould never enjoy that refined Satisfaction, let me beg to be remembered ſometimes in your Prayers: as, I think, I may truly ſay, that I never recollect your Ladyſhip's amiable Name, without imploring for you "All the Fulneſs of the Bleſſings of the Goſpel of Chriſt."—To his tender and everlaſting Compaſſions I commend your Ladyſhip, and beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER XIII.

On preſenting a Tract to her—Remarks on the divine Promiſes.

Tottenham, Aug. 1, 1751.

My Lady,

THE little Piece mentioned in my laſt, having received no Orders to the contrary, takes Leave to wait upon your Ladyſhip. I make no Apology for its Meanneſs, but rather plead this Circumſtance, as a Recommendation to your Acceptance. It would not become me, to offer any Thing coſtly. That might look

look like a vain Attempt, to bring your Ladyſhip under ſome Obligation. Whereas, when ſuch a very Trifle is preſented, it will evidently be a Condeſcenſion and a Favour, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes not to diſdain it. As ſuch I ſhall acknowledge your Admittance of this Pamphlet to your Peruſal; wiſhing, at the ſame Time, and not neglecting to pray, That the Lord of all Power and Might, may in this, as He does in ten thouſand Inſtances, produce great Good, by the ſlighteſt Inſtruments.

Will your Ladyſhip allow me to propoſe a *Motto*, for that little Treaſury of ſpiritual Wealth; which, I hope, has reached you before this, and been honoured with your Acceptance? It is a Motto, not unworthy to be tranſcribed by your Ladyſhip's own Hand; and I will venture to add, not unworthy to be written on your Heart. May the Divine Spirit perform the one, while your Ladyſhip's Pen executes the other!

It is to be found *Heb.* vi. 17, 18. In which excellent Portion of Scripture, three Points of diſtinguiſhed Importance are to be obſerved.

To Whom the Promiſes belong. To thoſe, who fly for Refuge to the bleſſed Jeſus. Fly from the Curſe of the Law; from the Accuſations of Conſcience; from the Apprehenſions of everlaſting Vengeance—fly, not to their own Integrity, their own Reformation, or their own good Works: but to the infinitely precious, the all-juſtifying Righteouſneſs and Death of Chriſt. *Theſe* Perſons are the Heirs of Promiſe. To *Theſe* belong their unſearchable Riches. Among *Theſe* may your Ladyſhip enjoy an eminent Station!

For what Purpoſes, the Promiſes are given:—For the moſt noble and the moſt gracious: "That We may be Partakers of a divine Nature," according to St. Peter. That *We may have* Conſolation, *ſtrong Conſolation*,

lation, according to St. Paul. They are intended to be the Means, of imparting the higheſt Improvement, and conveying the richeſt Happineſs. In both theſe Reſpects, may they be ſignally efficacious to your Ladyſhip!

How firmly theſe Bleſſings are aſcertained to the true Believer. Aſcertained by nothing leſs, than the Word and the Oath of Jehovah Himſelf. And how ſtrong is this Security! How ſure is this Title! "Heaven and Earth may paſs away, but not one Jot of the divine Word ſhall paſs away." If this be ſaid of God's Word; what ſhall We ſay, when He ratifies his Word by an inviolable Oath? What, but admire the condeſcending Goodneſs of the Lord, and be aſhamed, be grieved, for the unreaſonable Unbelief of our own Hearts? What, but rejoice in the Certainty of our Truſt, when grounded on the Promiſes, and looking unto Jeſus?—Can the God of Truth be capable of a Lye? or will the God of Holineſs forſwear Himſelf? Impoſſible. If then We daily, hourly, inceſſantly fly to our adored Mediator's Righteouſneſs; it is equally impoſſible, that We ſhould be diſappointed of our Hope, when We humbly wait for the Accompliſhment of the Promiſes.

When I have the Pleaſure of writing to your Ladyſhip, I am apt to exceed the Limits of a decent Length. But I hope, I aſſure myſelf, you will be ſo candid, as to aſcribe it wholly to that ſincere Zeal for your Ladyſhip's preſent and eternal Happineſs, which actuates the Heart, and prompts the Pen of

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

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LETTER XIV.

On Recovery from a dangerous Illneſs—On the Plan of his Dialogues and Letters.

Tottenham, Sept. 23, 1751.

My Lady,

ACCORDING to my Promiſe, the firſt Letter I write, after my Recovery, is a Letter of grateful Acknowledgment for your Ladyſhip's Favour. Recovery did I ſay? That is too flattering a Word. For though my Hand is able to hold a Pen, my Feet are not able to carry me acroſs the Room, without ſome borrowed Support.—Indeed I have been extremely ill: hovering upon the very Brink of Eternity. The Doctor was twice ſent for by a ſpecial Meſſenger, from an Apprehenſion that my Diſſolution was approaching.

You will probably be deſirous to know, How my Mind was affected, amidſt ſuch Circumſtances of Peril and Pain.—The Pain too often diſturbed my Advertence to the gracious God, and interrupted my Application to his Almighty Majesty. Ah! how unwiſe is it, rather how deſperately hazardous, to defer the great Work of Reconciliation with our Creator, to a languiſhing and dying Bed! When the Anguiſh is frequently ſo ſtrong, that it quite ſhatters the Thoughts, and renders them incapable of attending to any Thing but the Load of Affliction.

With regard to Death, I humbly bleſs the divine Goodneſs, I was under no terrifying Apprehenſions. It was deſirable, rather than dreadful. The Thing that I longed for, rather than deprecated. A believing Contemplation of God's infinitely rich Mercy, of Chriſt's unſpeakably meritorious Atonement and Righteouſneſs, enabled

enabled me to ſay with the Apoſtle, " O Death, where is thy Sting! O Grave, where is thy Victory?"—How great then is the Efficacy, and how precious ſhould be the Intereſts, of that holy Religion; which could ſupport the weakeſt of Creatures, when all earthly Succours failed: and could give Courage to the moſt obnoxious of Sinners, even when ſummoned to his final Trial!

Let Us labour, my honoured Lady, to be rich in Grace, and ſtrong in Faith; for We know not, what trying Times may be at Hand. We are ſure, the End of all Things is near, and the Judge is at the Door. O! let us daily get a clearer Knowledge of the all-ſufficient Redeemer, a firmer Eſtabliſhment in his Merits, and a growing Conformity to his Image. 'Tis Chriſt that unſtings Death. 'Tis this glorious Captain of our Salvation, that emboldens Us to triumph over that laſt Enemy. Old *Simeon*, having the Child Jeſus in the Arms of his Fleſh, and the promiſed Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, can go down to the Chambers of the Grave with a peaceful Tranquillity.—Of the Saints, in the Revelation, it is ſaid, " They overcame by the Blood of the Lamb." Overcame *what?* Not only the Temptations of Life, but the Terrors of Death, and the Fear of eternal Judgment. They overcame All, by a believing Application of their Saviour's Death.—St. *Paul*, in that ineſtimable Chapter the viiith to the Romans, ſeems to anticipate the Arrival of the great Day; ſeems to ſit down, and examine, what will be the Iſſue of the laſt Trial, with regard to Himſelf. After a mature Conſideration, He reſts aſſured, that He ſhall be abſolved, when He is judged. And *why?* Becauſe of his own good Works? No: but becauſe of God's free unmeaſurable Grace, and Chriſt's immenſely valuable Propitiation. Fixing his Hopes ſolely on this Foundation, He dares even to defy every Enemy of his Salvation. " Who ſhall lay any Thing to the

Charge of God's Elect? It is God that juſtifieth. Who is He that condemneth? It is Chriſt that died; yea rather that is riſen again; who is even at the right Hand of God, Who alſo maketh Interceſſion for Us."—May ſuch ſweet Portions of Scripture be the Solace of your Ladyſhip's Heart, during the Years of Proſperity; and the Support of your Soul, when the Day of Adverſity takes Place!

You are pleaſed to aſk, What I am going to publiſh?—I was writing a little Treatiſe upon ſome of the moſt important Doctrines of Chriſtianity: to be diſpoſed partly into Dialogues, partly into Letters; and rendered entertaining by ſeveral deſcriptive Pictures in Nature and its ever-pleaſing Scenes.—I have ſketched out the greateſt Part, in a rough unconnected Manner. But a conſiderable Time will be requiſite, to diſpoſe it properly, and poliſh it for the nice Taſte of the preſent Age. This Time, whether it will pleaſe the ſovereign Diſpoſer of all Things, to allow: or whether my Conſtitution, always very infirm, but now more exceedingly enervated, will yield a ſufficient Supply of animal Strength, is a great Uncertainty. But of this, my Lady, we are abſolutely certain; That whatever unerring Wiſdom and infinite Mercy orders, muſt be good, muſt be beſt.

Let me not forget to thank your Ladyſhip for the ſingular Honour You intended to do me, by favouring me with a Viſit; and the high Pleaſure You intended to give me, by your delightful Converſation. I ought to be thankful for the Intention, though Circumſtances deprived me of the Satisfaction.

It is impoſſible for me, my Lady, to aſcribe your Silence to any ſuch Motive as your Humility mentions. I aſſure your Ladyſhip, I ſhall acknowledge it as a Favour, and I ſhall enjoy it as a Pleaſure, if You give me

me Leave ſometimes to enquire after your Welfare by a Letter, and to "ſtir up your ſincere Mind by Way of Remembrance."

I know not how to conclude this long Epiſtle with a more reſpectful Propriety, than by turning what I have juſt been reading, into a Prayer: "That You may receive not the Spirit of the World, but the Spirit of God, that You may know the Things which are freely given Us of God in Chriſt Jeſus." Which Prayer, while it drops from the Pen, comes warm from the Heart of

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful,

and ever grateful Servant.

LETTER XV.

On the Death of a Prince—On the happy Death of a young Lady.

Tottenham, Oct. 17, 1751.

ANOTHER Prince dead, my Lady! What then is Grandeur? How vain is Power! How inſignificant Honour! Since neither One, nor All, can preſerve their royal Poſſeſſor from the Pit of Corruption. —"Ceaſe Ye from Man," ſays the Voice of Scripture; "Ceaſe Ye from Man," ſays this renewed Demonſtration of human Frailty; Man, "whoſe Breath is in his Noſtrils." "For, wherein is He to be accounted of?"—Not ſo, "the Prince of Peace, the Prince of the Kings of the Earth," the divine Redeemer. He indeed was once dead for our Sins; but now liveth for evermore. Liveth, to be the Comfort, the Happineſs, the Joy of his People.—Oh! that your

Ladyſhip may every Day improve in the Knowledge, the Faith, the Love of that inconceivably excellent Saviour!—Then will You never want a Companion, a Guide, an omnipotent Guard, through all the Dangers of this evil World. For, though Friends ſhould be cut off, though All ſhould forſake You, yet will not He. "Lo! I am with You always," is his kind, his faithful Declaration, "even to the End of the World."

I received the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Letter. Which was peculiarly welcome; not only as it brought me a Proof of your Health, but as it was an Evidence of your *continued*, or rather *growing* Regard to Chriſt Jeſus, and concern for everlaſting Things.—Indeed, everlaſting Things are our only grand Concern; and Chriſt Jeſus is our only valuable Portion. *Vanity* has long ago been written on all other Acquiſitions, all other Enjoyments. And whenever Death weighs them in his Scale, they are ſure to be found wanting.

You mention the joyful and happy Exit of an amiable young Lady.—A Lady; and a young Lady; to triumph over the King of Terrors! See, what Faith can do! Out of Weakneſs it makes ſtrong. The timorous, inſpirited by Faith, fear no Evil; are bold as Lions.—Therefore, the Apoſtle in his moſt beautiful Deſcription of the Chriſtian Armour, ſays, "Above all, take the Shield of Faith." This defends, while We ſtand; and makes Us Conquerors, even when We fall. This ſtrengthens our Hands, while We live; and emboldens our Hearts, when We die. Let Us therefore, be particularly diligent to obtain, and equally careful to cultivate, this important and ineſtimable Grace.

It is ſaid, I remember, of the gallant *Epaminondas*, That when He was dangerouſly wounded in Battle, his Soldiers carried Him, fainting and ſenſeleſs, to his Tent. But, the Moment He recovered the Uſe of his Reaſon,

Reaſon, He aſked, *whether his* SHIELD *was ſafe?*—His chief Solicitude was, That his *Shield* ſhould not fall into the Poſſeſſion of his Enemy. And *our* chief Solicitude ſhould be, That We may obtain a true Faith; and, when it is obtained, that it fail not.—If We are ſtrong in Faith, We ſhall give Glory to God, and receive Comfort to our own Souls. Whereas, if Faith languiſhes, it will affect our ſpiritual Life, as a pining Atrophy conſumes the Body, or as a keen Blaſt withers the Leaves.

I intended to have added ſome Conſiderations, that might ſerve as Food to cheriſh, or as a Cordial to revive, our Faith. But the Remnant of my Paper betrays the Prolixity of my Letter. Theſe You will give me Leave to reſerve for the Subject of another Epiſtle; which, I hope, will have your Ladyſhip's Permiſſion, to follow this very ſpeedily.—In the mean Time, it ſhall be the frequent and the pleaſing Employ of my Mind, to expreſs my Gratitude, by turning my Exhortations into Prayers, that the bleſſed, all-gracious, immenſely merciful God, may *fulfil* in your Ladyſhip "all the good Pleaſure of his Will, and the Work of Faith with Power."—I cannot forbear expreſſing my Concern, that your Ladyſhip ſhould command me to commit to the Flames, what always gives me peculiar Delight. In Letters of common Intercourſe, no One expects that Regularity of Method, and Accuracy of Style, which may be neceſſary in Preparations for the Preſs. For this Reaſon, I hope, You will revoke the Sentence paſſed upon your own; and in this View always conſider, and as conſtantly excuſe thoſe of,

My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful,

and faithful Servant.

LETTER XVI.

On the Nature and Excellency of Faith.

Tottenham, Oct. 29, 1751.

MY LADY,

IN my laſt, I begged Leave to write once more upon the Subject of *Faith*. In this, I look upon my Requeſt as granted; and make Uſe of the Permiſſion, which I then ſolicited.

That We may have a comfortable, ſteady Faith in *God's Love*; let Us often meditate on his ſtupendous Kindneſs in giving his Son—his only Son—his infinitely beloved Son who was dearer to the eternal Father, than all Angels, than all Worlds, and all Heavens—in giving Him, to take our inferior Nature, and to bear all our Guilt.—" Now I know that Thou feareſt me," ſaid God to *Abraham*, " ſeeing Thou haſt not withheld thy Son, thine only Son from me." And may We not, with equal Propriety and Certainty, ſay? Now We know, that the Lord Almighty loveth Us; ſeeing He hath not withheld his Son, his only-begotten Son, but freely given Him up for our Salvation.

That We may have Faith in *Chriſt's Merits*; let Us often meditate on his infinite Dignity.—He is higher than the Heavens, and beyond all Imagination glorious. —The Principalities and Powers in heavenly Places, caſt their Crowns at his Feet.—What ſpeaks more than ten thouſand Letters, or ten thouſand Volumes could expreſs, " In Him dwells all the Fulneſs of the Godhead bodily."—O! how immenſely precious muſt be HIS Righteouſneſs! How all-ſufficient the Propitiation of HIS Death! How can We fail of Pardon? How can We doubt of Acceptance? If We are intereſted in his divinely excellent Merits,

To

To have a firm and delightful Truſt, that theſe Merits are *revealed* to Us; that theſe Merits (incomparably precious as they are) *belong* to Us; let Us meditate on ſuch Portions of Scripture: "He came into the World to ſave"—Whom? The upright and unblameable?—Then We might indeed deſpair—But He came into the World "to ſave Sinners." 1 *Tim.* i. 15.

———————*O! rejoice*
With more than common Joy, and ſet it down
In Gold on laſting Pillars.

SHAKESPERE.

Was there no other Diſcovery of free Grace in all the Bible, than this ſingle Text; it would render that bleſſed Book, the moſt ineſtimable Treaſure in the World. But, Thanks be to the divine Goodneſs, there are Multitudes of theſe charming Paſſages.—"He poured out his Soul," ſays the evangelical Prophet, *Iſai.* liii. 5.—for Whom? For the faultleſs and unblameable? No; but *for Tranſgreſſors:* who had Nothing to recommend them to his Mercy, but their Guilt and Miſery.—"He died," adds the Apoſtle, 1 *Pet.* iii. 18. "the Juſt for the Unjuſt." Yes, my Lady, that tranſcendently juſt and holy One, *laid down his Life*, that He might *juſtify the Ungodly*.

Are We not Ungodly? Are We not Tranſgreſſors? Are We not, both by Nature and by Practice, Sinners?—Your Ladyſhip, I hope, will excuſe the Freedom of my Speech. Nay, I am perſuaded, your diſcerning Judgment would blame my Unfaithfulneſs, and be diſpleaſed with my Conduct, if, on religious Points, I ſhould make thoſe Diſtinctions of Honour, which, on other Occaſions, I ſhall always obſerve.—I venture therefore to ſay again, Are We not Ungodly? Are We not Tranſgreſſors? Is not the Sinner's Name, our

unqueſtionable Character? If ſo; Chriſt came into the World to ſave *Us*. He poured out his Soul, to expiate *our* Iniquities. He died upon the Croſs, that *We* might reign in Glory.—For this, We have God's own Word, his moſt expreſs Word, his frequently repeated Word. And Heaven and Earth may paſs away, ſooner than one Jot or Tittle of his Word ſhall fail.

Let Us then, revolve theſe Truths in our Minds, not without intermingled Prayer to our Father in Heaven. And may that mighty, mighty God who ſtretched out the Heavens, and laid the Foundations of the Earth, ſay unto Us, Your Faith ſhall be eſtabliſhed. —Did I not often breathe theſe Wiſhes, and often turn theſe Wiſhes into Prayers, I ſhould be unworthy the Honour of profeſſing myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obedient and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XVII.

On his Recovery.—Mr. Romaine's Preaching.—Dr. Doddridge's dangerous Illneſs.

London, Nov. 7, 1751.

YOUR Ladyſhip's Favour was received, and your Commands are obeyed. The Letters, with which your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to honour me, are committed to the Fire. That conſuming Element has done to them, what, I truſt, the atoning Blood of Chriſt has done to our Sins. Who can recover the Papers, which the Flames have deſtroyed? They are, as though they had never been. So it fares with the Iniquities of true Believers: who *had fled*, who *do fly*, for Refuge to the Hope

Hope ſet before them, in the precious Propitiation of their dying Lord. They are obliterated and clean *done away*. *They ſhall not be mentioned unto them*, neither will their God *remember them any more*.

I am juſt come to *London*. Providence has brought me and my Brother's Family ſafe to *Miles's-Lane*.—The firſt Letter I wrote, after my Recovery from Sickneſs, was to pay my Duty to your Ladyſhip. And the firſt Uſe I make of my Pen, after my Return to Town, is, to tranſmit my grateful Acknowledgements. This I delayed, till my Arrival here; that, in caſe your Ladyſhip ſhould honour me with any Commands, they might not be conveyed to a wrong Place.

I once heard Mr. *Romaine* preach. He choſe for his Text, that very important and equally comfortable Scripture; "Being juſtified by Faith, We have Peace with God through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord."—From which He ſpoke upon our Saviour's vicarious Sufferings, and vicarious Obedience. Their abſolute Neceſſity, and their complete Sufficiency for our Juſtification.—I think, He touched upon the tranſcendent Excellency of the Bible. I well remember, He directed Us to the Illumination and Influence of the Divine Spirit; in order to underſtand its heavenly Meaning, and feel its ſacred Efficacy,—Points of the laſt Importance to our Happineſs! I heartily wiſh Him abundant Succeſs, in explaining and enforcing them to his thronged Auditories. And with no leſs Sincerity I wiſh, that your Ladyſhip may become, every Day, more thoroughly, more experimentally, more habitually acquainted with them.

I have no News, relating to my dear and excellent Friend, who is gone to ſound the Silver, the more than golden Trumpet of the Goſpel, through our *American* Colonies.—Dr. *S*——— informs me, that a Letter is arrived from Dr. *Doddridge*, with an Account, That the

the Doctor is very ill at a Village in the Neighbourhood of *Liſbon*. He thinks, We ſhall never ſee Him any more in *England*. The Departure of ſuch valuable Perſons, ſhould tend to wean Us from the World, and endear Heaven to our Affections. *Beza* ſaid, when He was told of *Calvin*'s Death; "Now I have a freſh Motive, to be as a Stranger on Earth, and to ſet my Affections on Things above."

I intended to have reſumed the Subject of my laſt, and to have made Faith, what the Apoſtle ſtyles *precious Faith*, the Subject of my Epiſtle. But I muſt be content to wait for this Satisfaction, till my Paper-Meſſengers are admitted to another Audience by your Ladyſhip.—You are pleaſed to enquire after my Health. Indeed, my Lady, it is like the Leaves that remain, ſcarcely remain, on ſome bleak-ſituated Elm. Your Ladyſhip's, I hope, will long continue, freſh and lively as the Ever-Green. And may the Dew of heavenly Benediction abide, both in Summer and in Winter, on your Branches!—I beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER XVIII.

On the various Effects of true Faith.

Mile's Lane, Nov. 17, 1751.

My Lady,

I CONFESS myſelf aſhamed, that your obliging Favour of the tenth Inſtant, ſhould continue ſo long without my grateful Acknowledgements. I hope, your Ladyſhip will aſcribe it to the true Cauſe, the many Infirmities that oppreſs my poor Conſtitution. I put off

off even this agreeable Office from Day to Day, flattering myſelf that the enſuing might reſtore my Spirits, and make my Pen leſs unfit to pay its Duty to your Ladyſhip.

I am extremely glad, if my ſuperficial Letters on the Subject of Faith, were in any Degree acceptable to your Ladyſhip. I have forgot the particular Contents; but am aſſured, both the Writer and the Writing are very much obliged to your Candour.—One Thing, I believe, ſhould have been added; namely, That Faith is *precious* in its *Fruits*. It is no dormant, but an active Principle. As Light never ceaſes to iſſue from the Sun, or Waters from a perennial Fountain; ſo, a holy Converſation, and a purified Heart, are the inſeparable Effects of a true Faith. *Thoſe* will always be more exemplary, in proportion as *this* is more lively.

Faith is characteriſed by the inſpired Penman, as *working by Love*. This is its happy Tendency, and this its generous Language;—"Has Chriſt been ſo inconceivably gracious to me? Surely then I ſhould be kind to my Fellow-creatures, and to his People.—Has He borne all my Sins on the Tree of his Croſs? Then let me bear with Patience, the Diſappointments which Providence may ordain; and bear with Meekneſs, the Diſreſpect which my Neighbours may offer.—Has He cloathed me with the Robe of his immaculate Righteouſneſs? How gladly then ſhould I cloath his poor Servants with the Fleeces of my Sheep, and accommodate them with the Superfluities of my Wealth!—Has He purchaſed Life and Immortality for ſo deſpicable a Creature, ſo vile a Sinner? Surely then I ſhould be zealous to glorify his bleſſed Name: ſhould employ my little Stock of Talents, to magnify his Majeſty, and further his ſacred Cauſe."—In this Faith may your Ladyſhip *grow exceedingly*.

I bleſs

I bleſs God for giving your Ladyſhip Peace and Tranquillity of Mind. It flows from this ſweet Perſuaſion, that God is our reconciled Father, and Chriſt our all-ſufficient Portion. This is what may be called in Mr. *Pope*'s beautiful ſtyle—

The Soul's calm Sun-ſhine, and the Heart-felt Joy.

This is that "Kingdom of God, which is not Meat and Drink," conſiſts in nothing external; but is "Righteouſneſs, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt:" Is a State of Peace and holy Joy, wrought by the Influences of the Holy Ghoſt, and founded upon the tranſcendently excellent Righteouſneſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. I cannot cloſe this Paragraph, without breathing the Apoſtle's emphatical Prayer; "May the Lord of Peace give You Peace always by all Means!"

Dull and Dark Times, as your Ladyſhip obſerves, very probably will take their Turn; in order to ſhew Us the Depravity that is in our Hearts, and the utter Impotence of our Nature; in order to endear the bleſſed Jeſus to our Affections, and teach Us our inexpreſſible Need of his Merits.—But, even in ſuch Moments, let Us not be caſt down. For, He who is the good Shepherd has promiſed, That "nothing ſhall pluck Us out of his Hand." He who is inviolably faithful has declared, That "having begun a good Work, He will perform it even unto the End." He who is infinitely powerful has aſſured Us, That all theſe Things, inſtead of obſtructing our Salvation, "ſhall work together for our Good."—Were We left to our own Strength, We ſhould infallibly be overcome and periſh. But this is our Security, We have an Advocate in Heaven, "who ever liveth to make Interceſſion for Us."—How willingly could I expatiate upon this delightful Topic! But I muſt deſiſt. May I be permitted to make it the Subject of a Letter, which, if I live, will wait upon your Ladyſhip

Ladyſhip with the Congratulations of the enſuing Solemnity?—In the mean Time, I ſhall not ceaſe to adore the God of all Grace, for rendering my little Books, in the ſmalleſt Meaſure, ſerviceable to your Ladyſhip; and ſhall implore (O! that I could do it more effectually!) every Bleſſing for your Ladyſhip, which my Gratitude can ſuggeſt, which your own Heart can wiſh, and which Chriſt has obtained for his People. In the Sincerity of theſe Words, I beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obliged and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XIX.

On the Origin and the divine Object of true Faith.

Miles's Lane, Nov. 23, 1751.

My Lady,

GIVE me Leave to enquire after your Ladyſhip's Health; and with my Enquiry to tranſmit my ſincereſt Wiſhes, that this, and every other Bleſſing, may be communicated, confirmed, and perpetuated to your Ladyſhip's Enjoyment.

When writing to your Ladyſhip, I would ſelect the moſt pleaſing, the moſt noble, and the moſt improving Subject. None that I can recollect, is more eminently poſſeſſed of theſe Qualities, than the Topic touched upon in my laſt. Which is therefore ſtyled by the Apoſtle, *precious Faith*. 'Tis precious, my Lady, with Reſpect to its Origin—its Object—and its Fruits.

Its *Origin* is divine. If you look for its Pedigree, it is to be found in Heaven. It is wrought in the Soul, not

not by the mere Force of Argument, not by any human Ability, but by the mighty Power of God, called, for that Reaſon, " Faith of the Operation of God." The " Arm of the Lord is ſaid to be revealed," exerted with almighty Energy, in order to make Sinners believe, with all their Hearts, the Report of the Goſpel. Of this St. *Paul* reminds his *Philippian* Converts, " To You it is given," as a ſingular Favour from above, " to believe on Chriſt."—Often therefore, my Lady, let Us implore this Bleſſing, from the beneficent Beſtower of all Good. Often let Us make that humble Confeſſion, and dart up that ardent Petition; " Lord, I believe: help Thou mine Unbelief!"

Its Object is Jeſus Chriſt. And who, or what ſo precious as Chriſt? None but Chriſt, None but Chriſt, was the frequent and favourite Profeſſion of a certain holy Man. " Whom have I in Heaven, but Thee," O bleſſed Immanuel? was the Language of *David*. And " there is None upon Earth, that I deſire in Compariſon of Thee." St. *Paul accounted all Things but Droſs, for the Excellency of the Knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus his Lord*.—For indeed " He is the Beloved of the Father, and the Hope of all the Ends of the Earth. In Him are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge," together with " unſearchable Riches" of Grace and Righteouſneſs. He is, in his Perſon, and all his Offices, wonderful, matchleſs, and adorable.—I cannot cloſe this Point more properly, than by turning St. *John*'s Declaration concerning Himſelf and his Fellow-chriſtians, into a Prayer for your Ladyſhip and Myſelf. May the God of all Goodneſs " give Us an Underſtanding," enlightened by his bleſſed Spirit; " that We may know Him that is true," the true Center of our Souls, and the true Source of our Happineſs. May We alſo " be in Him that is true, even in his Son Jeſus Chriſt;" united to Him by a living Faith, as the Scion is engrafted into the

the Tree, as the Members are incorporated with the Head.—Should any One aſk, Why We ſo earneſtly deſire this Union? What Adv ntage can reſult from its taking Place? The next Words are an Anſwer. "This is the true God, and eternal Life." This Perſon, is a Perſon of infinite Dignity, and none leſs than very God. This Knowledge, is a Bleſſing of unſpeakable Worth, and nothing leſs than everlaſting Felicity.

I perceive, I muſt not only cloſe the preceding Point, but conclude my Letter alſo, with this important and glorious Text. And it gives me a Pleaſure to conſider, that mean as the Letter is, what it quotes is invaluable: Though the Arrow be of Lead, it is tipt with Gold; with ſomething worthy of your Ladyſhip's Acceptance, and ſuited to that Reſpect, Eſteem, and Gratitude which are due to your Ladyſhip, from, My Lady,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER XX.

On the particular Spot where Chriſt was crucified.—Remarks on Chriſtmas.

My Lady,

I BEG Leave to return my Thanks to your Ladyſhip, for the Trouble You have taken in finding out and tranſmitting the Paſſage of Scripture, which You was pleaſed to mention, when I had the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Converſation. It is fully pertinent to the Purpoſe, for which it was produced. It proves, beyond all Diſpute, That the Temple was built by *Solomon* on *Mount Moriah*. But I queſtion, whether this is a ſatisfactory Proof, that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt was not crucified on the ſame Hill.

There

There might be a large extenſive Mountain, whoſe *general* Title was *Moriah*, while ſome *particular* Eminence was diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Calvary*. Probably, between this and the Temple, the Walls of the City intervened. If ſo, Criminals deſtined to Execution, might go without the City; might be put to Death on *Calvary*, and yet ſuffer on *Moriah*. As God is ſometimes ſaid to have delivered the Law on *Horeb*, ſometimes to have delivered it on *Sinai*. We have ſometimes an Account, that *Moſes* died on *Nebo*, ſometimes that he expired on *Piſgah*. And neither of theſe Accounts are contradictory: becauſe the former Names expreſs the whole mountainous Range; the latter ſignify ſome one remarkable Cliff.

Since I wrote the foregoing, I have conſulted Mr. *Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jeruſalem*; whoſe Determination is as clear, as his Authority is unqueſtionable. "*Calvary*, ſays He, is a ſmall Eminency or Hill upon the greater Mount of *Moriah*. It was anciently appropriated to the Execution of Malefactors, and therefore ſhut out of the Walls of the City, as an execrable and polluted Place."

Will your Ladyſhip permit me to lay aſide the Critic, and act the Chriſtian? To make one Obſervation on on that illuſtrious Sufferer, to whom the Mention of *Calvary* naturally leads our Thoughts.—How we pity the poor Criminals, that lie under Sentence of Death in the Cells of *Newgate!* We are apt to ſay within Ourſelves, We would not be in their Condition for the whole World. How then ſhould We be loſt in Wonder, and tranſported with Gratitude, on every Remembrance of the bleſſed Jeſus! Who came from the Heaven of Heavens, on purpoſe to be led out to Execution; reſigned his Royal Throne, on purpoſe to hang on the accurſed Tree. And by this moſt gracious, yet moſt tremendous Expedient, has delivered Us from ever-

laſting Infamy and Torment! Surely, We muſt relinquiſh true Politeneſs, We muſt caſhier all that is amiable and of good Report, if We forbear to love, or ceaſe to pleaſe, ſo infinitely compaſſionate a Redeemer.

Your Ladyſhip will have Multitudes to compliment You on the preſent Seaſon, and wiſh You a *merry Chriſtmas*. Give me Leave to wiſh You *all that* Joy, which the Prophet felt, when he cried out with a delighted Ardour; "To Us a Child is born! To Us a Son is given!" All the Glories of Heaven, unite in his wonderful Perſon. All the Happineſs of Eternity, is the Fruit of his meritorious Incarnation, Obedience, and Death.

I am in Doubt, now I have written theſe Lines, whether I ſhall preſume to put them into your Ladyſhip's Hand. Nor am I certain, that the Meſſage You was pleaſed to ſend in good Mr. *Whitefield*'s Letter, either requires or juſtifies ſuch an Addreſs. But to breathe out my beſt Wiſhes, and turn them into frequent Prayers for your Ladyſhip, this, I am aſſured, can never be unbecoming

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

moſt humble Servant.

LETTER XXI.

Remarks on the Greatneſs and Glories of the Saviour.

Miles's-Lane, Dec. 24, 1751.

My Lady,

PERMIT me, amidſt the Multitudes that will wiſh your Ladyſhip a happy *Chriſtmas*, to add my moſt ſincere Congratulations on the joyful Occaſion.—I con-

gratulate You alſo on a Sentiment, which was expreſſed in your Ladyſhip's laſt Letter. May it be more deeply engraven on your Heart Day by Day! I well remember the Subſtance, though your Ladyſhip's ſtrict Command has obliged me to deſtroy the original Words. They were to this Effect; *I know and feel, that I am not able to do the leaſt Thing, as of myſelf.*—I bleſs God, for giving your Ladyſhip this Conviction. This Senſe of human Weakneſs, diſpoſes us to wait for the Operation of divine Power. This is one Part of that Poverty of Spirit, to which is promiſed the Kingdom of Heaven, or all the Bleſſings of the glorious Goſpel. Theſe are the Perſons, that will *look unto* Chriſt, as the wounded *Iſraelites* to the brazen Serpent: will *fly to* Chriſt, as the Manſlayer of old to the City of Refuge: will *receive* Chriſt, as the condemned Malefactor receives a Pardon, or the ruined Bankrupt an Eſtate. They will be thankfully ſatisfied that He has done all *for* them: earneſtly deſirous, that Chriſt ſhould *do* all in them: and fully content, that Chriſt ſhould *be* all to them: all that can any Way relate to the infinitely important Work of Salvation.

Since then We *have* nothing, and *can do* nothing of Ourſelves; have We not Reaſon to rejoice in the Bleſſing, which is now commemorated? "For unto Us a Child is born, unto Us a Son is given, and the Government ſhall be upon his Shoulder: and his Name ſhall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

A Saviour ſo great, that the *Government is upon his Shoulder:* the Sceptre of ſupreme Authority is in his Hand; He has uncontroulable Power in Heaven and on Earth; and is *Head over all Things to his Church.*

So *glorious*, that his *Name is called Wonderful:* He is God and Man, in one matchleſs and marvellous Perſon; dwelling

dwelling in a Tabernacle of Clay, yet poſſeſſed of all the Fulneſs of the Godhead; like *Jacob*'s Ladder, whoſe Foot was fixed on Earth, while the Summit was loſt in the Skies.

So *gracious*, that He is the *Counſellor*; to inſtruct Us by his holy Word; to enlighten Us by his bleſſed Spirit; and make Us wiſe unto everlaſting Salvation.

The mighty God: to ſubdue our Iniquities; to put his Laws into our Hearts; and make Us Partakers of the divine Nature.

The Prince of Peace: reconciling us to his Father by his Death; making Peace by the Blood of his Croſs; and thereby laying a Foundation for that Peace, which the World cannot give, and which paſſes all Underſtanding.

The everlaſting Father: to cheriſh Us under the Wings of his Providence and Grace; to make all Things work together for our Good; and prepare for Us an Inheritance—even the Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Unſpeakably precious Bleſſings! May your Ladyſhip, by a true Faith, appropriate and be intereſted in them all! May You be enabled to ſay, with the undoubted Heirs of the Promiſe, "To Us a Child is born! To Us a Son is given!"—All-ſufficient, ever-bleſſed, immenſely kind Redeemer! May your Ladyſhip rejoice in Him, "according to the Joy of Harveſt; and as Men rejoice, when they divide the Spoil." As the Huſbandman rejoices, when he reaps his Harveſt, and gathers in the Fruit of his Toil: as the Soldier rejoices, when He has vanquiſhed his Enemy, and is enriching Himſelf with the Prey.

I ſhould have written upon another Subject. The grand Solemnity of the Seaſon diverted my Thoughts. My Engagement, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes, ſhall be performed in another Letter. In the mean Time, I

very willingly own, my Pen is in your Ladyſhip's Debt; but not half ſo much as my thankful Heart, for all the Favours which your Ladyſhip has conferred on,

My Lady,

Your moſt obedient,

moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXII.

On the Interceſſion of the Lord Jeſus.

Miles's-Lane, Jan. 7, 1752.

My Lady,

I HAVE the Pleaſure of preſenting to your Ladyſhip, on the Commencement of the new Year, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhing and noble Privileges of Chriſtianity, *The Interceſſion of Chriſt.* Which, in whatever Light We view it, is a moſt comfortable Doctrine: but, when conſidered in its full Extent, is an inexhauſtible Source of Conſolation. To do this, will be the pleaſing Employ of your Ladyſhip's own Meditations. To hint a few of its leading Properties, will be Buſineſs enough for the preſent Letter.

Who is it that intercedes?—Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous. In whoſe Mouth there was no Guile. Who did always thoſe Things, which were pleaſing to his heavenly Father.—If Men, that are encompaſſed with Infirmities, pray and prevail; how much more prevailing muſt *his* Interceſſion be, who is "holy, harmleſs, undefiled, and ſeparate from Sinners," in his Nature, in his Heart, and in all his Converſation.

To *whom* He prays.—To his own Father. Who declared by a Voice from Heaven his entire and infinite Com-

Complacency in ſo glorious a Son. If the poor Widow made Suit to an unjuſt Judge, and was heard: how aſſuredly may We conclude, that our bleſſed Advocate is heard, when He intercedes in our Behalf, with his own Father, with our Father—with the Father of everlaſting Compaſſions?

What He *pleads.*—He pleads his own Merits. His Interceſſion is founded on his Oblation. Therefore it is ſaid, "His Blood ſpeaketh better Things, than the Blood of *Abel.*" Which Text, at once, points out the Nature, and proves the Efficacy, of Chriſt's Interceſſion. He does not intercede by proſtrating Himſelf before the Throne, or making any verbal Supplication. But his very Appearance in Heaven, as a Lamb ſlain for Sinners, is a ſilent, a powerful Plea. As the Blood of *Abel* had a Voice, and cried aloud for Vengeance on the Murtherer: So, the Blood of Jeſus has a Voice in the Ear of God, and cries more loudly for Pardon, for Grace, for every ſpiritual Bleſſing, in Behalf of his People. If the Blood of one Saint cried with ſuch a forcible Importunity: O! what un-paralleled, what unknown Succeſs muſt attend the Cry of His Blood, who is King of Saints, and the Cauſe of all Sanctity!

For what He prays.—In his laſt ſolemn Addreſs to his almighty Father, He gives Us a Specimen of his Interceſſion, and a Sample (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) of the Bleſſings He implores. He prays—That We may be "ſanctified by the Truth"—That We may "be kept from Evil:" the Evil, that is in the World; and the Evil, that is in our Hearts - That We "may be one:" perfectly united to our divine Head, by a true Faith; and to One Another, by cordial Love—That We "may be with Him, where He is; and ſee His Glory," and rejoice in his Joy.

How often He intercedes—*Moſes* interceded for the *Iſraelites*, while they were in the Valley, fighting with

Amalek. But He could not continually carry on that important Work. Whereas our HIGH-PRIEST ever liveth to make Interceſſion for Us. There's no Interміſſion of his Suit.—When ſome foreign Ambaſſadors came, pretty early in the Morning, to have an Audience with *Alexander*; they were told, "His Majeſty was not ſtirring." Upon which, they expreſſed ſome Surpriſe, that a Potentate, who had ſo many, and ſuch momentous Affairs to manage, ſhould ſleep ſo long. The King, hearing of their Obſervation, ordered them to be informed; That, though "*He* ſlept, *Parmenio* waked." And though We ſleep, though we forget, too often forget Ourſelves, and our adored Redeemer: He, the great Keeper of *Iſrael*, neither ſlumbers, nor ſleeps; never, never forgets either Us, or our Intereſts. Nay, when We ſin through the deplorable Infirmity of our Nature, He ſtill appears in the Preſence of God for Us.

For whom He intercedes.—This is an Inquiry of the laſt Importance. "I pray not for the World," is his own Declaration. For Whom then? How ſhall We know, whether you and I are in the happy Number? Happy doubtleſs, they are, whom the great IMMANUEL remembers in his Kingdom. It would be a moſt deſirable Privilege, to be mentioned in the Prayers of all the eminent Saints in the World. But unſpeakably more deſirable, to have our Names written on the Palms of his Hands, whom the Father heareth always. Permit me to mention one Mark, whereby We may determine this Doubt. Has the Lord ſhed abroad in our Hearts a Spirit of Grace and Supplication for Ourſelves? This is a Fruit of Chriſt's Interceſſion; and a ſure Sign, that He has undertaken our Cauſe. We ſhould never hear the reflected Echo, if there was not firſt the direct Sound. And We ſhould never have theſe Breathings after God and Glory, if the bleſſed Jeſus had not acted as our Advocate with the Father.

What

What Uſe may We make of this Doctrine?—It ſhould encourage Us to pray: and to pray in Faith, nothing doubting. "Having a great High-Prieſt, that is paſſed into the Heavens, Jeſus the Son of God, let Us come boldly to the Throne of Grace, that We may obtain Mercy, and find Grace to help in Time of Need." Men love to go there, where they are ſure to be welcome, and expect to receive ſignal Benefits. Why then ſhould we not delight to draw nigh unto the King immortal, inviſible, through the Interceſſion of Chriſt: who preſents our Prayers, poor as they are; adds the rich Perfume of his own Merits; and ſays, "Father, if I have merited aught by my Obedience unto Death, accept theſe Supplications. Reward Me, by bleſſing my People." Who could doubt of a favourable Acceptance, if the Lord Jeſus was to plead thus in behalf of our Petitions? But he pleads in a Manner, infinitely more prevailing, than theſe, than any, than all Words can expreſs.

This ſhould encourage Us to hope for Salvation; to hope, and be in nothing terrified. For thus it is written; and the Writing is of more Worth, than all the Deeds in the World; "Wherefore He is able to ſave them to the uttermoſt, who come unto God by Him, ſeeing He ever liveth, to make Interceſſion for them." *He liveth to make Interceſſion*, on purpoſe to perform this beneficent Work. As though it were one main End of his Life, to execute this bleſſed Office. Surely then it will be executed with the greateſt Fidelity, and with the greateſt Succeſs.—With ſuch Succeſs, that *He is able to ſave to the uttermoſt*. What a conſolatory Saying is this! One of the choiceſt Cordials of the Goſpel. Let Us caſt our Burthen upon the Lord Jeſus, and no Circumſtances ſhall render our Salvation impracticable, no, not ſo much as difficult. "He can ſave from all

Guilt, be it ever ſo heinous; from all Sins, be they ever ſo numerous; from all Enemies, be they ever ſo formidable;" and to the very End of our Warfare, be it ever ſo long, or ever ſo ſharp: which puts me in Mind of one Advantage more, derivable from this invaluable Article of our Faith.

It ſhould give Us a chearful Truſt of perſevering unto the End. Our Lord ſays, "Simon, Simon, Satan has deſired to have You, that He may ſift You as Wheat." And what was *Simon Peter*'s Security? His own Vigilance? His own Reſolution? No: but his divine Maſter's Interceſſion. "I have prayed for Thee," adds the compaſſionate Redeemer, "therefore thy Faith ſhall not fail." The Interceſſion of Chriſt, is as a Wall of Fire around his People. By this they are kept, as by an impregnable Garriſon. We can never lay too little Streſs on our own Performances, or our own Abilities; and never confide too much in Chriſt's Righteouſneſs, and Chriſt's Interceſſion. Surely, his Interceſſion muſt prevail above all the Powers of Hell, above all the Temptations of the World, and all the Corruptions of our treacherous Hearts.—Bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be that ſovereign Grace, which has brought your Ladyſhip to know, to believe in, to love this all glorious Interceſſor! May your Knowledge become clearer, your Faith ſtronger, and your Love warmer, every Day and every Hour, till, being protected by his Interceſſion, and guided by his Spirit, You are received into the Kingdom of his Glory.

Several Inſtances of Condeſcenſion and Generoſity I have received from your Ladyſhip. I muſt now take Leave to ſolicit another. Which is, that your Ladyſhip will not only excuſe the Length of my Letter, but admit it as the Meaſure of my Reſpect, Eſteem, and Gratitude. Then I ſhall look back on my Prolixity,

not

not with Pain, but with Pleaſure; if it may ſhew, how very much I am, My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXIII.

On concealing her Letters—On the Excellency of the Knowledge of Chriſt.

Miles's Lane, Jan. 18, 1752.

PARDON me, my honoured Lady, for ſuffering a Letter from your Ladyſhip, to be in my Poſſeſſion a whole Week, without a grateful Acknowledgment of the Favour. I have been partly out of Order; partly engaged in Buſineſs; partly detained by Company.

I humbly thank your Ladyſhip, for offering to employ your Intereſt, in behalf of my Friends or myſelf. I hope, I ſhall always retain a due Senſe of the Kindneſs, even though I ſhould have no Occaſion to put your Ladyſhip to the Trouble. I bleſs the God of Heaven, I want for Nothing. Nothing, unleſs it be a Heart more deeply and devoutly affected with his moſt undeſerved Goodneſs. My Brother alſo, at whoſe Houſe I live, is in a Courſe of Buſineſs, flouriſhing and proſperous, as can be wiſhed.

I beg Leave to aſſure your Ladyſhip, I am ſo far from divulging the Contents of your Letters, that I do not ſo much as mention the Receipt of them. And for two Reaſons; leſt ſuch a Practice ſhould foment a Spirit of Pride in me, and be prejudicial to your Ladyſhip's Character, as degrading Yourſelf, in vouchſafing to converſe with ſo mean a Perſon; and one that paſſes, perhaps,

perhaps, for a Favourer of that queer Generation, called Methodiſts. One that is with them in his Heart, though hampered and withheld from acting, by a languiſhing Conſtitution. I would have very, very little Concern for my own Credit, but be tenderly ſolicitous for your Ladyſhip's. Though after all, the Honour that comes from this World, is ſcarce worth our Purſuit or our Wiſh. The Approbation of the King of Heaven, is our only, only Glory. May your Ladyſhip be owned by Him, at that all-important Day, when He ſhall " come to be glorified in his Saints, and admired in all them that believe !"

How glad am I to hear your Ladyſhip ſaying, I now deſire to ſpeak of nothing but Religion, and its precious Truths ! May your Ladyſhip be more and more determined, " to know Nothing but Jeſus Chriſt, and Him crucified." It is One of the wiſeſt Reſolutions, and was made by One of the greateſt, happieſt, and beſt of Men.—I rejoice alſo to find, that " You have taſted, That the Lord is gracious." " Cleave to Him," my Lady, " with full Purpoſe of Heart;" and " You ſhall ſee greater Things than theſe." For the Love of Chriſt, even to the weakeſt Believer, is inexpreſſible, unmeaſurable, inconceivable. You will ſee a Sketch of it, *Matt.* xii. 20.—a clearer Proof of it, *Iſai.* xl. 11.—a ſtill richer Diſplay of it, *Iſai.* xlix. 15.

I ſhould have tranſcribed theſe ſeveral Paſſages: but I apprehend, it will be more pleaſing to your Ladyſhip, and render the Scriptures more impreſſive, to collect them with your own Hand. As it is more agreeable to gather a Nectarine from the Tree, or a Pink from the Parterre, than to have the one ſerved up on the Salver, or the other preſented in a Noſegay. I hope, the bleſſed Spirit of God will make the charming and reviving Texts, unſpeakably more reliſhing to your Ladyſhip, than the moſt delicious Fruits; and incomparably

parably more delightful, than the moſt fragrant Flowers. —I intended to have enlarged upon that ſweeteſt and nobleſt of all Subjects, the Love of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; but I perceive, it will lead me into too great a Length. For this Reaſon, I deſiſt at preſent. But I hope, your Ladyſhip will not forbid me the Honour and Pleaſure of writing to You again, within a little Time. When I purpoſe to ennoble, by this moſt excellent and glorious Topic, the otherwiſe unworthy Letter of,

My Lady, your Ladyſhip's
very much obliged,
and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

On Mr. Whitfield's Voyage to America.—On the Love of Chriſt.—It's Original.—Commencement.—Duration.—Effect and Fruits.

Miles's-Lane, Feb. 4, 1752.

My Lady,

ON Saturday in the Afternoon, I promiſed myſelf a ſingular Pleaſure, the Pleaſure of writing to your Ladyſhip. But was hindered from enjoying it, by Company which could not be left, and by Buſineſs which could not be poſtponed.—I preſume, your Ladyſhip has heard, that News is arrived from Mr. Whitefield. That He had a ſafe and ſpeedy Voyage. Was in Health, and found all Things in good Condition at the Orphan-Houſe.—I had no Letter. I think, he wrote but two. And this, as far as I can learn, is the moſt material of what they contained.—His Account puts

puts me in mind of that ineſtimable Promiſe, made to the Patriarch, at a very critical and dangerous Period of his Life; "Fear not, Abram: I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward." Part of which is moſt beautifully paraphraſed by the firſt Genius of our Nation, and applied to all Believers.

How are thy Servants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their Defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their Guide,
Their Guard Omnipotence.

I think, my Lady, You have a Note under my Hand, for a few Thoughts on *The Love of Chriſt*. How glad am I to pay, as far as my Ability will reach, all my Obligations to your Ladyſhip! Eſpecially when they are of a Nature ſo peculiarly pleaſing. Shall we then conſider

The *Original* of his Love? It is free; perfectly free; without any Deſert, or the leaſt Amiableneſs in Us. We love our kind Friends, and generous Benefactors; thoſe that are accompliſhed in Themſelves, or ſerviceable to our Intereſts. But Chriſt loved Us, when We were *Sinners*; when We were *forgetful* of Him; nay, *Enemies* to Him, by evil Tempers, and wicked Works. He loved Us (O ſovereign, moſt unmerited Kindneſs!) when We deſerved *nothing*, but utter Abhorrence, and eternal Vengeance.

The *Commencement* of his Love. His Love is not of Yeſterday. His Love, like his Outgoings, is from everlaſting. "I have loved Thee," ſays He to his Church, "with an everlaſting Love." We value the Affection, that is of long ſtanding; has taken deep Root; and ſtill continues unſhaken. "How excellent, then, is thy Loving-Kindneſs," O bleſſed Jeſus! which, "before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the Earth

Earth and the World were made," was fixed upon ſinful Duſt! O! that We, my Lady, ſhould be in the Thoughts, be upon the very Heart, of God's adorable Son, even from the Ages of Eternity!

The *Duration* of his Love. It is invariable and eternal. "Having loved his own, He loveth them even unto the End." It neither began with Time, neither will it end with Time. As no Worthineſs in Us cauſed it; ſo neither will our Failings extinguiſh it; no, nor our Infirmities damp it. We change frequently; our holy Frames fail; but our adored Redeemer is the "ſame Yeſterday, to Day, and for ever." Fear not then, my honoured Lady; "neither Life nor Death, nor Things preſent, nor Things to come, nor any other Creature, ſhall be able to ſeparate Us from the" ever tender, the ever conſtant, the ever triumphant *Love of God* our Saviour.

The *Effects* of his Love. It brought Him from the Heaven of Heavens, to dwell in Clay, and be lodged in a Manger. It brought Him from thoſe happy Manſions, where is the *Fulneſs of Joy*, and where *are Pleaſures for evermore*; to be *deſtitute*, *afflicted*, *tormented* in this Vale of Tears. O my Lady, it made Him, who is Heir of all Things, not to have where to lay his Head; till he was ſtretched on the racking Croſs, and laid in the Gloom of the Grave. Unparalleled and ſtupendous! *Who can declare the noble Acts of the* Redeemer's Love, *or ſhew forth all his Praiſe?*

The *Fruits* of this Love. To this is owing all the Good We poſſeſs, or expect; every ſpiritual and heavenly Bleſſing. If our Eyes are enlightened, in any Degree, to ſee the Things that belong to our Peace: if our Deſires are awakened, to ſeek the "Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away:" for this We are indebted to the Love and Grace of Chriſt.

If

If We are ſanctified in Part, and deſirous to grow in true Godlineſs: if We are perfectly juſtified before God, and adopted to be his Sons and Daughters: theſe alſo are Streams, which iſſue from that inexhauſtible Fountain, THE LOVE OF CHRIST. As it was ſtronger than Death, in its Actings and Sufferings; it is richer than all Worlds in its precious, precious Fruits. All the inconceivable and everlaſting Joys of the glorified State, are its Purchaſe and its Gift.

Juſtly, therefore, does the Scripture make Uſe of all the endearing Relations, that ſubſiſt among Mankind, to repreſent the Love of Chriſt. Great is the Love of a Friend; greater the Love of a Brother; greater ſtill the Love of a Parent; greateſt of all the Love of a Bridegroom: but infinitely greater than any, than all, is the Love of the ever bleſſed Immanuel to his People. When all has been ſaid, all has been imagined; it tranſcends every Compariſon; it exceeds all Thought; or, as St. *Paul* ſpeaks, "it paſſes Knowledge."—May your Ladyſhip have more and more exalted Apprehenſions of it; and live under a delightful Senſe of its Richneſs and Perpetuity!—May it be your ſweet Incitement to every Duty, and your ſovereign Cordial under all Tribulation!—And when Eternity, the vaſt Eternity opens, it ſhall be, in a Senſe that no Heart can conceive, your Crown of Rejoicing; your exceeding great Reward.—And, I hope, You will ſometimes pray, that it may be the preſent Comfort, and eternal Joy of, My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

and moſt dutiful humble Servant.

P. S. May I aſk, whether your Ladyſhip has ſeen a little Collection of Poems, entitled *Viſions?* They are extremely elegant: compoſed in a high and finiſhed Taſte;

Taſte; perfectly moral and virtuous; and want Nothing but a little of the Savour of *that Name*, which is as Ointment poured forth. The Author reckons me in the Number of his Friends; and I ſhould be glad to do Him any Service. [He has a very large Family, and no very affluent Circumſtances. He is going to ſell the Copy; and a quick Demand for the preſent Edition, would conſiderably encreaſe the Price.] Could your Ladyſhip ſpeak a recommending Word for them to the polite World? I dare venture to aſſure your Ladyſhip, it will be no Derogation to the Delicacy of your Judgment.

LETTER XXV.

On a providential Eſcape from a Fire.

Miles's Lane, Feb. 19, 1752.

My Lady,

YESTERDAY I received the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Letter; and, grateful for that, pleaſe myſelf with the Proſpect of another, which your Ladyſhip has given me Reaſon to expect, before the Expiration of the Week.

As your Ladyſhip was juſt going into the Country, when You put Pen to Paper, I cannot but follow You thither, or wait upon You there, with my very beſt Wiſhes, That the God of all Goodneſs may "bleſs your Going out, and Coming in, from this Time forth for evermore." That wherever You reſide, He may be ever near You, by his enlightening, comforting, ſanctifying Preſence.

On Sunday laſt, in the Afternoon, we were greatly alarmed. A Fire broke out in a Sugar-Baker's Work-Houſe,

Houſe, to which a Part of my Brother's Dwelling-Houſe joins. We were all Confuſion and Conſternation; almoſt ſmothered with Smoke; and crouded by the Mob. Three Engines playing from various Parts of our Houſe, and ſeveral others pouring in Water from other Quarters, by the Bleſſing of God, kept under the raging Element, and in a few Hours extinguiſhed it.—It put me in Mind of that tremendous Day, when "the Heavens ſhall paſs away with a great Noiſe, when the Elements will melt with fervent Heat, and the Earth with all the Works that are therein ſhall be burnt up." Then, when the Poſſeſſions of the Mighty ſhall be no where found; may your Ladyſhip have *a Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens!* When the Wealth of the Covetous ſhall come utterly to an End; may your Ladyſhip enjoy an "Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

To the Satisfaction I receive in forming theſe Wiſhes, give me Leave, my Lady, to add the further Pleaſure of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful

humble Servant.

LETTER XXVI.

Reflections and Improvements on Sickneſs.

Miles's-Lane, Feb. 25, 1752.

My Lady,

I AM ſincerely ſorry, to hear of your Ladyſhip's Indiſpoſition. This, I hope, may venture to congratulate You, on a thorough Recovery.—Theſe Diſorders

of the earthly Tabernacle, are Pre-monitions of its final Diſſolution. They have every one a Voice, and this is their Meaning; thus they addreſs our Affections: "Ariſe, and depart, for Here is not your Reſt. Theſe Tenements of Clay will ſoon fail. But there is a City, whoſe Foundations will never be removed. There are Manſions, from which the happy Inhabitants will never be diſpoſſeſſed. Theſe the bleſſed Jeſus has purchaſed for You, by his precious Blood. Theſe He has prepared for You, by his almighty Power. Beſeech—O! beſeech Him, to make You meet for them, by his ſanctifying Spirit."

What ſhall I ſay, my Lady, concerning the Honour You intended me? It is greater than I could have expected.—And, what, concerning the Honour to which you invite me? It is with unfeigned Regret, that I cannot accept it.—I have been a Fellow-Sufferer with your Ladyſhip. Have had a violent Cold, attended with feveriſh Symptoms. Which ſtill hang about me; and I am ſometimes apprehenſive, will deliver me over to the Phyſician. This Diſorder, it is thought, was catched, on the Day of our late Conſternation and Danger. When I was driven from my Home; and in order to avoid the Fire, was obliged to wade through Water.

Water and *Fire*, put me in Mind of thoſe terrible Deſolations, which were once made by the Inſtrumentality of theſe Elements. When God made them the Sword of Vengeance, to deſtroy a degenerate World, and four polluted Cities. I mention this, becauſe it leads our Thoughts to that beneficent and glorious Perſon, who delivers from the Wrath to come. Who, in both theſe Caſes, was particularly typified; in the one, by the *Ark*; in the other, by *Zoar* or the Mountain. O! my Lady, let Us fly to Him—cleave to Him—make our Boaſt of Him—and rejoice in Him—You

know his Name. May your Ladyſhip know more and more of the Riches of his Goodneſs and the Power of his Grace! Till You ſee Him, and dwell for ever with Him, in that happy World, where the "Inhabitants ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick." There, I hope, through the Blood of the everlaſting Covenant, to meet your Ladyſhip: and no longer tire You with the diſagreeable Mention of my Indiſpoſitions, but join with You in loving, adoring, and magnifying that dear, divinely excellent Jeſus, "who loved Us, and waſhed Us from our Sins in his own Blood." To his infinitely tender Care I commit your Ladyſhip, and beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with the greateſt Reſpect, and ſincereſt Gratitude,

Your Ladyſhip's obliged,
and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXVII.

Remarks on the Execution of a Soldier, applied to the divine Mercy.

Miles's-Lane, March 23, 1752.

WILL your Ladyſhip give me Leave, to tranſmit in Writing, what I heard in Converſation? An Event that lately happened; and told by a Perſon, who was Eye-Witneſs to the Whole.

A Soldier was condemned to be executed for Deſertion. A young Man, in the Prime of Life, with the Bloom of Health on his Countenance.—Being come to the Place of Execution, He prepared Himſelf for Death, without any apparent Emotion of Fear: opened his Breaſt, without any Change of Countenance; and drew the

the Cap over his Eyes, without the leaſt Trepidation in his Limbs.—Six of his Comrades were draughted out, and ordered to advance ſoftly forwards. Being come within four Yards of the Criminal, they received the Signal to fire; and ſhot each his Ball quite through the Body.—After this, the Corpſe, with the Face uncovered, and the Wounds bleeding, was extended on the Ground; and the whole Regiment, to make the Terror more impreſſive, marched over its Legs. The Sight was ſo awful, that one of the Soldiers fainted away, as He paſſed by the diſmal Spectacle; and the Account ſo affecting, that I obſerved the Tears ſtealing down the Cheeks of a Lady, where it was related.

Will not this help Us, my Lady, to form ſome faint Apprehenſion of God Almighty's tender and amazing Love in Chriſt Jeſus?—When We had deſerted his Service, and rebelled againſt his Majeſty, not once, nor twice only, but Times out of Number; did He paſs Sentence of Death upon Us? No: He exerciſed all Long-ſuffering towards Us.—Inſtead of condemning Us, He deputed his own Son, to be condemned and to ſuffer in our Room. He reſigned the dearly beloved of his Soul, the immaculate and bleſſed Jeſus, to receive all the Arrows of Vengeance into his Heart; to become a pale, bloody, mangled Corpſe; a Spectacle of Miſery to Angels and Men: on purpoſe, that We might go free; that We might be delivered from Puniſhment; and be made Heirs of eternal Happineſs.

O adorable Kindneſs! To ſpare ſuch Rebels; freely to pardon, and fully to forgive them!—Still more adorable and ſtupendous! to raiſe them from the Block, to the higheſt Preferments in Heaven! to exalt them from the Stake to a glorious Crown, and an everlaſting Kingdom!—But, to ſurrender his illuſtrious and divine Son, to die in their Place; this is Loving-Kindneſs, unutterable and inconceivable. Language cannot ex-

preſs it. Thought is unable to reach it. May your Ladyſhip never forget it: continually admire it: and be habitually influenced by it!—He who with-held not his Son, but gave Him up for Us and our Salvation, will He not with Him alſo freely give Us all Things? That He may give your Ladyſhip all the Bleſſings of the Goſpel of Peace, is the Heart's Deſire, and the earneſt Prayer of,

My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and dutiful Servant.

P. S. You have heard, I preſume, from our excellent Friend in *America*. I think, He could not forget your Ladyſhip, as He remembered me. My Letter was very ſhort, as He was in great Doubt, whether it would find me in the Land of the Living. Nothing at all material, only an Account of his own Welfare, otherwiſe I would have taken the Pleaſure of communicating it to your Ladyſhip.

LETTER XXVIII.

On his even State of Mind.—On the Mercy of the Saviour.

Miles's-Lane, March 31, 1752.

MADAM,

YESTERDAY, in the Evening, I received your Ladyſhip's Letter; and the firſt Thing I do this Morning, is to return my Thanks, for the Honour it did me, and the Pleaſure it gave me.

You may depend upon it, I always appear, in my Letters to your Ladyſhip, with one of my beſt Frames

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of Mind: juſt as I ſhould appear in Perſon, was I able to wait upon your Ladyſhip with my ſpruceſt Suit of Cloaths. But it is not always Sunſhine and Serenity in my Breaſt. Neither is it always Purity and Harmony in my Temper. I have ſo much Vanity, and ſo many Follies; ſuch ſtupid Inattention, and odious Ingratitude; ſuch ſtubborn Irreſignation, and unconquerable Pride; ſuch frequent Sallies of fooliſh Deſire, and Workings of evil Affection; above all, ſuch un-reaſonable Unbelief in the Merits of my Saviour, and the Promiſes of my God; that I ſhould not bear to have any One acquainted with the Tranſactions of my Heart. Any, but that tender, indulgent, gracious God, who conſiders "whereof We are made; who remembers that We are but Duſt;" and whoſe Mercy is as his Majeſty, exceedingly great and infinite. At his adorable Feet I would lye very very low; and make, from the Bottom of my depraved Soul, the poor Leper's Confeſſion, *Unclean! Unclean!* God almighty is pleaſed, of his ſingular Goodneſs, to preſerve me from any very ſcandalous Out-breakings of Corruption; but I am often exerciſed with inward Trials; have often Reaſon to complain, "when I would do Good, Evil is preſent with me."

This, my Lady, I believe, the wiſe and gracious God permits—That He may ſhew Us, what is in our Heart: that *it is deceitful and deſperately wicked*; and may bring Us off from all Self-Admiration, to *abhor Ourſelves in Duſt and Aſhes*.—That He may teach Us to prize our glorious Advocate and Surety more highly; to renounce our wretchedly imperfect Selves more thoroughly; and place our whole Affiance on his Son's precious Blood, and immaculate Righteouſneſs.—That He may quicken our Deſires after brighter and more transforming Manifeſtations of Chriſt; after richer and more efficacious Communications of his Spirit.—That

He may wean our Affections more and more from this diſordered State, and render Us leſs unwilling to be diſſolved. To be diſſolved, and enter into that happy World, where all Ignorance will be diſpelled; all Corruption deſtroyed; and We ſhall love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, not only in Sincerity, but with everlaſting Ardour.

At ſuch Seaſons, I think it beſt my Lady, to beware of too much Diſquietude and Anxiety. I remember ſome Expreſſions, that dropped from a dear Friend, when I had the Honour of being in your Ladyſhip's Company at the Counteſs *Delitz*'s, which tended to cheriſh this drooping, diſconſolate Diſpoſition. As though We ought to be ſcourged with the Laſhes of Conſcience, and hang down our Heads as a Bulruſh.—But why ſhould We covet to be ſcourged? when our divine Maſter was wounded for theſe Sins, and bruiſed for theſe Iniquities? Will our Uneaſineſs, and ſelf-tormenting Cares add any Thing to the Value of Chriſt's Atonement?—Or, ſhall We indulge the inward Diſtreſs, in order to humble our Minds? It will ſadden them; enervate them; diſcourage their Addreſſes to the Source of Good; and have juſt ſuch an Effect upon them, as the Failure of animal Spirits has upon the Body. And whether this Failure of animal Spirits, fits the Body for any one Inſtance of Service, or any one Species of Enjoyment, let thoſe, who have experienced the Change, judge.—No, my Lady; the trueſt Humility, the moſt genuine Abaſement, is grounded on a Senſe of our ever-bleſſed Redeemer's Love. He that is high above all Height, "humbled Himſelf to Death, even the Death of the Croſs," that He might make Expiation for theſe Offences. When We are properly impreſſed with this aſtoniſhing and delightful Truth, it will ſink Us in Humiliation, even while it exalts Us in Hope. If We obſerve the Scales of a Balance; the higher the

the One aſcends, the lower proportionably the other drops. So, the more We advance in this Faith, the more We ſhall encreaſe in Poverty of Spirit.

Therefore, when ſuch Temptations occur, when ſuch Defilements ariſe, don't be deſirous, honour'd Madam, of dwelling upon the afflicting Conviction of ſhameful Guilt, and abominable Vileneſs; but turn the Eye of your Mind to the bleeding, agonizing, dying Jeſus. Get rid of the Fear and the Diſtreſs, by a firm aſſured Belief, That the King of Heaven has ſmarted for theſe Follies: that the Lord of Life has ſuffered Death for theſe Sins: and the Prince of Peace poured out his Blood for theſe Tranſgreſſions. That, though they are diſpleaſing to the divine Majeſty; it will be much more diſpleaſing, if We diſbelieve the Truth of his Word, or diſtruſt the Efficacy of his beloved Son's Propitiation. —Thus, my Lady, fight the good Fight of Faith, and "overcome through the Blood of the Lamb." By ſuch a repeated Application of his all-ſufficient infinite Merits, I hope, You will find your Soul cheared, refreſhed, and filled with Abundance of Peace. Then, I am perſuaded, You will find Yourſelf, like a Perſon that has ſhook off the Manacles from his Hands, or thrown a heavy Load from his Shoulders, far more free, enlarged, and active in the Ways of the Lord.

My Comfort on ſuch Occaſions, is principally derived from turning ſuch Scriptures as the following into ſecret Prayer; *Hoſ.* xiv. 4. *Zech.* xiii. 1. *Heb.* ix. 13, 14. 1 *John* ii. 1, 2.

And do not let Us ſuſpect, that the Lord Jeſus abhors Us for ſuch Infirmities, though undoubtedly ſinful. No; He is a faithful and compaſſionate High-Prieſt. He was tempted in all Things like as We are, yet without Sin. He will therefore graciouſly receive Us; reveal Himſelf to Us; and ſay to Us by his bleſſed

Spirit, "Son, Daughter, be of good Chear: I have died for all thy Miſdoings."—Should Lord ———, in his Journey to *Bath*, have the Misfortune to fall from his Horſe, or be over-turned in his Coach, and make his Appearance before the Counteſs, beſmeared with Blood, disfigured with Dirt, and torn with Wounds; would her Ladyſhip loath Him on this Account? Quite the reverſe. Her Bowels would yearn; ſhe would feel Compaſſion added to her Affection; and gently wipe away the Blood, and tenderly take Care of the Wounds. Such, or rather unſpeakably more condeſcending and gracious will our Lord's Reception of Us be, when We come weary, heavy laden, and defiled with Guilt, to find Reſt in his Merits. He vouchſafes to call Himſelf our *everlaſting Father*; and will never, never be outdone by any earthly Parent in the Exerciſe of Compaſſion and Goodneſs.

Poor ——— has ſome odd Tempers: which make her many Enemies. So many, that, I believe, She is almoſt as univerſally diſliked, as her amiable Huſband is loved. But I am apt to think, People aggravate her Weakneſſes. Ah! my Lady, 'tis an unkind World. It delights to propagate defamatory Reports; and the Ball of Cenſure, always gathers as it rolls. Where is that loveliеſt of Virtues, Charity? We ſee Her charmingly pourtrayed by the fineſt Pencil under Heaven; 1 *Cor.* xiii. But when, how rarely at leaſt, do we ſee Her tread the Stage of Life, or enter the Circle of Converſation? Oh! that, commiſſioned by her great Maſter and Pattern, She may dwell in your Ladyſhip's Heart, and not be an utter Stranger to mine!

I ſincerely wiſh, that the Counteſs D., and all the Perſonages of Diſtinction, who have taſted that the Lord is gracious, may grow in Grace; may be filled with the Spirit; and be valiant in the Cauſe, zealous for the Intereſts, of Jeſus of *Nazareth*. All the Hoſts

of

of Heaven adore Him; and ſhall We, Creatures of the Ground, be aſhamed to own Him? Angels, Men, and Devils, ſhall bow the Knee to Him, at the laſt Day; and ſhall We, in this our Day, bluſh to acknowledge our Relation to Him?

We have, doubtleſs, many Enemies, and probably ſhall not ceaſe to be aſſaulted with Temptations, ſo long as We continue in this Wilderneſs. But let Us not fear, my Lady. We have a Captain and a Guide, who is as gracious as we could wiſh; far more gracious than We can think. Hear his own Words; and may his own Spirit write them upon your Ladyſhip's Heart: "For I, ſaith the Lord, will be unto Her a Wall of Fire round about, and will be the Glory in the Midſt of Her." *Zech.* ii. 5. Only let Us look unto Him; walk cloſely with him; and, like good *Hezekiah*, (of whom I have juſt been reading) cleave unto Him.

I aſſure You, my Lady, I ſhould loſe a ſignal Satisfaction, as well as offend highly againſt Gratitude, if I ſhould ceaſe to pray for your Increaſe in Faith, in Holineſs, and in Joy. And I have the Comfort to think, the dearly beloved Son of God, Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous, ever liveth to make Interceſſion for your Ladyſhip, and alſo (as his Grace and Truth oblige me to believe) for

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged
and dutiful Servant.

P. S. I have tired my own Hand, and, I fear, have tired your Ladyſhip's Patience. I ſhould not at all regret the one, if your Ladyſhip will excuſe the other.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

On the Death of his Father, and his taking the Living of Weſton.

Tottenham, May 19, 1752.

I BEG Leave to pay my moſt grateful Reſpects to your Ladyſhip once more; being upon the Point to remove into *Northamptonſhire*. It has pleaſed God to take my honoured Father to Himſelf. So that I am obliged to depart from my preſent Situation; and, if I can bear the Journey, and undergo the Fatigue, to take the Living of *Weſton*. O! that I had Strength of Conſtitution, to watch over a Flock, and feed them with the Milk of the Word! But the Will of the Lord is beſt. He employs whom He will employ, and whom He will He lays aſide. Wiſe and righteous are all His Ways.

'Tis very probable, I ſhall never have the Pleaſure of ſeeing your Ladyſhip again, on this Side the everlaſting Habitations. My enfeebled State renders me like an aged Tree, which muſt continue, where it is fixed: to tranſplant it, or to remove it, is to kill it.—O my Lady, my honour'd Lady, let Us, with thoſe Believers of old, "cleave to the Lord with full Purpoſe of Heart." Cleave to that ever-bleſſed and all-gracious Lord, who bore all our Sins in his own Body on the Tree: who fulfilled all Righteouſneſs for our Juſtification; and ever liveth to make Interceſſion for Us.—Let Us "remember Him in the Night-Seaſon, and think upon Him when We are waking." Let Us converſe with Him by ſilent Supplication, and believing Communion. Let Us look to Him as our amiable Pattern, and depend upon Him as our all-ſufficient Propitiation. Let Us live upon Him, and rejoice in Him. That when

when the Hour of our Diſſolution approaches, We may not change our Company, not change our Employ, but only change the Place of our Abode.—Then, my Lady, I ſhall hope to welcome You (for in this *one* Inſtance You muſt give me Leave to go before You) into the "Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens." —Till then, my beſt Prayers will ever attend your Ladyſhip: I ſhall wiſh for your Ladyſhip's Happineſs as ardently as for my own: and ſhall always be ambitious of profeſſing myſelf

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful,

moſt grateful humble Servant.

LETTER XXX.

On his Journey thither.—Willingneſs to print in Defence of Scripture.

Weſton, May 23, 1752.

My Lady,

I AM juſt arrived at *Weſton*, after a pleaſant Journey, in an eaſy Coach, and cool Weather. But much fatigued, though We allowed two Days for about ſeventy Miles. May the gracious God, who has brought Us ſafe, both make and keep Us thankful!

See! my Lady, How almoſt every Thing reminds Us, that Here We have no continuing City; but are Pilgrims and Sojourners below. In Heaven is our true Home. There everlaſting Reſt is to be enjoyed. There Sickneſs and Sin are baniſhed. And there the once crucified, but now exalted Jeſus, dwells and reigns for ever.—There may your Ladyſhip's Affections be fixed!

And

And in this Practice may I be ſo wiſe as to imitate You: in that Place may I be ſo happy as to meet You.

I received your Ladyſhip's Favour, when I was packing up and preparing for my Journey. Which wearied my weak Conſtitution to ſuch a Degree, that I was not able to pay my grateful Acknowledgements, before I left *Tottenham*. Now I take Leave to thank you for your condeſcending Letter, and for giving me Leave to write to your Ladyſhip from the Country.

I beg you Madam not to mention any Thing like an Apology. Thanks are due to your Ladyſhip, for making my Letter acceptable to Others, by approving it yourſelf, and honouring it with your Recommendation.—I humbly bleſs God, if He pleaſes to give it Favour in the Eyes of Others; and ſhould think it the higheſt Privilege, if He would vouchſafe to render it at all ſerviceable to their beſt Intereſts; eſpecially, to ſuch a diſtinguiſhed and illuſtrious Perſonage, as the Princeſs of *W*———. May He, who is Prince of the Kings of the Earth, give her Royal Highneſs, to taſte the Sweetneſs of his Word, and feel the Power of his Grace!

I aſſure You, my Lady, I have not the leaſt Averſion to print any Production of mine, in caſe better Judges ſhould think it might tend to maintain the Honour of the Bible, or endear that ineſtimable Book to Mankind. How unfeignedly ſhould I rejoice, if I might be an Inſtrument of glorifying, in any Capacity or in any Degree, that amiable Redeemer; who, for my Sake, "was deſpiſed and rejected of Men."—All I fear, is, leſt acute but irreligious Minds, ſhould diſcover ſome weak Sentiment; ſhould find ſome Flaw in the Argument; and take Occaſion to wound the Redeemer, and vilify his Truths, through my Inadvertence.—Be ſo good, my Lady, as to make (if your Ladyſhip thinks proper) very reſpectful Compliments acceptable to Dr. *Hales*, and inform Him of my Suſpicions. If He would pleaſe

to

to reviſe the little Eſſay, with a particular View to theſe Apprehenſions; and ſhould think the Remarks will ſtand the Teſt of a rigorous Examination (for ſuch they muſt expect) my Scruples would be very much abated.—I believe, I durſt undertake to vindicate all the Obſervations, that are of a critical Nature with regard to the original Language, or of an hiſtoric Nature with regard to Fact.—Whether I offend againſt the Rules of polite and genteel Demeanour, your Ladyſhip is the beſt Judge.—There ſhould have been References to Texts of Scripture, either quoted or alluded to.—If your Ladyſhip, or the Doctor, ſhould perſiſt in your Opinion, I wiſh You would be ſo good as to get the Paper tranſcribed (no Matter how cloſe it is written) and tranſmitted to me in a Frank. For I have no Copy of it, only ſome in-coherent Minutes in Short-Hand. —May that ever-bleſſed Being, who looks forward in the remoteſt Futurity, and diſcerns the Conſequences of every Step We offer to take; may He direct Us in this and all our Purpoſes! Guide Us by his Grace, and receive Us into his Glory! For his Wiſdom is un-erring, and his Goodneſs is infinite.

I know not what the Lord will do with me, or how I ſhall proceed. My Strength is ſo worn down, and my Conſtitution ſo irreparably decayed, that it will be abſolutely impoſſible for me to diſcharge my miniſterial Duty. And I think it will be equally impoſſible for me to forget your Ladyſhip in my beſt Moments, or to be inſenſible of your generous Kindneſs.

I am,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

On his Chaplainſhip.—A Deſcription of Weſton.—His firſt Sermon there.

Weſton, Jan. 13, 1752.

I AM indebted to your Ladyſhip for the Favour, which *Wedneſday*'s Poſt brought to my Hands. I hope, your Ladyſhip will, by honouring me, ſometimes, with a Line, make me ſtill more and more your Debtor. For, though I dread the Thought of contracting other Debts, I ſhall find a peculiar Pleaſure in running deep on this Score.

My Chaplain-ſhip is an Honour, which I neither expected nor ſollicited. The whole Affair was tranſacted without my Knowlege, by Means of my dear Friend Mr. *Whitefield*. Who, in ſome Degrée like his divine Maſter, is more ready to give, than others are to aſk his kind Aſſiſtance. Had I made Application for myſelf, your Ladyſhip would have been the firſt Perſon in the World, to whom I ſhould chuſe to be obliged for procuring me ſuch a Privilege; and I am ſure, there is no One, from whom I could have greater Reaſon to hope for Succeſs in ſuch a Requeſt.—I am ſorry to incur, on any Account, your Ladyſhip's Diſpleaſure. Yet, in this Caſe, it pleaſes me to obſerve, that even your Anger is amiable; and I can read the Benevolence of the Heart in the Frowns of the Face.

I am glad to hear, that ſuch eminent and able Geniuſes are determined to employ their Talents in ſo noble a Cauſe, as the Honour of the moſt High God. But can there be, my Lady, ſuch a Creature as an Atheiſt in the World? There may be Pretenders to Atheiſm. But I verily believe, they are ſelf-convicted and ſelf-condemned by the Verdict of their own Breaſts. However,

ever, I ſhall be very much pleaſed to ſee the Scheme, which theſe Gentlemen propoſe to execute. That I may have the Satisfaction to accompany it with my Prayers, and may " wiſh them good Luck in the Name of the Lord."

Weſton, my Lady, is near *Northampton*. About two Miles from the Town. Pleaſantly ſituate; on an agreeable Eminence; on the right Side of the River; and at a proper Diſtance from the Meadow. My Houſe is quite retired. It faces the Garden and the Field. So that We hear none of the tumultuous Din of the World, and ſee nothing but the wonderful and charming Works of the Creator! O that I may be enabled to improve this advantageous Solitude! Though ſecluded from the gay and the buſy Scenes of Life, may I ever be preſent with that divine Being, who has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Foot-ſtool. Whoſe Mercy in Chriſt Jeſus, is like his Majeſty, exceeding great and infinite. Who is therefore highly to be admired, and dearly to be loved, as well as deeply to be revered.

I did, on the Day your Ladyſhip mentions, aſcend the Pulpit; and ſpeak, for the Space of half an Hour, to my People. But with ſo much Weakneſs—O! 'tis well that the eternal God does not want Strength of Lungs, or Delicacy of Elocution; but can do his Work, his great Work, of converting Souls, by the weakeſt, meaneſt Inſtruments. If it was not ſo, indeed my Lady I muſt abſolutely deſpair of being ſucceſsful in my Labour, or ſerviceable in my Office.

I opened my Commiſſion to my new Pariſhioners, from thoſe Words of the bleſſed and only Potentate; " Preach the Goſpel to every Creature." Shewed them —What the Goſpel means, and what Bleſſings it comprehends—By whom theſe Bleſſings were purchaſed, and to whom they are offered—Exhorted them ſeverally to ſecure to themſelves a Share in theſe unſpeakable Bleſſings

Bleſſings—And gave them to underſtand, that the End of my Preaching amongſt them, the Deſign of my Converſation with them, and the principal Aim of my whole Life would be, to bring them acquainted with this delightful Doctrine, and aſſiſt them in obtaining this great Salvation.—I bleſs God for making my poor Diſcourſe acceptable to my Hearers: and now I muſt beſeech that bountiful Giver of all Good, to make it beneficial to their Souls. While I am exerciſing myſelf in this pleaſing Employ, the trueſt Method of expreſſing my paſtoral Affection; I hope, I ſhall not forget the Duty of Gratitude, which will always be owing to your Ladyſhip, by

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt obliged Servant.

LETTER XXXII.

On the Biſhop of Norwich.—On the Privilege of Prayer.

Weſton, June 20, 1752.

My Lady,

AN Anſwer to my Letter, ſo ſpeedy and ſo obliging, is acknowledged as a double Favour. May your Ladyſhip find a gracious God equally ready to hear, and equally willing to fulfil, every Requeſt of your Lips, and all the Deſire of your Heart!—*Equally*, did I ſay? He is inconceivably more bountiful than the moſt generous and benevolent among the Children of Men. What is the Language of his tranſcendent Goodneſs in Chriſt, and how runs his faithful Promiſe to his People? "It ſhall come to paſs, that before they call, I will

I will anſwer; and while they are yet ſpeaking, I will hear." What a ſweet Encouragement is this, to make frequent Application to his divine Majeſty?

The Biſhop of *N——h*, I have been told, is a very fine Scholar, and a very polite Gentleman. May He crown his other Accompliſhments, by acting the Part of a very zealous Chriſtian. I am glad to hear, that He has joined the noble Aſſociation, which is determined to make a public Stand, againſt the Overflowings of Infidelity and Vice.—'Tis written in the Scriptures of Truth; "When the Enemy cometh in like a Flood, the Spirit of the Lord ſhall lift up a Standard againſt Him." Who knows, but, partly by the Productions of theſe maſterly Pens, and partly by the Labours of the honeſt Methodiſts, this Prophecy may be, in ſome Meaſure, fulfilled?—May I aſk your Ladyſhip, Whether the Performance is to conſiſt of detached Papers, like the Spectators? Or to be comprized in a large Treatiſe? Whether it is to come abroad in periodical Eſſays? Or to make its Appearance all at once? Whether their Deſign is to be kept as a Secret, or whether it may be communicated in Converſation to others?—I hope, the God of Heaven has ſtirred up the Minds of theſe eminent Perſons, and will accompany with his Favour the Work they undertake. For, with regard to that almighty Being, the Words of *Balak* are as true, as in their original Application of them they were falſe: "I wot (rather, I am aſſured) that He whom Thou bleſſeſt, is bleſſed; and He whom Thou curſeſt, is curſed."

Whenever You pleaſe to give me a Sight of thoſe manuſcript Papers, your Ladyſhip will be ſo good as to ſend them to *Miles's-Lane*, my Brother will tranſmit them to *Weſton*. As ſoon as I have reviſed them; added the proper marginal References; and perhaps corrected ſome In-accuracies; they ſhall be returned, and wholly reſigned to your Ladyſhip's Diſpoſal. I

ſhall only beſeech the great Head of the Church, who ſees into the remoteſt Futurity, and diſcerns the Conſequences of every Undertaking, to direct your Ladyſhip in all your Determinations.

What a Privilege is it, my Lady, that We have Leave, nay, have a Command, to addreſs Ourſelves to an all-wiſe and all-powerful Friend, in every Doubt and in every Difficulty! "Be careful (be anxious and perplexed) for nothing: but in every Thing by Prayer and Supplication, with Thankſgiving, let your Requeſts be made known unto God." This is the divine Direction. What follows, is the divine Promiſe. "Whatſoever Ye ſhall aſk the Father in my Name, He will give it You. Aſk, and Ye ſhall receive, that your Joy may be full." O! that We may be enabled to obey this Direction, and believe this Promiſe!—Your Ladyſhip remembers, how the Congregation of *Iſrael* were left to a miſtaken Courſe, by neglecting this ſacred Method of Information. Nor can You forget, how *David*, in a very difficult and dangerous Conjuncture, was led in the right Way, by ſeeking this heavenly Guidance.—I heartily wiſh, that your Ladyſhip may have the Spirit of Grace and Supplication from the living God. May, Here, be guided by his Counſel; and, Here-after, be received into his Glory.

A richer Bleſſing I could not mention, though I ſhould continue writing, till my Paper was filled, and your Ladyſhip's Patience tired. This therefore is the proper Time and Place, for requeſting the Honour of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

On his taking the Living of Collingtree.—His first Sermon there.—On burning her Letters.

Weston, July 3, 1752.

My Lady,

AS I was sitting down to the pleasing Employ of paying my Duty to your Ladyship, Company came in to talk with me, on an Affair which could neither be neglected, nor postponed. To this it is owing, that your Ladyship did not receive my grateful Acknowledgments by the last Post.—The Affair is this. Advised by my Friends, importuned by my Relations, and swayed by a Concern for the Circumstances of a Mother and Sister who live with me, I have been prevailed on to take a second Benefice. This obliges me to set out for *Cambridge* without Delay, in order to be created *Master of Arts*. From thence I proceed to *London*, to get a Dispensation from the *Arch-bishop*, and the Seals from the *Lord Chancellour*. On *Wednesday* Night I hope to be in Town; and if I can get my Business dispatched, by *Saturday* or *Monday* at the farthest, I may return soon enough to meet our *Diocesan* on his Visitation at *Northampton*; receive Institution there; and save myself the Fatigue and Expence of a Journey to *Peterborough*. This Scheme, if practicable, will demand so much of my Time, that, I fear, it will be impossible for me to wait upon your Ladyship at *Twickenham*. Which if I could do, it would help to alleviate the Difficulties, and reconcile me to the Toil of travelling.

I was honoured with your Ladyship's Letter, just as I returned from visiting my People at *Collingtree*: the

Pariſh which I ſerved, when I lived with my Father, and of which I am going to be Rector. It would have pleaſed your Ladyſhip, to have obſerved, how glad the honeſt Folks were, to ſee their old Curate. And why were they glad? For no other Reaſon, that I can conceive, but becauſe I uſed to converſe with them in private, juſt as I ſpoke to them from the Pulpit; and endeavoured, at every Interview, to ſet forward their eternal Salvation. This, I find, is the grand Secret, to win the Affections of a Flock. And in this, as in every other Part of true Chriſtianity, our Intereſt and our Duty are connected. When We are bidden to obey the bleſſed Jeſus, We are bidden to take the moſt effectual Way, of being happy in Ourſelves, and acceptable to Others. "O! how amiable are thy Courts, thou Lord of Hoſts!" ſaid the Pſalmiſt. And may not We, with equal Truth, reply? *O! how amiable are thy Precepts, Thou Lord Redeemer!* May they be written on your Ladyſhip's Memory, by frequent Recollection; and engraven on your Heart, by the Spirit of the living God!

Here I intended to have forborn, and to detain your Ladyſhip's Attention no longer. But a freſh Favour demands my Thanks.—No, my Lady; I did not laugh at the Contents of your laſt, (as your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to ſpeak) but was delighted with your Condeſcention and Compaſſion. Your Ladyſhip knows, who it is that has ſaid, "Condeſcend to Men of low Eſtate:" and who it is, of whom it was ſaid, "We have not an High-Prieſt that cannot be touched with a Feeling of our Infirmities." And, grateful as I am for your Favours, zealous as I am for your Happineſs, I cannot wiſh your Ladyſhip a greater Bleſſing, than to be found obedient to that Direction, and conformed to that Pattern.

I always

I always read your Ladyſhip's Letters again and again, before I obey the Orders You formerly gave. But having once peruſed the firſt Part of your laſt, I dare not venture to look upon it any more. Your Ladyſhip will gueſs the Reaſon, when I aſſure You, that as the Magazine of Gun-Powder is to a Spark, ſuch, ſuch is my depraved Soul to the leaſt Whiſper of Applauſe. It cannot bear Praiſe. Elatement enſues. O! that it may drive me to Chriſt. See there, vain conceited Wretch—ſee, how loathſome thy Guilt is, how ruined thy State was; ſince nothing leſs than the Blood of the Son of God could cleanſe Thee, nothing but his Death could recover Thee. See this, and bluſh, and be confounded, even whilſt Thou art reſtored.—If your Ladyſhip pleaſes to tranſmit thoſe Papers to my Brother's in a few Days, the Author will take Care of them, and convey them ſafely to the Rector of *Weſton*. Who, in both Capacities, and with the utmoſt Sincerity, wiſhes your Ladyſhip all Joy and Peace in the Lord Jeſus; and begs Leave to profeſs Himſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXXIV.

On a Publication.—Aſks to dedicate it to her Ladyſhip.—On the Imputation of Chriſt's Righteouſneſs.

Weſton, July 11, 1752.

NOW, my Lady, I have put your Kindneſs, your Generoſity, and forgiving Graces to the Trial. You imagined, I was in Town; had received your Letter; and yet neither waited on You in Perſon, nor

made any Excuſe by my Pen. Which if I had done, I muſt have owned myſelf in-excuſable.—But, at *Cambridge*, I was informed by a Gentleman of the ſpiritual Court, that I had not provided myſelf with all the Prerequiſites for taking a ſecond Living. Which obliged me to alter my Meaſures; and, inſtead of proceeding from the *Univerſity* to *London*, to return Home. I now propoſe to ſet out for the Metropolis on *Monday* or *Tueſday*.

I have juſt received the Manuſcript Papers, and the Favour of your Ladyſhip's Letter.—Glad I am, very glad, that my Remarks have the continued Approbation of thoſe excellent Judges; and ſhall, with the utmoſt Alacrity, venture them abroad in the World. Hoping, they may be a Means of ſubſerving, in ſome low Degree, that grand Deſignation of almighty Majeſty, mentioned by the Pſalmiſt; "Thou haſt magnified thy Word above all thy Name."

I think, your Ladyſhip's Objection was very juſt and weighty. I fancy, it would be moſt adviſeable to ſend the little Piece abroad under my own Name, as the Acceptance (without Vanity I would ſpeak it) which my other Eſſays have found from the Public, may promote the Spread of this. And—I will conceal nothing from your Ladyſhip—I apprehend, my Bookſeller would give me ſomething for the Copy. Which, at this Juncture, would ſcarcely be conſiſtent with Prudence to neglect. The Expence of taking two Livings is very great. It will coſt me, I am told, ſix-ſcore Pounds. And though, I believe, I have Money enough in Bank, produced by ſelling the Property of my Meditations; yet, ſuch a Succour would be welcome and ſerviceable.

Will your Ladyſhip lend your Name, either at full Length, or in initial Letters, to dignify and recommend the Performance? I humbly ſubmit this Propoſal to your

your Ladyſhip's Determination: and ſhall be obliged, if You allow it;—ſhall acquieſce, if You reject it.

I am juſt returned from a Viſit at *Northampton*. Where I ſpent an agreeable (O! that it may prove an edifying) Afternoon, in Company with a Phyſician, a Clergyman, and a Poet. Part of our Diſcourſe turned upon that noble, that very important, and equally comfortable Prophecy, which your Ladyſhip probably has treaſured up in your Memory, or elſe may read in *Dan.* ix. 24. Among other Particulars We enquired, Why the Righteouſneſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt is called an *everlaſting Righteouſneſs?*—Becauſe of its *Imputation*; which commenced from the Beginning, and will be continued to the End of the World. By this All the Saints, in every Age, and under every Diſpenſation of Religion, were juſtified. To this *Adam*, the firſt Penitent, owed his Reconciliation; and to this the very laſt Believer of *Adam*'s Race, will be indebted for his Acceptance with God.—Becauſe of its *Efficacy*; which laſts in every Circumſtance of Need, in every Hour of Trial: laſts through our whole Life, and will laſt even beyond our Death. Thoſe happy Beings, who are delivered from Fleſh, and entered into Reſt, enjoy the Benefits of this Righteouſneſs. When the Reſurrection takes Place, and their bleſſed Souls are re-united to their glorified Bodies, they will enjoy the Benefits of this Righteouſneſs far more copiouſly. And will ſtill be reaping the Fruits of this Righteouſneſs, through all the numberleſs and unmeaſurable Ages of Eternity.

May that infinitely condeſcending and gracious Redeemer, who was pleaſed to work it out, in his own ſacred Perſon;—who has revealed and offered it in his glorious Goſpel;—vouchſafe to bring it in, apply it to your Ladyſhip's Soul by a lively Faith, and ſeal it to your Conſcience by the Witneſs of his Spirit.

I began this Letter, with an Intention of being very ſhort, and was thinking to make an Excuſe for my Brevity. But I find there is more Occaſion to apologize for my Prolixity. A Fault, which I know not how to forbear, when I have the Pleaſure of writing to your Ladyſhip. As the beſt Apology for this Fault is to add no more; I ſhall only deſire, that your Ladyſhip will give me Leave to inform You, when I am arrived in Town; and if I could, by any Means, be favoured with a few Minutes of your Ladyſhip's Converſation, it would be a ſingular Satisfaction to

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXXV.

On the Diſappointments of the World.

Weſton, July 19, 1752.

My Lady,

THE World is all Diſappointment. Either our moſt favourite Schemes are defeated: or, if they ſucceed, fruſtrate our Expectations. Of the former I had lately a Proof; the latter has been the Experience of my whole Life.—Amidſt ſuch Uncertainty and Emptineſs in created Things, what a Happineſs it is, to have a divine and all-ſufficient Redeemer! He is a ſure Foundation for Repoſe. He is an in-exhauſtible Spring of Conſolation. In Him there is Merit, and Goodneſs, and Power enough, to make our Cup run over with an exceeding Abundance of Peace and Joy to all Eternity. Does not your Ladyſhip therefore often

ſay,

ſay, with Delight and Gratitude, " Bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt?"

I had taken my Place in the *London* Stage; but a Circumſtance intervened, which prevented my Journey. —The Parcel which You ſent to my Brother's, is come ſafe; and ſhall ſoon be returned to your Ladyſhip; either from the Preſs, or in Manuſcript, which-ever You pleaſe to order. If your Ladyſhip determines for the former, I hope, You will be ſo good, as to favour me with an Anſwer to my laſt: that I may know your Reſolution, with Regard to the Honour I requeſted; and your Sentiments, with regard to the Manner of Publication.

I now make Amends for my uſual Prolixity; and detain your Ladyſhip no longer, than to wiſh You a full Enjoyment of " the unſearchable Riches of Chriſt," and to profeſs myſelf

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged

and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXXVI.

On the Dedication to her.

Tottenham, July 24, 1752.

My Lady,

I HAVE been revolving in my Mind the Subject of your Ladyſhip's Diſcourſe. I think, at the Cloſe of the Converſation, You permitted me to act as I judged moſt expedient.—Am I miſtaken, or did You allow me this Liberty?—If my Memory makes a true Report, I muſt not diſſemble in my Opinion, no, not to gratify your Ladyſhip's Inclination. Though I know what

You

You would prefer; yet, I cannot think it preferable, with regard to my little Eſſay.—I am perſuaded, your Ladyſhip's Name would dignify the Piece, and give it an Air of Importance. Your Name would certainly recommend it to Multitudes; and conſiderably promote both its Acceptance and its Sale. Many would purchaſe it purely on that Account; as I myſelf did, when the Pamphlet entitled *Worldly Compliances* was advertiſed in the public Papers.

I cannot but wiſh, your Ladyſhip would, in this public Manner, countenance ſuch Attempts for promoting the Glory of God. It ſeems to be one Kind of confeſſing our divine Maſter before Men: and who would not take every Opportunity of acknowledging Him in a degenerate Age, that denies even the Lord who bought them? Eſpecially, ſince for our Sake He deſpiſed the Shame, and endured the Torment of the Croſs: ſince He is now ſet down at the right Hand of God, and thoſe who honour Him in Time, He will honour before the Angels of Heaven, and through the Ages of Eternity.

Some, I fancy, are apt to ſuſpect, that None but taſteleſs Pedants, the dull Priſoners of a Study, have any Regard for ſuch religious Stuff. Who, perhaps, might have a better Opinion of ſacred Things, if they found them reliſhed and patronized by Perſons, qualified to grace a Court by their Preſence: who are at once the moſt undoubted Judges, and the moſt admired Patterns, of all that is elegant and refined.

I need not remind your Ladyſhip, what an Honour it would reflect upon my Character, and how much it would raiſe my Eſteem in the World, if I was known to be in the Number of your Ladyſhip's Correſpondents. But, were not the other Conſiderations far more weighty, this Diſtinction, however coveted, ſhould be readily reſigned by

Your Ladyſhip's moſt dutiful Servant.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

On his being overthrown in a Carriage.—Divine Mercies.

Weſton, Aug. 2, 1752.

My Lady,

TO what it was owing I cannot ſay, but I received not your Ladyſhip's Favour till *Tueſday* Night; and very early on *Wedneſday* Morning, I ſet out for *Northampton*, in a new Machine called *The Berlin*. Which holds four Paſſengers, is drawn by a Pair of Horſes; and driven in the Manner of a Poſt-Chaiſe. On this Side *Newport*, We came up with a Stage-Coach, and made an Attempt to paſs it. This the Coach-Man perceiving, mended his Pace: which provoked the Driver of the *Berlin* to do the ſame. Till they both laſhed their Horſes into a full Career; and were more like running a Race, than conveying Paſſengers. We very narrowly eſcaped falling foul on each other's Wheels. I called out to the Fellows, but to no Purpoſe. 'Tis poſſible, amidſt the Rattle and Hurry, they did not hear: 'tis certain, they did not regard. Within the Space of a Minute or two, what I apprehended happened. My Vehicle was overturned, and thrown with great Violence on the Ground. The Coachman toſſed off his Box, and lay bleeding in the Road.—There was one Perſon in the Coach, and none but myſelf in the *Berlin:* yet neither of Us (ſo ſingular was the Goodneſs, ſo tender the Care of divine Providence!) ſuſtained any conſiderable Hurt. I received only a ſlight Bruiſe, and had the Skin raſed from my Leg, where I might too reaſonably have feared the Misfortune of broken Bones, diſlocated Limbs, or a fractured Scull.

And

And have I not, my Lady, have I not abundant Reaſon to adopt the Pſalmiſt's *Acknowledgment?* "Thou haſt delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and Feet from falling."—Have I not abundant Reaſon, to make this grateful *Inquiry?* "What ſhall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits towards me?"—And ought I not to add his holy *Reſolution?* "I will walk before the Lord in the Land of the Living." So long as this Life exiſts, which has been ſo wonderfully and mercifully preſerved, it ſhall be devoted to the Honour of my great Deliverer. I hope to ſpend it all, under a reverential Senſe of his divine Preſence, and in a dutiful Regard to his heavenly Will.—May I be enabled thus to think, and thus to act! And may the ſame good Hand, which has reſcued me out of Danger, keep your Ladyſhip from it: keep You from every Evil, and guide You ſafely to the Kingdom of Glory!

With regard to the Subject of your Ladyſhip's Letter, I acquieſce. I beg Pardon for my Importunity, and ſhall mention the Affair no more. And though I can hardly, in this Particular, ſubmit my Judgment to your Opinion, I entirely reſign my Deſires to your Ladyſhip's Inclination.—If the little Piece is publiſhed, it ſhall be content to want the Ornament of your Ladyſhip's Name. But I hope, it will not be without the Aid of your Ladyſhip's Prayers: that the Honour of God's venerable and ineſtimable Word may, in ſome Degree, be advanced, by thoſe Thoughts, which were wholly owing to your Command. I am ſure, when I conſider the Poverty of my own Genius, and obſerve the rich and bright Productions of other Minds, I can ſee nothing, whereon to ground any Hope of Succeſs, but only the Bleſſing of an omnipotent and gracious God. Who, for the Glory of his own ſupreme Power and free Grace, is pleaſed out of the Mouth of very Babes and Sucklings to perfect Praiſe.

I beg

I beg Leave to conclude with my very beſt Thanks, for that condeſcending Kindneſs which You lately ſhewed, and for that un-ſollicited Generoſity which You lately offered to, My Lady,

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

and, I hope, ever grateful Servant.

LETTER XXXVIII.

On his firſt Sermon; the unſearchable Riches of Chriſt.—On her declining the Dedication.

Weſton, Aug. 18, 1752.

My Lady,

I Humbly thank You, for your very obliging Inquiry after my Health. Bleſſed be the Preſerver of Man, I ſuffer no bad Effects from the late Danger I was in. What was torn by my Fall, is healed; and what was bruiſed, I feel no more.

Since that Deliverance, I have been at *Peterborough*; the City where our Biſhop reſides; in order to receive Inſtitution to my other Living. On *Sunday* I gave my new Charge my firſt Sermon; O! that God may give both it, and them, his heavenly Benediction!—The Text was taken from that noble Declaration of the Apoſtle, in which He adores his God, and congratulates Himſelf, upon the unſpeakable Privilege of being a Miniſter of the Goſpel. "To me, who am leſs than the leaſt of all Saints, is this Grace given, that I ſhould preach among the Gentiles the unſearchable Riches of Chriſt." *Eph.* iii. 8.

See, my Lady, the eminent Humility of this illuſtrious Preacher. God had ennobled Him with Gifts, and enriched Him with Graces, above his Fellows. Yet He reckons Himſelf, not merely a Saint of the meaner Rank; no, nor the leaſt in the holy Claſs; but "leſs than the leaſt" among them all. It was with Him, as it is with ſome flouriſhing and ſtately Tree. The higher it lifts its Head in the Air, the deeper it ſtrikes its Root in the Soil.

The "unſearchable Riches of Chriſt," I hope your Ladyſhip will every Day be more acquainted with, and have a larger Participation of. May You have them, and (as our gracious Maſter ſpeaks on another Occaſion) have them "more abundantly!"—Here let Us be covetous. Covetouſneſs of theſe Treaſures, is no ſordid or ignoble Paſſion, but a generous and heavenly Diſpoſition. Let Us "open our Mouths," open our Deſires wide, and the infinitely benevolent Jeſus, in whom are hid all Riches of Merit and Righteouſneſs, of Grace and Glory, will fill them. "Fill them (they are the Words of his own Spirit) with all the Fulneſs of God."

My late Journey and much Buſineſs have engroſſed too much of my Time; and diverted me from preparing my little Piece for the Preſs. But it ſhall, if the Lord pleaſe, ſoon come abroad: It has been upon the Anvil a ſecond Time; is ſomewhat altered, and ſomewhat enlarged. O that it may, whenever it appears, be *a poliſhed Shaft* in the great Immanuel's *Quiver!* I humbly beg of the worthy Doctor, whom I long have honoured, and long have loved, that He will recommend both the Performance and the Author to the Bleſſing of the moſt High God. And if God bleſſes, who ſhall blaſt? "If God be for Us, who ſhall be againſt Us?" He has ſaid, who is able to accompliſh his Word—He has ſaid to his Servants, and Thoſe that engage in his ſacred Cauſe,

"Every

" Every Tongue that ſhall riſe againſt Thee in Judgment, Thou ſhalt condemn."

As your Ladyſhip does not think proper to allow me the Honour of your Name, ſhould You diſlike ſome ſuch *Preface* as the following?—The Reader will ſee, from the Date of the enſuing Letter, that it was written a conſiderable Time ago. From this Circumſtance, He will probably imagine, that it was not intended for Publication. And in this Conjecture He is perfectly right. The Publication is owing to the honourable Perſonage, whoſe Name, though it would grace and recommend his Performance, the Author is not allowed to mention. Her Ladyſhip's Command, which would admit of no Excuſe, drew the Remarks from his Pen; and her Deſire, which with Him will always have the Force of a Command, has brought them to the Preſs. —It will give Him the greateſt Pleaſure, if, while He is paying the Debt of Obedience and Gratitude to a noble Friend, He may ſupport the Dignity of the divine Word; may raiſe its Eſteem, and promote its Study, among Men. Becauſe then, He is aſſured, He ſhall alſo promote the beſt Intereſts of his Fellow-Creatures, and ſubſerve that grand Deſignation of the almighty Majeſty, expreſſed by the Pſalmiſt, " Thou haſt magnified thy Word above all thy Name." *Pſal.* cxxxviii. 2. Be ſo good as to favour me with your Opinion of the foregoing.

I forgot to addreſs your Ladyſhip in the polite Style. My Letters, I am told, eſpecially that which is to be made public, muſt be introduced by the Title *Madam*. That it is aukward and ungenteel to uſe the Phraſe, *my Lady*. Why would not You, Madam, who know theſe Points ſo well, tell me of my Fault? Tell me of my Ruſticity? And let me receive ſome Poliſhing, as I receive much Pleaſure, by correſponding with your Ladyſhip? Yet, however uncouth my Manner may

have been, I beg Leave to assure You, my Heart is sincerely grateful: filled with the most ardent Wishes for your everlasting Happiness, and with the warmest Desires to approve myself in every Instance,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

and dutiful Servant.

LETTER XXXIX.

On applying for Franks.—On publishing his Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke.

Weston, Aug. 29, 1752.

MADAM,

YOUR last Favour has been in my Possession almost a Week. I should have made my Acknowledgements sooner, but I apprehended, from a Hint in your Letter, that your Ladyship would be from Home. This, I hope, will find You safely returned, and thankful to that all-condescending, that ever-gracious Preserver of Men, "who blesses our Going out and our Coming in." O! may We also be enabled, from our inmost Soul, to "bless his holy Name, from this Time forth for evermore!"

I am much obliged to your Ladyship for your benevolent Prayers, in behalf of the weakest of Christ's Ministers. May they go up with Acceptance through the Blood of the Lamb, and return with an abundant Encrease into your own Bosom!

I have received no Franks from Lord *N*——*n*; and there is no Member of Parliament in this Neighbourhood, that I either am acquainted with, or can make Application to. For which Reason, if your Ladyship could

could furniſh me with a few, they would be peculiarly welcome. Eſpecially as I have already begun to tranſmit the Copy of my intended Pamphlet to *London*. Two Sheets, cloſely written, are already gone; and I have, at leaſt, four others to go. Upon reviewing my Remarks, and comparing them with his Lordſhip's Letters, I thought it neceſſary to animadvert upon ſome other Particulars. Which have conſiderably augmented the Size, O! may they alſo encreaſe the Uſefulneſs of the Piece!

To leave out the Word *Ladyſhip* in the little Preface, I think, will not anſwer the End, You are pleaſed to propoſe. Becauſe, the Title occurs more than once or twice in the Courſe of the Letter. I hope, therefore, your Ladyſhip will not be diſpleaſed, if I take Leave to retain it.—I think, to entitle it in the following Manner—" Remarks on *Lord Bolingbroke*'s Letters on the Study and Uſe of Hiſtory; ſo far as they relate to the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament; and eſpecially to the Caſe of *Noah*, denouncing a Curſe upon *Canaan*. In a Letter to a Lady of Quality."—I muſt now endeavour to imitate the Pſalmiſt, and make my humble Petition to Almighty God in his very appoſite Words; " Proſper the Work of our Hands upon Us, O! proſper Thou our Handy-Work!" He can make it, weak and mean as it is, a poliſhed Arrow in his Quiver. To his omnipotent Bleſſing I deſire to commit the little Adventurer; and would depend wholly upon his Providence to give it Favour and Acceptance; to bring it into ſuch Hands, and grant it Acceſs to ſuch Hearts, as He knows to be moſt expedient. And let me congratulate your Ladyſhip and myſelf, that We have ſo infinitely good, ſo unerringly wiſe a God to fly to, rely on, and rejoice in. May We walk with Him; wait on Him continually; and know by ſweet, Soul-reviving, Soul-exalting Experience what that meaneth, " Our

Followſhip is with the Father and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt!"—That You may be a daily Proficient in this Knowledge, and an unſpeakable everlaſting Gainer by this Communion, is and ſhall be the ſincere Prayer of,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER XL.

On ſome Franks being refuſed him.—On the divine Love of Chriſt.

Weſton, Sept. 3, 1752.

MADAM,

I Received the Honour of your Letter, and the Favour of your Franks, by the laſt Poſt; and very ſincerely thank your Ladyſhip for the Supply. I cannot omit the very firſt Opportunity of making this Acknowledgement. Eſpecially, becauſe I perceive, You have condeſcended to make a Requeſt in my Behalf; and have thereby (which to a generous and noble Spirit muſt be ſomewhat grating) put it into the Power of Another to affront You by a Refuſal: and a Refuſal ſo much the more ungenteel and diſ-obliging, as the Thing aſked was ſo ſlight and inconſiderable.

I can hardly forbear bluſhing, vulgar and unpolite as I am, at ſuch a paultry Trick. And I am unfeignedly ſorry, that your Ladyſhip ſhould meet with ſuch unhandſome Treatment on my Account. But, my honoured Madam, mind it not. Smile rather at the poor, contracted, ungenerous Temper of worldly Men.—See

alſo, by this Contraſt, the real Dignity of religious Perſons, and the true Elevation of their Sentiments. Let me ſpeak to dear *George Whitefield*; and, be it for myſelf, or be it for any Acquaintance, inſtead of demurring, inſtead of forming Excuſes, He will embrace the Propoſal with an apparent Complacency. He will leave no Stone un-turned; He will ſpare no Pains; to gratify my Inclination, and accompliſh my Deſire. And why? Becauſe He eſteems and loves his Friend, not with a ſuperficial Civility, but from a Principle of Grace, and in the Bowels of Chriſt.

My Lord does not know me, 'tis true. But He, or his Brother had Reaſon to know my Father. I have heard Him relate, with what Zeal He ſerved the *Major*; when the Earl of ——— puſhed Him hard for his Election at ———. That he was one of his honorary Freemen; and againſt ſuch a tumultuous and enraged Party, as made Him run a Riſque of his Limbs and of his Life, and not without the Expence of ſome Guineas. For which He never had the leaſt Gratuity; not ſo much as a Piece of Veniſon. Though He was always remarkably ſtaunch and ſanguine for their parliamentary Intereſts.—And is this the Conduct of the Grandees of the Earth? This their Kindneſs to their Friends? Let me then for ever ſay with the Prophet, "Ceaſe Ye from Man, whoſe Breath is in his Noſtrils"—who minds his own, and not Another's Welfare—"for wherein is He to be accounted of?"

Come, Madam, let Us take a generous Revenge. Let Us beſeech the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, to bleſs *Him* with the Knowlege of Chriſt, and with all the Riches of his Goſpel; who had not Benevolence enough, to grant ſo ſmall a Boon to me; and had ſo little Honour, as to deny your Ladyſhip, when You vouchſafed to aſk ſo trivial a Favour.—I hope, You will be enabled *thus* to triumph over the little ruffling

Accidents, that occur in Life. I hope, this Exercise of Christian Magnanimity, will be easy and delightful to You. And may I have Grace to imitate your Ladyship, as You imitate our divine, ever gentle, all-forgiving Master! Then perhaps the meanest of your Correspondents may, in this Respect, be greater than a Lord.

Did I mention our *divine Master?* How should the Remembrance of His Name, enkindle our Hearts, when they are cold; and calm them, when they are discomposed!—Speak We of *Greatness?* How great is He! He made the World, by his bare *Fiat*. He has, ever since, upheld it by his mighty Word. He will, ere long, give Command, and the Flames shall destroy it. He will repeat His Command, and new Heavens, and a new Earth shall arise.—Speak We of Goodness? How good is He! When We were ruined and undone, "He remembered Us in our low Estate." When We were Enemies to Him, and had affronted Him by our evil Works; "He loved Us with" an infinite and "everlasting Love." When We had merited no Favour, nothing but Vengeance at his Hands; He gave—O! what did He give? Not a few Scraps of Paper; not a Coronet, and its attendant Honours; no, nor a whole World, nor a whole Heaven; but what was inexpressibly more valuable, He gave his sublime, his glorious, his adorable Self for Us!—O! let us think of this. May God reveal this amazing Beneficence, this wonderously rich Gift in our Souls; then all earthly Things, whether they be smiling or frowning, whether they cross or coincide with our Wishes, will be "less than Nothing and Vanity."

My Piece is now all gone to the Press. I should have been very glad, if Your Ladyship and Dr. *Hales* had seen the Additions. My Mind smites me. I fear, I have acted too precipitately. Such a Performance ought

ought to be mature and well-judged. It muſt expect to meet with a vigorous Examination, and from Readers that are none of the leaſt ſagacious, and none of the moſt candid. May the God of all Power and all Grace, pity my Weakneſs; and proſper this poor Shepherd-Boy, with his Stone and his Sling!—I will no longer treſpaſs upon Your Patience, but only beg Leave to profeſs myſelf, with the greateſt Reſpect, and warmeſt Gratitude,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER XLI.

Apologies for his Warmth.—Chriſtian Command of Temper.

Weſton, Sept. 21, Thurſday.

MADAM,

I FULLY intended, on this very Morning, to have made my Acknowlegements for the Honour of your Letter, and for the Franks it contained. But Buſineſs of an urgent Nature intervened, and rendered it impoſſible for me to execute my Deſign, ſoon enough for the Poſt. I am ſincerely concerned, on Account of this Diſappointment; becauſe, it muſt make me appear more ungrateful than I really am; and it may create in your Ladyſhip ſome Apprehenſions, that your laſt Letter was miſ-carried. Which, conſidering the Contents, to a Perſon of Honour and Delicacy, muſt be very diſagreeable.

I once more beg of You, Madam, to pardon every Expreſſion in my laſt, which, warm, unguarded, or diſreſpectful to Superiors, eſcaped from my Pen. The

Truth is, I willingly indulged the Motions of a little kindling Reſentment, with a View of mitigating your Ladyſhip's. Imagining, that if I gave ſome Vent to mine, it might tend to extinguiſh or diminiſh your's. Somewhat like the Operation, which, I think, our Phyſicians call a *Revulſion*. When, at any Wound, the Loſs of Blood has been large, and it ſtill continues to flow, they open a Vein in ſome remote Part, and by diverting the Courſe, ſtop the Effuſion.

I am very glad to find, that there was no Occaſion for ſuch a well-meant, though ill-judged Artifice.—May your Ladyſhip have an entire Command over thoſe turbulent Affections, which too often ſhew the Tyrant within! and which, where-ever they domineer, make the Soul "like a troubled Sea, that cannot reſt."—May You, every Day, grow more "meek and lowly in Heart!" This is the Way to calm or prevent the Storm in the Breaſt, and obtain a ſettled Serenity of Mind.—This is the Bleſſing, promiſed under the Goſpel Diſpenſation, and deſcribed by thoſe figurative Expreſſions: "The Lion ſhall lie down with the Lamb: They ſhall beat their Swords into Plough-Shares, and their Spears into Pruning-Hooks: The rough Places ſhall be made ſmooth, and the crooked Places ſtrait."—This is one diſtinguiſhed and precious Fruit of the Spirit; and this was moſt eminently and amiably exemplified, in the Conduct of our divine Maſter. When treated with the moſt contumelious, with inſufferable Indignity; He only remonſtrated, with the utmoſt Gentleneſs, "If I have ſpoke Evil, bear Witneſs of the Evil: if well, why ſmiteſt Thou me?" When He hung, in racking Agonies, and amidſt cruel Mockings, on the Croſs; inſtead of expreſſing the leaſt Indignation, He prayed, He pleaded, He procured Mercy, even for his Revilers and Murtherers. "Father, forgive them," was his Prayer. "For, they know not what

they

they do," was his Plea. And the Salvation of his blood-thirſty Enemies, was the Conſequence of both.

If You ſhould enquire after the little Piece, I can hardly give any Account of it. Printing ſeems to be ſlow Work. I don't find, that ſo much as a ſingle Sheet is worked off; though they have had the Manuſcript almoſt three Weeks. The very firſt that is finiſhed, and fit for Peruſal, will take Leave to wait upon your Ladyſhip. And may the Bleſſing of Him, who once was hanged on a Tree, but now ſits on the Throne, for ever attend your Ladyſhip, and what owes its Being to your Commands, on

Your moſt obliged and obedient Servant.

LETTER XLII.

On publiſhing his Remarks.

Weſton, Oct. 29, 1752.

MADAM,

IT is a long Time, ſince I had the Pleaſure of writing to You; and it is longer ſtill, ſince I had the Honour of hearing from You. Will your Ladyſhip permit me to aſſure You, that, though I have not troubled You with my Letters, I daily remember your Favours with unfeigned Gratitude, and your Welfare with affectionate Prayers.

I had Hopes of preſenting You, long before this Time, with thoſe Remarks in Print, which You ſo candidly received in Manuſcript. But the Printer, notwithſtanding my particular Requeſt, that the Piece might be worked off with Expedition, thinks proper to delay: and takes ſome Months for a little Buſineſs, which, I ſhould think, might be diſpatched in a Fort-

night.—What can I do? When a Perſon travels in a Stage-Coach, He muſt go the Pace, not which He chuſes, but which the Driver pleaſes.—I truſt, however, there is a ſecret Providence over-ruling ſuch Affairs: and that He who ſits at the Helm of his Church, "orders all," even the minuteſt Circumſtances, "in Number, Weight, and Meaſure." The particular Conjuncture and proper Seaſon of Things, it is plain, He very exactly obſerves. For He ſaid, on a memorable Occaſion, "My Time is not yet come." O! that We may chearfully commit Ourſelves and all our Affairs to his unerring Guidance!

While I write this, a Packet arrives from my Bookſeller, which informs me, that the Pamphlet will ſoon be finiſhed. He ſends for the Title-Page. Which is the laſt Part that is printed. Now it is going to launch into the World, may the God of Heaven and Earth give it a propitious Gale and a proſperous Voyage! That it may bring ſome Honour to the bleſſed Jeſus, and ſupport the Dignity of his holy Word. Then it will bring a greater Pleaſure to the Author, than a Fleet of Merchant-men brings to the Owners, when it returns laden with the choiceſt Spices of the Eaſt.

I have a Requeſt to make your Ladyſhip. But am ſo ſtraitened for Time, that I muſt defer it till another Poſt. Would your Ladyſhip adviſe me, to aſk Dr. *Hales*, whether it might be proper, by his Means, to beg of her Royal Highneſs to accept the Pamphlet? And, whether it would be impertinent to offer it to the *Biſhop of Norwich*, or diſreſpectful to omit it? Shall I promiſe myſelf Your Opinion on theſe Points, and take the Liberty to declare by the enſuing as well as by the preſent Poſt, how reſpectfully and unfeignedly I am

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

An Application to her Bounty to relieve the Diſtreſſed.

Weſton, Oct. 31, 1752.

MADAM,

THE Requeſt I am going to make, wants the *leſs* Apology, becauſe it was mentioned in my laſt. Or rather permit me to ſay, it wants *no* Apology, becauſe I am perſuaded, your Deſire is to *be* good, and your Delight is to *do* Good.

I well remember, and ſhould abhor myſelf if I was capable of forgetting the generous Offer You made me, when I was honoured with your Ladyſhip's Company in *London*. I had then enough for myſelf, and ſufficient to ſpare for the Relief of others. But now reiterated Expences, and larger than I expected, and not yet ended, have almoſt totally exhauſted my Purſe. And I am not likely to receive any Rents, which may ſet me again upon riſing Ground, for a conſiderable Time.—This unavoidably ſtraitens my Hands, and makes me incapable of diſtributing to the Neceſſities of the Indigent, ſo liberally as I could wiſh. Will You, Madam, give me Leave, at this Juncture eſpecially, to act as your Almoner? I believe, I could put about ten Pounds to very good Intereſt for your Ladyſhip. A little Linen, for thoſe who are half naked; and an edifying Book, for thoſe who are deplorably ignorant; might, I truſt, be acceptable to God our Saviour, and ſerviceable to thoſe, whom He has bought with his Blood.—If this Petition ſhould come at a Seaſon, when it may be in any Degree inconvenient, or unſuitable to your Ladyſhip's Inclination; then, I make it my farther Requeſt, that You will pleaſe to anſwer it, not by making any Excuſe for your Refuſal, but by taking no

Notice

Notice at all of it. Which will be perfectly satisfactory to me.—I can, I assure You, act an *implicit* Faith on your Ladyship; and believe, You have excellent Reasons for Your Conduct, though they should be hid from my Knowlege. But such is my Weakness, (O! that I may blush and be confounded under a Sense of it!) I can hardly do the same, with regard to the unerring and ever-gracious God. Can hardly acquiesce, and be chearfully, be thankfully resigned, when He is pleased to relax the Springs of Life, and "bring down my Strength in my Journey." "Lord, encrease our Faith," is a Supplication, which we should often address to the Throne of Grace.

You will very soon receive the Pamphlet, which may be properly called *your own: Your own*, where it is pertinent or valuable; *mine*, where it is weak or injudicious. I shall take the Liberty, unless you countermand me in the Interim, to have it directed for your Ladyship, and left at Lady ———.

May the Prince of Peace give you Peace always and by all Means. Which cannot be granted to your Ladyship, without imparting a singular Satisfaction to,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and most obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

On acknowledging her Bounty to the Poor.

Weſton, Nov. 4, 1752.

MADAM,

YOUR Anſwer to my Letter, and what it contained, puts me in Mind of one very remarkable Circumſtance in *Jael*'s Conduct: of whom it is ſaid, in the ſacred Ode, "He aſked Water, and She gave Him Milk." I aſked a Boon, and your Gift has exceeded, has doubled my Requeſt. "May the Lord Jeſus Chriſt do ſo to You, and more alſo!"

I humbly thank your Ladyſhip in Behalf of the Poor; and I beſeech my divine Maſter, to make me a faithful Steward, both to Him and to You. I will keep an exact Account of the Diſtribution of your Alms, and be ready to ſubmit it to your Inſpection, whenever You pleaſe. —I clearly perceive, from your generous Grant, that You give me Leave to employ any Part of it for my own Accommodation. And I am altogether as much obliged to your Ladyſhip, as if I ſhould make Uſe of it for my own Accommodation. But, bleſſed be the divine Providence, I am in no *perſonal* Want; only I have, at preſent, no Overplus for beneficent Purpoſes. And as Life, mine eſpecially, is ſo very precarious, I am unwilling to run in Debt, even for the Sake of Charity.—No other Debt I mean, but that of Gratitude. And it will not be a Burthen upon my Spirits, but the Delight of my Heart, always to owe this to your Ladyſhip.

I will give Directions to my Bookſeller to ſend three of the Pamphlets to Dr. *Hales*; and one to your Ladyſhip, to be left at Lady ——. And I ſhall not neglect to pray, that You may enjoy the precious Promiſe recorded

cor[illegible]ed by that charming and moſt conſolatory Writer, the Prophet *Iſaiah*. "Then ſhall thy Light break forth as the Morning, and thine Health ſhall ſpring forth ſpeedily: and thy Righteouſneſs ſhall go before thee; the Glory of the Lord ſhall be thy Rere-ward. Thou ſhalt call, and the Lord ſhall anſwer: thou ſhalt cry, and He ſhall ſay, Here I am." *Iſaiah* lviii. 8, 9. May all that is included in theſe Words, all that was merited by the Redeemer's Death, be the Portion of your Ladyſhip. And this will amount to a Happineſs, greater than can be conceived; but is that very Happineſs which is moſt earneſtly wiſhed for your Ladyſhip, by

Your greatly obliged,

and truly grateful humble Servant.

LETTER XLV.

The Scriptures Conſolation in Affliction.—The Benefit of Temptation.

Weſton, Nov. 7, 1752.

MADAM,

GLAD ſhould I be, very glad, if I could as effectually adminiſter Conſolation to your Mind, under every Diſtreſs; as I can aſſuredly promiſe the moſt inviolable Fidelity, in every Affair, which You are pleaſed to communicate, under the Seal of Secrecy.—However, I can apply to Him, who ſpoke the tempeſtuous Ocean into a Calm; and is able to ſpeak the troubled Soul into Tranquillity.—"I create the Fruit of the Lips, ſaith the Lord; which ſhall be, Peace, Peace." *Iſai.* lvii. 19. The Repetition of the Word, I believe, denotes

denotes the Certainty, the Abundance, and the Permanency of the Peace; which is created by God, and is the Fruit of his Word; ſpoken by the Mouth, and committed to the Writings, of his Prophets and Apoſtles.—In all our Diſquietudes therefore, my honoured Madam, let Us ſeek, by aſſiduous Application, to the Scriptures of Truth; and by humble Prayer, to the God of all Grace. The former was *David*'s Reſolution; "In the Lord's Word will I rejoice; in the Lord's Word will I comfort me." The latter was *Hannah*'s Practice; when "her Adverſary provoked her ſore, to make her fret; She poured out her Complaint unto the Lord, and ſhewed Him of her Trouble. And the Burthen was removed from her Spirits; her Countenance was no more ſad." (1 *Sam.* i.)

Methinks, I could almoſt wiſh, that, whatever Buffetings of Satan I myſelf may feel, your Ladyſhip might be expoſed to none of his fiery Darts. But it *can* not, it *muſt* not be. Even You, Madam, muſt be exerciſed with Trials. Without them, Diligence would fold her Arms; Circumſpection would cloſe her Eyes; and all our Chriſtian Graces would loſe their Activity and Vigour. To be immured always in a warm Room, where no ſingle Breath of Air could reach Us, could not be conducive to the Health of our Bodies. To be free from Trials, and exempt from Temptations, would be as little beneficial to the State of the Soul.—Nevertheleſs, be of good Comfort, my Lady. You know, Who has ſaid; "My Grace is ſufficient for Thee." And it was the Saying of a good Man, a Veteran in the ſpiritual Warfare; "Thoſe Temptations, which drive Us to Prayer, and make Us more attentive to the Scriptures, can not ruin Us; will never hurt Us; nay, will turn, in the Iſſue, to our great Advantage."

At ſuch Seaſons, and ſuch Diſciplines, We are taught to know Ourſelves. Where—at ſuch an Hour of In-

firmity and prevailing Corruption—where is our fancied Righteouſneſs? What Figure does our own Obedience make? Alas! it appears worthleſs, and moſt deſpicably mean. Then how comfortable to reflect, that though miſerably defective in Ourſelves, We "are complete in our divine Redeemer."—When We ſee our own Righteouſneſſes, to be poor intermitted Scraps of Duty; to be, as the Prophet ſpeaks, no better than "filthy Rags;" then how precious is Jeſus Chriſt, under the Character of "The Lord our Righteouſneſs!" Then how reviving is ſuch a Text of Scripture; "God hath made Him, who knew no Sin, to be Sin for Us; that We might be made the Righteouſneſs of God in Him!" 2 *Cor.* v. 21.

You do right, Madam, to overcome Evil with Good. This is a noble Conqueſt. May the Arm of the Almighty enable You to gain many ſuch Victories!—You act alſo from the right Principle. No Conſideration can ſo powerfully incline Us to forgive, as the bright Hope, and chearing Proſpect of our own Forgiveneſs. Since God has remitted to Us a Debt of ten thouſand, thouſand Talents; ſhall We not readily remit a few Pence to our offending Brethren? It is St. *Paul*'s Argument, and a moſt engaging Argument it is; "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Chriſt's Sake hath forgiven You." May the Spirit of eternal Goodneſs confirm your Ladyſhip in this Faith! Give You a happy Perſuaſion, that all your Sins are blotted out by the Blood of the Lamb; that, though there are and will be Failings in You, yet there is no Condemnation for You! This will promote and facilitate the Exerciſe of every Virtue; juſt as a generous Cordial exhilarates the Spirits, invigorates the Limbs, and ſheds its benign Influence through the whole Frame.

You

You need not to aſk my Prayers for your Ladyſhip. I muſt extinguiſh the warmeſt Emotions of my Soul, before I can ceaſe to wiſh, and make Supplication for, your preſent Comfort, and endleſs Happineſs. And, bleſſed be God, there is a great High-Prieſt in Heaven, who ever lives to make Interceſſion for You; and not only makes Interceſſion, but pleads all his meritorious Obedience and Death in your Behalf. To His Care, who careth for You with the tendereſt and everlaſting Compaſſion, I commit your Ladyſhip; and beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your moſt obliged,

and truly grateful humble Servant.

P. S. I cannot forbear repeating my Thanks; ſince You have been pleaſed to make a repeated Tender of your Liberality. I aſſure your Ladyſhip, that your late Donation is abundantly ſufficient for my charitable Demands; that I am in no Want on my own Account; but very much delighted with your truly noble and endearing Manner of offering your Favours.

I am afraid your judicious Advice comes too late. I am apprehenſive, the Pamphlet will be advertiſed, before my Letter can poſſibly reach my Bookſeller. And if the Day for Publication is fixed, in ſeveral of the Papers, it cannot be altered, without infringing upon the eſtabliſhed Laws of Trade. However, I will write; and if it be a practicable Thing, will regulate and grace my Conduct by your Ladyſhip's Counſel.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

On preſenting his Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke—On Dr. Hales.

Weſton, Nov. 12, 1752.

MADAM,

I AM aſhamed to plead Haſte, as an Excuſe for Negligence or Brevity, when I have the Honour of writing to your Ladyſhip. But at preſent the Caſe is unavoidable; therefore, I hope, the Apology will be admitted. The truth is—Sunday is come, and I have not ſo much as thought upon a Text. May the unerring Spirit of Chriſt direct my Choice, and enable me rightly to divide the Word of Truth!

I hope, before this Time, the Remarks on Lord B———e, have waited on your Ladyſhip, and been received with your uſual Candour.—There is one egregious Blunder committed by the Printer. Which, I fear, will make the Paſſage quite unintelligible. Can You tell, how to underſtand the latter Part of Line 20, Page 67?—Wh— is plain. But what elſe ſhould be read with theſe Letters? Many Readers, I am apprehenſive, will be at a Loſs to ſupply the Connection. In thoſe Copies, which were tranſmitted to me, I have altered it thus—Whoſe me—then the Senſe is clear. Thus it was in the original Manuſcript; and I wiſh, your Ladyſhip would take the Trouble, of writing it thus in your Copy. And if You pleaſe to ſuggeſt the ſame Hint to Dr. *Hales*, You would do me another Favour. Whoſe Miniſtration to Her Royal Highneſs, and Interviews with your Ladyſhip, I hope, the God of Heaven will make effectual to the Furtherance of your Faith, and Encreaſe of your Joy in the bleſſed Jeſus.

Jeſus. To whoſe tender Care, and everlaſting Love, I commit your Ladyſhip; and beg Leave to profeſs myſelf,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

P. S. I had written a ſhort Letter to the Doctor, before I was favoured with your Ladyſhip's Hint. And am glad, my Conduct was ſo happy as to correſpond with your Ladyſhip's Advice.

LETTER XLVII.

An Explanation to be made to Dr. Hales.

Weſton, Nov. 16, 1752.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to trouble You with another ſhort Scribble; in order to beg Pardon for a Miſtake, which, I find, has been committed. Four Setts of the Remarks, I perceive, have been ſent to your Ladyſhip; at the ſame Time, not one was tranſmitted to *Dr. Hales*. I have explained to the *Doctor* the Cauſe of this Blunder; and from Him, I beg of your Ladyſhip to ſatisfy Yourſelf, and receive an Excuſe for me.

If your Ladyſhip diſcerns any Thing improper in the Additions, I have made; or if You hear any Cenſures paſſed, upon any Part of the Performance; let me entreat You to communicate them to the Author. That, in Caſe another Edition is required, (which my Bookſeller mentions as no improbable Affair) ſome ſuitable Corrections may be made.

Give me Leave to conclude with wiſhing, that the ineſtimable Word, which You have animated me to vindicate, may dwell in your Ladyſhip richly. Dwell in your Memory; dwell in your Affections; dwell in your Heart; and be influential on all your Converſation. A greater Happineſs I could not wiſh, for the moſt generous Friend in the World; therefore it is the Happineſs moſt earneſtly wiſh'd for your Ladyſhip, by

Your moſt obedient

and ever grateful Servant.

LETTER XLVIII.

On her intended Kindneſs to him—On his Illneſs.

Weſton, Dec. 5, 1752.

MADAM,

MAY I aſk, How You have acquired the Art, of conferring real Favours, on the Occaſion of imaginary Wants? I little thought, that the ambiguous Repreſentation of my late Confinement, would have brought me under a new Obligation to your Ladyſhip. But indeed your kind Intention of procuring a GREAT Sum, to extricate me from the Difficulties, in which You ſuppoſed me to be involved, has drawn a proportionably large Bill upon my Gratitude.

I thank You, Madam, for what You intended, as well as for what You have conferred. Yet, if I know my own Heart, I ſhould ſuffer much, before I could prevail upon myſelf to draw your Ladyſhip into ſuch Trouble. Should I, to remedy the Effects of my own Miſconduct, ſtraiten, perplex, and embarraſs a gene-

rous noble Friend? The Thought grieves me: the Action itſelf would wound me.

Yet, how often have I read, that, to make me rich, the Lord of all Things "had not where to lay his Head." To obtain Joy and Gladneſs for me, the Prince of Peace was ſorrowful, "ſorrowful even unto Death." To cleanſe me from all Guilt, to preſent me without Spot or Blemiſh before his Throne, the ever-bleſſed Son of God was content to ſpill the laſt Drop of his Blood.—How often have I read all this, yet continued unaffected, and ſtupidly inſenſible!—May your Ladyſhip's Heart glow with Gratitude, overflow with Thankfulneſs, on every Remembrance of this adored and gracious Redeemer. May I be ſmitten with Remorſe, and overwhelmed with Shame, for my vile, vile Ingratitude to ſo divinely compaſſionate a Saviour. And ſo much the more, the more I am aſſured of his Readineſs to forgive all my Provocations, and to love me as freely as if I had never offended.

I am much obliged to your Ladyſhip for taking the Trouble of tranſmitting the Sentiments of your critical Acquaintance. If I live to write another Letter, I will return my Opinion with Relation to them—This is deſignedly ſhort; to correſpond with my weak State of Health. For I am again confined: though, bleſſed be God, not "in Durance vile." I preached on Sunday; and, I believe, renewed my Cold: ſo that this Morning I have loſt my Voice. But I thank the divine Providence, that I have a Hand to write a Word of Chriſt, though my Tongue is diſabled for ſpeaking of the pleaſing Subject.—What a dying Life is mine! Every Blaſt pierces me, and every Cold cruſhes me. Bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be God through Chriſt, for a better Life and happier State in the Heavens. Where We ſhall be languid no more, afflicted no more; and

(O! delightful Conſideration!) be ungrateful to the dying Jeſus no more, ſin againſt the ever-amiable God no more.—May your Ladyſhip have many Foretaſtes of this bliſsful State, here on Earth; and, in due Time, an abundant Entrance into the Fulneſs of its Joy!—Permit me the Pleaſure and the Honour of ſubſcribing myſelf, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER XLIX.

Remarks on Gen. ix. 25.—*On the Snow—On the Divinity of the Saviour.*

Weſton, Dec. 21, 1752.

MADAM,

IN my laſt, I promiſed to lay before your Ladyſhip, what I apprehend to be a more correct Senſe of *Gen.* ix. 25. That which I have given, is, I think, an undoubted Truth; is deducible from the original Words; and is not without its Patrons. But the Senſe, in which, upon more mature Conſideration, I ſhould chuſe to underſtand the Paſſage, is—Curſed is *Ham*, curſed is *Canaan*. Their Guilt is chargeable upon themſelves alone. They are the ſole Authors of their own Sin, and the ſole Cauſes of their own Ruin. Whereas, *bleſſed be*, or bleſſed is (not *Shem* primarily and principally) but *the Lord God of Shem*.—Who is the Cauſe of all the Good, that exiſts in, or is performed by, any of his People. He works in them both to will and do, according to his Good Pleaſure.

Not unto them therefore, not unto them, but unto their God and Saviour be all the Glory.

Thus far I had written, when an Incident called me off; and rendered it impoſſible for me to finiſh, ſoon enough for the laſt Poſt.—When I ſat down to pen the preceding, We were viſited by a remarkable Stranger. One, who has not been ſeen in all theſe Parts, for many Months. Fair to Admiration. But, like all her Siſter-Beauties, fading and extremely tranſient.—Perhaps, your Ladyſhip may conjecture, Whom or What I mean. I mean a Flight of Snow: which fell in the Night; and, during the Space of about Half a Day, covered our Fields. I am pleaſed with the Appearance of this wintry Gueſt; becauſe it gives me a fine Idea of that ſpotleſs Purity, which, I truſt, your Ladyſhip will derive, from the precious Blood of Chriſt.

How endearing are his Words, and how ineſtimable his Promiſe! "Come now, and let Us reaſon together, ſaith the Lord. Though your Sins be as Scarlet, they ſhall be white as Snow; though they be red like Crimſon, they ſhall be as Wool." *Iſai.* i. 18.—How noble is the Declaration, and how triumphant the Faith of *David*, ſpeaking upon the ſame Subject! "Thou ſhalt purge me with Hyſſop, and I ſhall be clean: thou ſhalt waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than Snow."—Theſe Paſſages muſt certainly refer to the Blood of the everlaſting Covenant, without which there is no Remiſſion. They cannot but relate to that Blood of the LAMB, *which taketh away the Sins of the World.* And is not this a Proof of his real Divinity? For if no Man, no Creature, can take away *any* Sin: how great muſt HE be, how infinitely glorious, who can take away ALL Sins! So entirely take them away, that not the leaſt Spot or Blemiſh ſhall remain.

Since our Lord is very God; the Maker of ALL Things, and Upholder of the Univerſe; the King of

Angels, and Judge of Men; no Wonder, such Efficacy attends the Sacrifice of his Death. No Wonder, that his People, washed in his Blood, and arrayed in his Righteousness, should be found unblameable and unreprovable. The Mountain Snows are not so white, the Garden Lilies are not so fair, the Stars of Heaven are not so bright, as those blessed happy Souls, who have *put on the Lord Jesus Christ*.—What Reason have We, Madam, what abundant Reason, to rejoice in such a Saviour! Let Us study his inconceivable Dignity, and implore the Influences of that blessed Spirit, whose Office it is, to testify of Christ, and reveal Him in our Hearts.

I should be much delighted to join your honourable and devout Assembly at the Countess Delits's. Though debarred of this Pleasure on Earth, I hope to enjoy it in Heaven. In the mean Time, I most heartily pray, that great Power may accompany my dear Friend's Preaching, and great Grace be on all your Souls. That You may *be stedfast in Faith*, and *fervent in Spirit: and serving the Lord*, adorning his Gospel, *and rejoicing in Hope of* his everlasting Glory. These Blessings I take Leave to wish for your Ladyship, and my other noble Friends, at the approaching Solemnity. These Blessings, if vouchsafed from above, will make a Festival in the Heart: even that Festival, which the Prophet so beautifully describes, under the Image of a magnificent and sumptuous Banquet. *Isai.* xxv. 6, 7, 8, 9. At this more than royal Banquet may You, Madam, have a distinguished Seat; and may some Crumbs from the Table, fall to the Share of,

Your Ladyship's obliged,

obedient, grateful, humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER L.

Reflections on ſudden Death—On Preparation for it.

Weſton, Jan. 23, 1753.

MADAM,

MY Brother, I dare ſay, eſteems it an Honour and a Pleaſure to execute your Commands. And I am apt to think, all your Ladyſhip's Commands are of ſuch a Nature, as to be Benefits, rather than Taſks. They are calculated for the Advantage of Others, more than for your own. Somewhat like the Precepts of our divine Maſter, all whoſe *Prohibitions* import, *Do thyſelf no Harm:* and all his *Injunctions* imply, Poſſeſs the higheſt Good.

That awful Stroke of ſudden Death, which your obliging Letter mentions, will, I hope, be bleſſed to your Ladyſhip's ſpiritual Improvement. Such alarming Inſtances of human Frailty, are, I think, one Species of that Wiſdom, which *crieth without, and uttereth her Voice in the Streets.* And this is the Purport of the Admonition; "Take ye Heed; watch and pray: for Ye know not, when the Time is." Cultivate a more inceſſant Communion with God: live, by Faith, on the Merits of his dear Son: cheriſh all the Influences of his bleſſed Spirit. Then will You not only not be in Bondage through Fear of Death, but ſhall taſte ſomewhat of Heaven even upon Earth. And when the Moment of Diſſolution comes, You ſhall change your Place, not your Company; You ſhall relinquiſh your Clay, but loſe none of your Joys.

Would your Ladyſhip ſee in another Light, What is our proper Preparation for all Changes—How We may be fortified againſt all the Viciſſitudes of Life, and

againſt the final Approach of Death—Be pleaſed to peruſe *Rev.* xii. 1. Thoſe, who are arrayed like that illuſtrious Woman; affected like Her; adorned like Her; they are fitted for every Alteration. They need fear no Evil. To them, to live is Chriſt, and to die will be Gain.—I give my Anſwer in theſe Words, becauſe they are very pictureſque, and exceedingly ſtriking. They will be a fine Subject for your Ladyſhip's Meditation. And I moſt ſincerely wiſh, that You may know them, more and more, by your own Experience; till You arrive at that happy Place, and enter into thoſe bliſsful Manſions, where the Scene of this noble Viſion lay, and where alone true Felicity is to be found.

I have lately comforted the Heart of a poor old Saint and his infirm Wife, with Part of your charitable Donation. And am going to order ſome Relief, to an ancient Widow and her afflicted Daughter; whoſe Diſtreſſes, were I to relate them, would pierce your Heart with Sorrow. And, I truſt, it will give You equal Joy to reflect, that the Father of Mercies is pleaſed to make Uſe of your Ladyſhip's Inſtrumentality, in adminiſtring Comfort amidſt ſuch great Tribulation.

Give me Leave, before I conclude, to turn the Declaration of a Prince and an Apoſtle, into a Prayer for your Ladyſhip. *May the Bleſſing of Him that is ready to periſh come upon You!* May You cauſe the Heart of many Widows to ſing for Joy! And, in your own Heart, have much of that *Kingdom of God* which *is not Meat and Drink, but Righteouſneſs, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt!*—May I aſk, When thoſe Papers make their Appearance, which the worthy *Dr. Hales* ſo often mentioned; and for the Publication of which, if I remember right, the Month of January was fixed, in a Letter to

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged
and very obedient humble Servant.

LETTER LI.

On his Illneſs—On St. John's being in the Spirit—On the Character of Chriſt as Alpha and Omega.

Weſton, Feb. 26, 1753.

MADAM,

I AM really in Suſpenſe, I muſt beg of You to determine, Whether I have done right or wrong. A Fortnight, almoſt a whole Fortnight, have I been in Poſſeſſion of your Ladyſhip's Letter; without making any Acknowledgment for the Favour, till this Day.—The Truth is, I have been ſadly indiſpoſed; languid and diſpirited; out of Humour with myſelf, and diſpleaſed with my own Thoughts. And ſhould I, in ſuch a diſagreeable Habit, appear before your Ladyſhip? Should I preſent to my honourable Friend, what was diſguſtful even to myſelf!—As You ſhall decide this Queſtion, I will condemn or acquit the Priſoner at the Bar; and will continue or alter my Practice accordingly.

Methinks, I ſee You ſmile at Us fanciful and hippiſh Folks. Smile, my Lady, and welcome. Only do not think me inſenſible of the Honour of your Correſpondence, nor altogether ungrateful for the various Inſtances of your Generoſity. Such a Suſpicion would afflict me, more than a foggy Day, or a louring Sky.

In a Letter, which ſome Time ago, I had the Pleaſure of writing to your Ladyſhip, there are two Paſſages, which may poſſibly want ſome farther Proof, or ſome clearer Explication.—The Character of Chriſt, *I am Alpha and Omega*, Page 67. Line 15.—The Remarks on the Book of *Chronicles*, Page 70, in the Note.—Will You give me Leave, Madam, to illuſtrate the former, and to exemplify the latter? In both which, I hope,

hope, We ſhall find Manna, heavenly Manna, for the Nouriſhment of our Faith: and not be obliged to gather it, from the Thorns of Controverſy.

The Character of our Lord, makes a Part of the *Revelation*, vouchſafed to St. John. *Revel.* i. 8. In which, We are entertained, We are ſtruck, We are tranſported, with the grandeſt Images that ever were conceived, and the ſublimeſt Deſcriptions that ever were drawn. We may challenge *Homer*, challenge *Pindar*, and defy their moſt devoted Admirers, to produce a Parallel.—A Parallel! No. The Imagery of the Apoſtle, is ſomewhat like the Perſon of his Immanuel. Whoſe Appearance—not his Vengeance, not his Wrath, nor his Frown—but his *bare Appearance*, is inſupportably ſplendid and glorious. Nothing in Nature can vie with it. Nothing in Nature can ſtand before it. "From his Face the Earth and the Heaven flee away, and there is found no Place for them." *Revel.* xx. 11.

In this Book, the Images occur more frequently, and the Colour is more brilliant, than in any other, even, of the ſacred Compoſitions. It was intended to cloſe the canonical Writings; and is not unlike a Capital of Gems, on a Column of Gold. Or, to ſpeak more properly, it cloſes them with a Dignity, that muſt always be admired; but will never be equalled; perhaps, never fully underſtood, till We enter into that City, "which hath no Need of the Sun, neither of the Moon to ſhine in it; for the Glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof." *Rev.* xxi. 23.

To a Perſon of true Taſte, and free from Prejudice, this, I think, is no inconſiderable Argument for the *divine* Original of the Work. Whence could an illiterate Fiſherman, have been furniſhed with ſuch inimitably noble Ideas, but from the immediate Influence of Heaven?

Heaven? How could this plain, artleſs, and unimproved Mind ſoar ſo high; ſo far above all the Flights of human Genius; were it not upon the Wings of Inſpiration.

How ſolemn and alarming is the Introduction! "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and heard behind me a great Voice, as of a Trumpet."—It was *the Lord's Day*. The Day, on which Chriſt aroſe; and conquered Death, and triumphed over the Grave. The Day, on which the Holy Ghoſt came down upon the Apoſtles; and made their Underſtandings clear as the Light, and their Tongues piercing as the Fire. The Day, on which all inferior Buſineſs is diſcontinued, and every earthly Care ſuſpended; in order to give, both a Type, and a Foretaſte, of *that* everlaſting *Reſt, which remaineth for the People of God.*

He was in the Spirit. Not only wrapped in Contemplation; wreſtling in Prayer; and his Soul aſcending in Praiſe: which are ſpiritual Exerciſes, and ſuited to the Day: but under an extraordinary Influence of the divine Spirit. This illuminated his Mind: this enlivened his Imagination: and ſet before Him the moſt magnificent Scenes, that Heaven and Earth afford. Even while he was confined amidſt the barren Sands, the naked Rocks, and ſolitary Wilds of *Patmos*. Whither He was baniſhed, "for the Word of God, and for the Teſtimony of Jeſus Chriſt." *Rev.* i. 9.

In theſe ſolitary Wilds, *He hears behind Him a great Voice*; as loud, and probably as melodious, *as a Trumpet*. Which may remind your Ladyſhip, of thoſe beautiful and awakening Lines in the *Meſſiah*—

> Hark! a glad Voice, the lonely Deſart chears:
> Prepare the Way. A GOD, a GOD appears!
> A GOD! A GOD! The vocal Hills reply;
> The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

It

It is indeed THE DEITY, who approaches. It is indeed HIS Voice, that is heard. It is the Voice, that ſpake at the Beginning, and the World was made: the Voice, that ſpake from Mount *Sinai*, and the Center ſhook: that will ſpeak at the laſt, and Time ſhall be no more.

And what ſays this wonderful Voice? The Subject is like the Speaker, *great and marvellous.* "I am Alpha and Omega; the Firſt and the Laſt." The true, the ſelf-exiſtent, the eternal God. "Which is, and which was, and which is to come." In this high Capacity, under this auguſt Character, our Lord Jeſus Chriſt is the efficient Cauſe, and the ultimate End of all Things.

Conſider Him as Mediator, He is the Source and the Center of all the divine Diſpenſations: from whom they all proceed, and in whom they all terminate.—But He is more peculiarly the Origin and Foundation, of all thoſe Purpoſes of redeeming Love; which were formed by the bleſſed and only Potentate, "before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the Earth and the World were made." Thoſe Purpoſes, which the Lord Jehovah formed, to ſave an innumerable Multitude of fallen ſinful Men: bringing them, from a State of Ignorance, to the Knowledge of his adorable Perfections; and, from a State of Wickedneſs, to a delightful Communion with his moſt holy Majeſty.—Which is the moſt diſtinguiſhed Honour, and the moſt conſummate Happineſs, that an Arch-angel can enjoy. Yet is intended (I moſt heartily congratulate You on the Occaſion) for You, Madam—and intended alſo (how ſhall I admire? O! how ſhall I ſufficiently admire, *the exceeding Riches of Grace?*) for

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,
and ever grateful Servant.

P. S.

P. S. I hope, your Ladyſhip will take the Caſe into Conſideration, which is mentioned at the Beginning. However, I ſhall venture to trouble You once more, and tranſmit the Sequel of this little Sketch, before I receive your Deciſion.

LETTER LII.

On the Character of Chriſt, as Prophet, Prieſt, King, the Alpha and Omega.

Weſton, March 24, 1753.

MADAM,

PERMIT me, without any Ceremony, or the Formality of a Preface, to reſume the Subject of my former Letter.

Conſider Chriſt as a Prophet, He is "the firſt and laſt:" the ſole Inſpirer of every Prophet, and the final Object of all Prophecy. "A Prophet like *Moſes*," ſays the ſacred Oracle: in this Reſpect principally, that as *Moſes* was ſuperior to all other Prophets; ſo Chriſt is greatly, is incomparably ſuperior to *Moſes* himſelf.—Do Prophets ſpeak of future Events, and of People yet unborn, with as much Clearneſs and Certainty, as if the People were preſent, as if the Events were paſt? They do. Yet not they, but the Spirit of Chriſt, which is *with* them, which is *in* them.—He is Truth itſelf. "In Him are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowlege. None teacheth like Him."

Conſider Him as the High-Prieſt of our Profeſſion; both in Nature and Practice, He is *holy*, *harmleſs*, and perfectly *undefiled*. In Dignity of Office, He is "higher than the Heavens." In the Continuance of his Miniſtration,

ſtration, He is "a Prieſt for ever after the Order of *Melchiſedek*." His Death is the great, the all-atoning Sacrifice, which taketh away the Sin of the World. It is the Altar that ſanctifies, the Incenſe that perfumes, every other Oblation. By this "We have Acceſs with Boldneſs, into the Holy of Holies;" and by this We truſt to "have an abundant Entrance into the Kingdom of Glory."

Conſider Him as King, He is the Firſt and the Laſt. *David*'s Royal Sceptre, and *Solomon*'s Ivory Throne, are but Shadows of his Sovereignty.—The Kingdom of Providence is his; the Father hath committed all Judgment unto the Son.—The Kingdom of Grace is his; "He is Head over all Things to the Church."—The Kingdom of Glory is his; "He is gone into Heaven, Angels, Authorities, and Powers being made ſubject unto Him."—His Word is his Sceptre, and "He rules in the Hearts of his People;" there "He writes his Laws," and there "He ſubdues their Enemies," even thoſe Luſts which war againſt the Soul."

He is the Sum and Subſtance of all the great Things, which are written by *Moſes*, the *Prophets*, and *Apoſtles*. He is that Almighty Word, whoſe *Fiat* is recorded in *Geneſis*, and by Whom the Worlds were made. He is that Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe Riſing is foretold by *Malachi*, and whoſe Beams have brought Life and Immortality to Light. He is that ſupreme Judge, whoſe Tribunal is erected in the Viſions of *John* the Divine, and at whoſe Bar the Dead both ſmall and great are to be convened.

In the Duties of Religion, in the Graces of Chriſtianity, in the Comforts and Victories of the Chriſtian, He is the Firſt and the Laſt.—Would We exerciſe Ourſelves in the Duty of Prayer? Our Lord has declared, "Whatſoever Ye ſhall aſk the Father in my Name, He will give You."—Would We offer the

ſpiritual

ſpiritual Sacrifice of Praiſe? The Apoſtle has ſet us an Example; "I thank my God through Jeſus Chriſt."—Is Joy a deſirable State? The ſame infallible Director ſays; "Rejoice in the Lord Jeſus always: and again I ſay, Rejoice in God your Saviour." For, He makes You "always to triumph:" through Him You overcome Sin, and Death, and Hell: Ye are "more than Conquerors through Him that loved You."

In a Word, Chriſt is All.—As all the Fountains, the Rivers, and the Clouds, proceed from the Sea; ſo, all our Salvation, our Holineſs, and our Happineſs, are found in Chriſt: from the firſt Gleam of Hope, that dawns in the penitent Breaſt, even to the rapturous Song of Thankſgiving, which ſounds from the glorified Believer's Tongue.

Since then We have a Redeemer, who is "Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending; which was, and which is, and which is to come;" the Almighty: what can be a more reaſonable Inference, or a more beneficial Improvement of the Doctrine, than his own encouraging Exhortation, "Fear not?"—Was He the *laſt*, but not the *firſt*, who would begin the good Work in Us, or ſet forward our eternal Felicity? Was He the *firſt only*, and *not the laſt*, We might be apprehenſive, leſt He ſhould deſert the good Work, before it were accompliſhed. But as He is both the *firſt* and the *laſt*, He will "not faint nor be diſcouraged, till He has fulfilled all the good Pleaſure of his Will, and the Work of Faith with Power. He will ſanctify His Servants wholly; and preſerve their whole Spirit, Soul, and Body, blameleſs unto the Day of his own glorious Appearing."

Having ſuch a King, what ſhould We fear? If He be for Us, who can be againſt Us? He has Bowels of Compaſſion to pity Us, and the Arm of Omnipotence to ſuccour Us. Therefore let the Children of *Sion* be joyful

joyful in their King. Let them ſay boldly with the heroic Apoſtle; "I am perſuaded, that neither Death, nor Life; nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers; nor Things preſent, nor Things to come; nor Height, nor Depth; nor any other Creature, ſhall be able to ſeparate Us from his Love, or pluck Us from his Hand."

Having ſuch a Prophet, let Us ſit at his Feet, with pious *Mary*. Let Us exerciſe Ourſelves in his Word, Day and Night, with holy *David*. And let Us, with the Diſciples of old, wait for the Teachings of his divine Spirit. He can teach, not our Ears only, but our Hearts. He can give Us "all Riches of the full Aſſurance of Underſtanding." He can fill our Souls, and fill the World, with heavenly Wiſdom, "as the Waters cover the Sea."

Having ſuch a Prieſt, what may We not hope? If the idolatrous *Micah* could ſay, "Now I know that the Lord will do me Good, ſeeing I have a Levite to my Prieſt," *Judg.* xvii. 13. how much more may We every One profeſs; Now I am aſſured, the Lord Jehovah will do me Good, ſeeing "We have a great High-Prieſt, that is paſſed into the Heavens, Jeſus the Son of God."—We need not wiſh for "thouſands of Rams, or ten thouſands of Rivers of Oil." His Death is a Propitiation of infinite Efficacy: ſufficient to expiate all Guilt; ſufficient to procure all Bleſſings.—We need not wiſh "for Horſes of Fire, and Chariots of Fire." His Interceſſion is our Defence againſt all the Aſſaults of Temptation, and our Preſervative amidſt all the Dangers of Apoſtacy.

If, in all the preceding Inſtances, Jeſus Chriſt is *the firſt and the laſt*, ſhould He not be ſo likewiſe—in our Eſteem? Should We not "account all Things but Loſs, for the Excellency of the Knowlege of Chriſt Jeſus our Lord?"—In our Deſires? Should not this be the Language of our Hearts? "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?

Thee? and there is none upon Earth, that I desire in Comparison of Thee?"—In our Glorying? Ought not this to be our unalterable Resolution, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ?"—In our Aims? "Whether We eat or drink, or whatever We do, should We not do all to the Glory of God" our Saviour?—In our Life and Death? That "whether We live, We may live unto the Lord; or whether We die, We may die unto the Lord: so that, living or dying, We may be the Lord's."

Then, Madam, You will not think it strange, that Christ is the constant Topic, both of my Tongue and Pen. You will not censure it, as a pedantic Practice, that, in all the Letters, which I have the Honour of writing to your Ladyship, Christ is still the leading Theme, or the ultimate Point.—A very famous Wit, I know, characterizes a Pedant, as One who turns every Conversation to some favourite and peculiar Subject. If this be a true Definition, the wisest and best Men, that ever lived, were the greatest Pedants. The most excellent and only divine Book in the World, is a Series of Pedantry.—To imitate such Pedants, and adopt such Pedantry, I hope, will always be my Study and my Delight. And, zealous as I am for your Ladyship's Dignity, I dare venture to wish, that in this Respect You may be *not only almost*, *but altogether* like,

Madam, your most obliged,

and very obedient humble Servant.

P. S. Forgive me, my honoured Lady, if I have done wrong or acted disrespectfully, in delaying my Letter. I have been oppressed with such insuperable Languors of Constitution, as have made me diffident of myself; displeased with my own Thoughts; averse to Application of every Kind. And, (would You think it?)

it?) I can hardly bear to reviſe the Lines, which are now written to your Ladyſhip. I hope, their Patroneſs will be more indulgent than their Author, or elſe wretched will be their Fate.

LETTER LIII.

On the Want of religious Acquaintance.—The All-ſufficiency of Chriſt.—Remarks on an Author.

Weſton, April 1, 1753.

MADAM,

GIVE me Leave to thank You, for your very obliging Inquiry after my Health. I can give no very agreeable Account of it. As You will eaſily conjecture, when I wiſh, that your Ladyſhip's may be the very Reverſe of mine.—However, I deſire to bleſs God, that I am not racked with Pain; that I am enabled, in any Sort, to "preach and teach Jeſus Chriſt;" and that, ere long, this "Corruptible will put on Incorruption, and this Mortal will put on Immortality. Then ſhall be brought to paſs," in its fulleſt Extent, "the Saying that is written: They that wait upon the Lord ſhall renew their Strength. They ſhall mount up with Wings like the Eagle. They ſhall walk, and not be weary: they ſhall run, and not faint."

The Scarcity of religious Acquaintance, I believe, is a general Complaint. For my Part, I can find very few among the wealthy or faſhionable, who delight in edifying Converſation. Therefore, they are ſeldom troubled with my Company, and as ſeldom vouchſafe to viſit me.—How glad ſhould I have been, had Providence ſo ordered my Situation, to have waited on your Ladyſhip, and talked of the *Lord*, who was a

Servant

Servant for Us—the *Judge*, who was *condemned* for Us —the King, who *died* for Us!—But though We cannot talk of Him, We may ſpeak to Him, by Prayer; and He will ſpeak to Us, by his Word. And "never Man ſpake like Him." He giveth goodly Words. The Law of Kindneſs is on his Lips. Honey and Milk are under his Tongue. He ſpeaks, that We may have Joy; that our Joy may abide; that our Joy may be full. O! that his Word may dwell in Us richly!

What You ſay of ſome Perſons, brings to my Mind that affecting and tender Expoſtulation of our bleſſed Lord; "Will Ye alſo go away?"—May the wiſe and noble Anſwer of the Diſciples be the invariable Language of our Hearts! "Lord, to whom ſhall We go? Thou haſt the Words of eternal Life." Eternal Life is our only Happineſs. If We fall ſhort of this, *We are* of *all* Creatures *moſt miſerable*. And in Thee, bleſſed Jeſus, in Thee alone this ineſtimable Portion is to be found. Thy heavenly Doctrine has brought it to Light. Thy Death and Obedience have purchaſed it for poor Sinners. Thy Spirit makes meet for this bliſsful Inheritance. And thy Promiſe, thy inviolable Promiſe, has aſcertained it to our Enjoyment.

I have not ſeen my dear Friend *Whitefield*; but ſhall eſteem it a Privilege and a Delight, to receive Him under my Roof.—I have juſt got a Sight of the Book You mention. The Author, I find, makes every Incident, related in Scripture, ſome Way or other ſignificative of Chriſt. Nay, every Name, whether of Perſons or of Places, is, according to his Interpretation, pregnant with ſome evangelical Doctrine. His Method is very ingenious; to the pious Mind, which loves the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, it muſt be pleaſing and inſtructive; but whether it be the real Meaning of the Holy Spirit, or whether it will approve itſelf to the Judgment of Thoſe, who are "of quick Underſtanding in the Fear

of the Lord," I am at a Loſs to determine. However, I rejoice to ſee ſo much Learning captivated to the Obedience of Faith: freely owning, that Man is nothing, human Attainments are nothing; but *Chriſt* and his Righteouſneſs, *Chriſt* and his Grace, are All in All.

Your Ladyſhip will now give me a Diſmiſſion.—It is *Sunday* Morning. I muſt prepare for my People's Edification. Though I do not often chuſe a Text from the Canticles, yet I am much inclined to preach on that charming Paſſage: "Who is this that cometh up out of the Wilderneſs, leaning upon her Beloved?" While I, in much Weakneſs, diſcourſe upon it; may You, Madam, contemplate it, experience it, enjoy it! And hold on, in this comfortable happy Courſe, till You paſs, from the Wilderneſs of this World, into the heavenly *Canaan*, and the Paradiſe of God!—There, I hope, will be the preſent Converſation, and there the final Abode of

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt dutiful Servant.

LETTER LIV.

His Requeſt of a few Franks.—On the Love of Chriſt.

Weſton, April 7, 1753.

MADAM,

YOU will have a Beggar at your Door, or rather a Beggar in your Hand. And I muſt honeſtly own, He is ſo proud a Beggar, that if He could do without your Alms, or ſupply Himſelf elſewhere, Your Ladyſhip had not been troubled with this Application.—After ſuch a Confeſſion, can You open your Hand, and gratify

gratify his Requeſt?—You can: I am perſuaded, You can. And may your Charity be ſo ſtrong and exalted, as to triumph over many ſuch, yea and greater Trials! —What would this troubleſome and importunate Man have? Does He want Silver and Gold? Or, "would He be ſpoken for to the King, or to the Captain of the Hoſt?" 2 *Kings* iv. 13.—No, Madam. Of the former, bleſſed be the divine Providence, He "has enough, and to ſpare." As to the latter, He anſwers with the *Shunamite*, "I dwell among mine own People;" perfectly content with my Station, and without a ſingle Wiſh for a higher. But if your Ladyſhip would be ſo good, as to procure for Him, and tranſmit to Him, a few Franks; You will very much oblige Him, and put it into his Power to oblige ſome of his diſtant Correſpondents.

Beggars, I know, ought not to be tedious. I will therefore take care to avoid this offenſive Circumſtance. Only let me wiſh, that You, Madam, who are ſo ready to aſſiſt Others, may have "the God of Jeſhurun, who rideth upon the Heavens, for your Help, and in his Excellency on the Sky."—That You, who are ſo willing to relieve the Neceſſities of others, may have for your own Portion "the unſearchable Riches of Chriſt." May have all thoſe ineſtimable Bleſſings and glorious Privileges, which were purchaſed for You, by the Blood of Him, whom Angels adore—by the Blood of Him, who upholdeth all Things—by the Blood of Him, who will judge the World.—Then, Madam, You will have a Portion, too great for Words to expreſs; but not too great for Him, moſt ſincerely and ardently to wiſh, who ventures to beg one more Favour, the Favour and Honour of ſubſcribing Himſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

and ever grateful humble Servant.

LETTER LV.

On the Benefit of Sickneſs.—On the Mercy and the Sufferings of the Saviour.

Weſton, April 21, 1753.

MADAM,

SHALL I be forward to make my Requeſts, but backward to make my Acknowlegements? Your Favour ſo ſpeedily granted, and in ſo obliging a Manner, would render my Silence inexcuſable. Let me expreſs my Gratitude, by wiſhing You the Accompliſhment of that Promiſe; "It ſhall come to paſs, that before they call, I will anſwer; and while they are yet ſpeaking, I will hear." *Iſai.* lxv. 24.

I hope, this will find your Ladyſhip freed from that troubleſome Diſorder, the Head-Ach. The Diſorder is troubleſome, but it comes on a kind Errand. Its Miniſtry may be ſomewhat importunate, but its Meſſage is gracious. It ſays to your Affections, "Ariſe, and depart, for here is not your Reſt. There is a Land, where the Inhabitants ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick. A Land, in which is the Fulneſs of Joys, and Pleaſures for evermore. There your true Happineſs is; there let your Heart be alſo."

Yeſterday, I doubt not, You was thinking of Him, "who loved Us; and waſhed Us from our Sins, in his own Blood."—Did You not follow Him to *Gethſemane*, and view Him in that memorable Garden? He is expoſed to the chilling Damps of the Night: He is proſtrate upon the cold Ground: yet, He ſweats—ſweats profuſely,—ſweats great Drops—great Drops of Blood, falling down upon the Earth.—Did You not aſk your Lord, with Wonder and Sorrow; "Wherefore art Thou red in thine Apparel, and thy Garments like

Him

Him that treadeth in the Wine-Fat?" *Isai.* lxiii. 3. And was not this the gracious Anſwer? "I am proſtrate upon the Ground; that Thou, Sinner, mayeſt be exalted to the Heaven of Heavens. My Garments are red, and my Body weeps Blood; that thou mayeſt walk in white Robes, and rejoice in the Favour of God for ever."

Did you not behold Him tied to the Poſt, without Friend to pity Him, or Eye to compaſſionate Him? While the mercileſs Executioners ply the Scourge; redouble their Strokes; ſmite Him again and again; and cut Gaſhes in his Fleſh, like the Furrows, which the Plough tears in the Field. *Pſal.* cxxix. 3.

As though the Scourge had not fetched Blood enough from his Back and Sides, *they crown Him with Thorns.* What a Mockery was this! What a Torment! And how did His bleſſed Head ach!—They cruſh the Thorns into his Temples; they beat them down with the Cane; they drive them deep into his Fleſh, and nail them in his very Scull. O! what a Shower of Blood muſt rain upon his Face and his Neck!

All this does not ſatisfy the Barbarity of the Jews, nor ſufficiently expreſs the Goodneſs of our Lord. He will give Us ſtill greater Proofs of his Love, and yet ſtronger Aſſurances of a complete Atonement.—They *nail* Him to the Croſs. They *pierce* his Hands and his Feet. They *hammer* the dreadful Iron, through his racked Sinews, and convulſed Nerves. On theſe dreadful Nails his Body hangs: not for a few Minutes only, which would occaſion Pain inconceivable; but for ſeveral tedious, diſmal Hours. During all which Time, the Weight of his Body writhing with Torture muſt widen the Wounds; muſt encreaſe the Anguiſh; and keep the crimſon Streams inceſſantly flowing.

Are there not Wounds and Bruiſes more than enough already? His Skin is rent with Whips: his Head is

mangled with Thorns: his Hands and Feet are cleft with Nails: "there is no whole Part in his Body." After all these Sufferings, must he receive another Wound? Must his Heart, his very Heart be stabbed? Yes, Madam, for your Sins and Mine, his Heart is stabbed: his Heart is cut asunder: a Spear is plunged into his very Heart, and forthwith issues the little Remainder of Blood that was left in this immaculate and divine Victim.

What Love was here!—What a Propitiation is this!—Great Reason had the Apostle to say; "He loved Us; and washed Us from our Sins, in his own Blood."—May the Contemplation and Belief of this precious Truth, be the Delight of your Soul in Life; the Comfort of your Heart in Death; and the Cause of your Confidence and Triumph, at the great and terrible Day of the Lord!—To the Pleasure I take in forming such a Wish, let me add the Honour of professing myself,

Your Ladyship's most obliged

and most obedient Servant.

LETTER LVI.

On the Excellency of the Bible.—On improving from the Scenes of Nature.

Weston, May 10, 1753.

MADAM,

WHO ever sailed round the World, without meeting with rude Blasts; and opposing Winds? And None can pass to the Land of everlasting Rest, free from all Disturbance, exempt from every Molestation.—But happy will these Disturbances be, if they wean Us

Us from the World, and drive Us to our God. Of whom it is ſaid, "Thou ſhalt hide them privily by thine own Preſence from the provoking of all Men: thou ſhalt keep them ſecretly in thy Tabernacle from the Strife of Tongues."

When We enter into the World, methinks, We launch into a troubled Sea. When We retire into the Cloſet, and exerciſe Ourſelves in God's Word, We find a quiet Haven.—I hope, this, and indeed every Occurrence, will endear the Bible to your Ladyſhip; will attach, more and more inſeparably, both your Affection and your Attention to the Scriptures. They are Sources of Peace, as well as Oracles of Truth.—Let me ſpeak my own Sentiments, and addreſs my honoured Friend, in the Language of that incomparable Book, I would recommend: "Bind it continually upon thine Heart, and tie it about thy Neck. When Thou walkeſt, it ſhall lead Thee; when Thou ſleepeſt, it ſhall keep Thee; and when thou awakeſt, it ſhall talk with Thee."

This, I preſume, will find You in your rural Receſs. Permit me to congratulate You on the Occaſion; and to wiſh You much of the divine Preſence, while You contemplate the divine Works. In the magnificent Lamp of Day, You will ſee a Shadow of that Sun of Righteouſneſs; who ariſes, on a loſt World, "with Healing under his Wings."—In the boundleſs Extent of the Skies, You will behold ſomewhat like a little Pattern of that everlaſting Mercy; which "pardoneth Iniquity, and paſſeth by the Tranſgreſſion of the Remnant of his Heritage."—The copious, the majeſtic, the never-ceaſing Flow of the neighbouring River, will remind You of that in-exhauſtible Fulneſs, which dwells in our adored Redeemer: will prompt You to thirſt after thoſe "living Waters," of which whoſoever drinks, "ſhall thirſt no more; but they ſhall be in Him a Well of

of Waters, ſpringing up to eternal Life :" will encourage You to expect the Accompliſhment of that precious Promiſe, " I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every Moment: leſt any hurt it, I will keep it Night and Day."—Water it every Moment!—How benign and gracious is that Expreſſion! How perfectly well ſuited to our urgent and inceſſant Neceſſities! Had it been ſaid, Every *Week*; every *Day*; every *Hour*; it had been too little for our Exigencies. But this is juſt ſuch a Supply as We want. May it be your never-failing Refreſhment in this Life! and an Antepaſt of your inconceivable Happineſs in a better Life!—Your Command, with relation to the Affair, communicated in your laſt, ſhall be punctually obeyed.—I am now going to ſet out for *Northampton*. Where I am to preach the Viſitation Sermon. I know not how I ſhall ſpeak, ſo as to be heard, in that very large and lofty Church. May the Lord God Omnipotent make " his Strength perfect, in my" extreme " Weakneſs!" My Text is, (what, I dare believe, is a favourite Portion of Scripture with your Ladyſhip) " God forbid, that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt." O! for the Eloquence of an *Apollos*, and the Fervour of a *Boanerges*, to treat worthily of ſuch a Subject. I am quite aſhamed of my poor, jejune, ſpiritleſs Compoſition. And I am no leſs aſhamed of my Unbelief: that I dare not truſt God for Utterance; but, before an Audience that is critical forſooth, muſt uſe my Notes. Ah! Madam, ſee my Fooliſhneſs and vouchſafe your Pity. And as You ſometimes condeſcend to honour me with a Letter, ſometime be pleaſed to remember in your Prayers

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

and ever grateful humble Servant.

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LETTER LVII.

On the Humiliation and Love of Chriſt.

Weſton, May 24, 1753.

MADAM,

HOW much am I obliged to You, not only for complying with my late Requeſt, but for making the Enquiry in your own Perſon, and ſo ſpeedily favouring me with an Anſwer! Indeed, my Lady, I am deeply ſenſible of your Condeſcenſion and Kindneſs. O! that your Reward may be from the Lord, and your Recompence from your God! That You may find his Ear ever open to your Prayers; and his Hand ever ſtretched out, to uphold, to protect, to multiply Bleſſings upon You!

I have ordered my Bookſeller to tranſmit ſeven of the Sermons to Dr. *Hales*, according to his Direction. One for each of his Royal Patrons; and one, I hope, He will pleaſe to accept Himſelf. May the Lord Jeſus Chriſt ſanctify (for to Him nothing is impoſſible) ſuch a ſlight Diſcourſe, to their Edification and Comfort!

My Bookſeller has Orders to lodge a Packet at Lady ———'s, directed to your Ladyſhip; which will contain four. *Two* You will permit me to preſent to your Ladyſhip; and to beg the Favour of You to ſend the other, *one* to Lady *Cheſterfield*, the *other* to the Counteſs of *Delits*. And may the Father of Mercies ſend his heavenly Bleſſing with all!

I have been thinking—Should one of thoſe Royal Perſonages, who perhaps may honour my Diſcourſe with a Peruſal, vouchſafe to call at my Houſe, or make me a tranſient Viſit; I ſhould be aſtoniſhed at the Favour—Should One of them ſubmit to Poverty, or

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go into voluntary Exile, to do me Good; I ſhould be loſt in Wonder. It would create a painful Delight—But, ſhould Any of them, open their Boſom to the Sword, or tinge the Axe with their Blood, in order to ſave me from Ruin! My Heart can hardly bear the Thought. Surely, I ſhould much rather bid Death welcome, than obtain Life at ſuch a Price.—Yet, my honoured Madam, did not HE, who is *Prince of the Kings of the Earth*, leave his celeſtial Throne for me? Did He not ſtoop to the loweſt Humiliation, and had he where to lay his Head for me? Was He not willing, nay, deſirous to die; to die, like the vileſt Slave, and in the ſevereſt Torment, for me? Theſe are his Words; "I have a Baptiſm to be baptiſed withal; and how am I ſtraitened, till it be accompliſhed!" He longed (all-gracious, ever-bleſſed Being!) He longed for the Hour, when He ſhould give Us this amazing Demonſtration of his Love. When He ſhould ſpeak it, in dying Pangs; and write it, in his Heart's Blood.—Can I wiſh You, Madam, a greater Bleſſing; than that You may be enabled "to comprehend with all Saints, what is the Length and Breadth, and Height and Depth of this Love?"—And pray, don't diſhonour this adorable and boundleſs Love, by entertaining hard or forbidding Apprehenſions of the *altogether-lovely* Jeſus. Doubt not, but He has laid down his Life, in divinely tender Compaſſion to your precious Soul: That He has bore all your Sins, and fully expiated your Guilt: That He has the ſame Bowels of Mercy for You now, as when He hung in Agonies on the curſed Tree; will withhold from You no Manner of Thing that is good; and *will never leave You, nor forſake You*, till He brings You to his own bliſsful Preſence, and heavenly Kingdom. I beg Leave to profeſs myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's much obliged,

and truly grateful humble Servant.

LETTER LVIII.

On ſpiritual Peace.

Weſton, June 12, 1753.

MADAM,

I AM ſorry to hear, that You have not been perfectly well. Might my Wiſhes prevail, You ſhould have no more Complaints of this Kind.—But perhaps it may be expedient for Us, to be viſited with ſome Affliction. It may tend to wean our Affections from a Vale of Tears; and raiſe and fix them there, where true Joys are to be found.—In thoſe *Manſions*, which *Chriſt is gone to prepare*; in thoſe alone, complete Happineſs, and conſummate Righteouſneſs dwell. Every Languor that oppreſſes Us, every Pain that chaſtiſeth Us, is a friendly Monitor. It tells Us, that We are *Strangers and Pilgrims* below. It bids us look upon the *heavenly Habitations*, as our Home; and never think Ourſelves *thoroughly* happy, till We are *abſent from the Body, and preſent with the Lord.*—May the Diſorders, which I daily feel, have this deſirable Effect on my Heart! May your Ladyſhip receive the Admonition much ſeldomer, and improve it much better!

You give me Pleaſure, by informing me, that my mean Preſent, and ſuperficial Sermon, met with Acceptance.—Dr. *Hales* is very obliging. Surely, Candour, Condeſcenſion, and Benevolence make up his Soul. I cannot wiſh Him a greater Good, than an Advance in this excellent Temper, and an Encreaſe of every ſpiritual Bleſſing.—Lady *Cheſterfield* does me an Honour; and I beg of Her and the Counteſs *Delits* to accept my grateful Acknowledgments. May they and your Ladyſhip enjoy the Privileges mentioned in the Diſcourſe!

Diſcourſe! Then, though the one be very mean, and very ſmall; the other will be exceeding great, ineſtimably precious, and juſt ſuch as I wiſh for my honourable Friends.

But why, my honoured Madam, why ſhould You not enjoy the Reſt You deſire?—The ever-bleſſed and ever compaſſionate Jeſus, *invites* You to *come to Him*; and *promiſes*, that *He will give You Reſt*. And *He is faithful that promiſes*. *Heaven and Earth* may *paſs away*, but one Iota or Tittle of his Word ſhall not fail. —This is what We have prayed for many Years, in the Devotions of our Church: "That We may paſs our Time in Reſt and Quietneſs:" in a holy Tranquillity of Mind, ſweetened with inward Peace, and brightened with heavenly Hope. And let Us not doubt, but the gracious God does hear, and will hear our Prayers, through the great Atonement, and prevailing Interceſſion of his dear Son.—Our Church, teaching Us to pray for that Peace of Conſcience, which the World cannot give, adds; "That our Hearts may be ſet to obey thy Commandments." Very juſtly intimating, that ſpiritual Peace is a moſt effectual Promoter of Holineſs; and one of the beſt Preſervatives from the Allurements of Vanity, and the Temptations to Evil. I hope, therefore, that the all-bountiful God, who *hath Pleaſure in the Proſperity of his Servants*, will *give You all Joy and Peace in believing*.—It is the Supplication of an Apoſtle, which I have adopted for your Ladyſhip. You will pleaſe to obſerve the *Expreſſion*; how full it is, and how rich. *Peace*—and not *only* Peace, but *Joy*—and not *only ſome*, but *all* Peace *and* Joy. Let me beg of You not to forget the *Direction*, or the Way wherein theſe Mercies are to be obtained—in believing. May the Father of Compaſſions, and the God of all Comfort, enable You truly to believe; and You will experience that Peace, which paſſeth all Un-

derſtanding. Enable You truly to believe—That your Sins, Infirmities, and Follies, have all been puniſhed in your divine Redeemer—That his perfect Obedience and everlaſting Righteouſneſs, render You acceptable and complete before God—That He intercedes for You at his Father's right Hand, that You may be Partaker of the Holy Ghoſt *the* Comforter; may be kept from Evil, the Evil which is in your Heart, and which is in the World; that You may be made *faithful unto Death, and inherit a Crown of Life.*—This Faith is a Source, is the *only* Source, of ſubſtantial and laſting Conſolation.

But what are the Obſtacles, and who are the Enemies, of your Repoſe? Tell them, Madam, I ſend them a Challenge. Employ me in your Service. If they dare give me the Meeting, I queſtion not but I ſhall give a proper Account of them to your Ladyſhip. —Perhaps, You wonder, that ſo puny a Creature ſhould pretend to act the Hero; and may be afraid to truſt your Intereſts, in ſo feeble a Hand.—Fear not, my good Madam. My Hand is feeble, I confeſs. But I have a Sword of heavenly Temper; powerful and reſiſtleſs. Which ſhall put them all to Flight, or lay them dead at your Feet.

Shall I beg the Favour of a few more Franks? and run more and more in Debt to your Generoſity? till I become, more than I can well expreſs, your Ladyſhip's

obliged, repeatedly obliged

humble Servant.

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LETTER LIX.

On receiving some Franks.—On restraining Grace.—On the divine Righteousness.

Weston, June 30, 1753.

MADAM;

I BELIEVE, I hope at least, You have thought my Professions of Respect, Gratitude, and Duty, to be very sincere. But you never apprehended, till the Receipt of my last Letter, that I had Zeal and Courage enough, to fight a Duel for your Ladyship. But I dare stand to my Challenge; and undertake to encounter not *one* only, but *all* the Enemies of your Tranquillity: For He, whose Word is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged Sword, hath said, *Great shall be the Peace of thy Children.*

But what must I say, for having the Honour of your Letter, and the Favour of your Franks, somewhat more than a Week, and not making my Acknowledgments all this while?—Indeed I know not what to say: I am ashamed of myself. And I will tell You the very Truth, that I may be ashamed of myself more and more.—I have often intended to write. Yet when I came to set Pen to Paper, I knew not what to indite: My Thoughts were all locked up. They sympathized with external Nature. As there was a Drought upon the Earth, so the Springs of Invention (if ever I had any) were drained.—And now I am very unfit to converse with your Ladyship: I am out of Humour and angry. Angry at myself, for giving You Reason to suspect my Sense of your Kindnesses: and angry with my Servant, whom I have sent abroad, with Orders to be at Home in due Time, and get my Horse ready for

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an Airing. And though I have given Him Leave to take his Pleaſure twice this Week already, He thinks proper to indulge the third Time; and ſtays much longer than He need, much longer than He ought.

It is unmanly, I own, and unchriſtian, to be diſcompoſed at ſuch Trifles. Yet I bleſs the reſtraining Grace of my God, that I am not abandoned to Exceſs of Paſſion; and hurried into furious Words, or outrageous Deeds. What would not the deceitful Heart of Man commit, if the Goodneſs of our heavenly Father did not interpoſe, to check, to curb, and controul? And adored be his gracious Name! He has promiſed never to leave, nor to forſake (finally forſake) his People. "Though they fall, they ſhall not be caſt away, becauſe the Lord upholdeth them with his Hand."

You ſee, Madam, how weak, how deſpicable, how depraved I am: and will learn from hence, *not to think of your poor Correſpondent, more highly than You ought to think.*—May I ſee from hence, how unſpeakably I need a better Righteouſneſs than my own! Alas! how flimſy at the beſt, how tattered at the worſt, is the Cloathing of my own Attainments, my own Performances! But *the Robe of Righteouſneſs, and the Garment of Salvation*, which Chriſt has prepared, is perfect, and entire, *wanting nothing*. Believers are complete in Him. As their Iniquities were imputed to Him; ſo his Obedience is imputed to them. "The Lord made Him to be Sin for Us, who knew no Sin; that We might be made the Righteouſneſs of God in Him."

I hope, this everlaſting and glorious Righteouſneſs of our divine Redeemer will be precious, exceedingly precious to your Ladyſhip. May You have the cleareſt Apprehenſions of it, and an eſtabliſhed Intereſt in it! May this be your Support, this your Conſolation, under all the Failings of the preſent State: till the Shadows

of Imperfection and Mortality flee away; and the Day of Immortality and Glory dawns.—Permit me, Madam, though with much Confuſion, yet with the deepeſt Eſteem, to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged

and moſt obedient humble Servant.

LETTER LX.

Remarks on the State of his Mind.—On the Excellency of Chriſt.

Weſton, July 15, 1753.

MADAM,

TO be continually writing the ſame Thing, I know, is to violate the Rules of Delicacy. But your Acts of Condeſcenſion and Kindneſs are ſo inceſſant, that I muſt either treſpaſs upon Gratitude, or offend againſt Elegance. Of the two, I chuſe rather to be thought inelegant than ungrateful. Therefore, though my laſt Letter brought your Ladyſhip my beſt Thanks, this begs Leave to make the ſame Acknowledgments; for your welcome Preſent of a parcel of Franks, and for your obliging Offer to ſupply me with more.—I believe, I ſhall have no Occaſion, to trouble You very ſoon. I ſhall want none, I am pretty certain, for the Services which You ſeem to ſuſpect. I have no Buſineſs going forward with the Printer. My laſt little Eſſay, had remained in the Obſcurity of Short-Hand: if the Father of the afflicted Youth, had not importuned me to ſend my Sermon on a begging Errand. I gave it Him, as a Kind of Lottery-Ticket; not without ſome Hopes, and many Prayers, that it might meet with

with Succeſs, and come up a Prize. Nor have I Reaſon to repent, but Cauſe to bleſs the divine Providence. For, though He printed two thouſand, He tells me, they are almoſt all ſold. May this teach me, and may happier nobler Experience teach your Ladyſhip, the Truth of that Royal Maxim; "Commit thy Way unto the Lord, and He ſhall bring it to paſs."

I thought, I ſhould amuſe You (and how glad ſhall I be, if I have comforted You!) by drawing back the Curtain, and giving You a View of my Heart.—A View! No, Madam, it was only a Glance. Could You ſee all the Folly and Irregularity, all the Meanneſs and Abſurdity, all the Inclinations to Sin, and every Motion of Evil; You would admire the divine Goodneſs, which bears with ſo vile and baſe a Wretch. You would ſee accompliſhed, in the moſt glaring Manner, that ſcriptural Deſcription; "The Heart is deceitful above all Things, and deſperately wicked." You would be apt to ſay, with Eyes lifted up to Heaven; Bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt! That poor Sinners have his divine Blood to cleanſe them, and his unſpotted Righteouſneſs to juſtify them!

I aſſure You, Madam; that, notwithſtanding all my Prayers, all my Vigilance, all my Endeavours; I have ſo much unſubdued Corruption remaining in my Soul, as would ſink me in Deſpair, or hurry me into Diſtraction; were it not for that great, that amiable, that delightful Name, "The Lord our Righteouſneſs."—But hither I fly (O! that I might do it every Moment!) On this I truſt, (O! that I could do it with full Aſſurance of *Faith!*) For thus I argue: Though my Depravity is great, greater far is my Saviour's Merit. What can equal the Merit of God's glorious, God's *inconceivably* glorious Son? It is neither Rant nor Enthuſiaſm, it is the Voice of Sobriety and Reaſon to ſay;

There never was, never can be any Thing, ſo immenſely precious, as the Obedience and Death of Him, who was once faſtened with Nails to the Croſs, but now ſits at the right Hand of the Majeſty in the Heavens.—Good Madam, let Us never forget this our Reſting-Place. Even our Infirmities may be ſerviceable, if they teach Us to renounce Ourſelves, and quicken our Application to Chriſt. *Noah*'s Dove would fain have found ſomewhat to ſettle on; ſome Branch of a Tree, or ſome Top of a Mountain. But finding nothing, after all her weariſome Excurſion, ſhe was conſtrained to return, and take up her Abode in the Ark. This ſeems to be an Emblem of the Soul, that ſeeks for Comfort and Salvation. We try; we try again and again; We try ten thouſand Times, to get ſomething of our own; on which to fix our Hope, from which to derive our Conſolation. But when, after repeated Experiments, We perceive, That *all* We have, *all* We do, is miſerably deficient, is ſhamefully depraved: then, if the Holy Spirit teſtify of Chriſt in our Hearts, We are made willing, We are made deſirous, to come to the all-ſufficient Redeemer. Then We come to Him, as the Prodigal to his Father, not for ſomething only, but for our All; with no other Recommendation, if it may be ſo termed, but our Miſery and Indigence.

Then, We look unto Chriſt, as the Needle points to the North. Then, We cleave unto Chriſt, *as the Girdle of a Man cleaveth unto his Loins.* Then, We *count* ALL *Things but Droſs, that We may win Chriſt, and be found in Him.*—O! how dear and deſirable, are the *unſearchable Riches* of a Saviour, to ſuch wretched Inſolvents; ſuch abſolute Bankrupts!—And dare I call my right honourable, and highly honoured Correſpondent, a Bankrupt?—I dare do this, and more. I beſeech *the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt* to convince Her thoroughly, that ſuch is her State in ſpiritual

ritual Things. Becauſe, this Conviction is the Way, not to treaſure only, but to a Kingdom. "Bleſſed are the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." And how earneſtly do I long, to have my noble Benefactreſs, poſſeſs "a Treaſure, that will never fail; a Kingdom, that will never be removed;" and a Bleſſedneſs, that is inconceivable and everlaſting!

I am pleaſed to hear your Account of Lord ———, and his diſtinguiſhed Accompliſhments. I hope, the many Prayers of his godly Mother will be heard on his Behalf. That He may be like *Joſeph*, *Obadiah*, and *Daniel*. Who, to all the fine Qualities, which form the Gentleman, the Politician, the Hero, added *the Faith of God's Elect*. This, I am perſuaded, was far from obſcuring the illuſtrious Figure, which they made while on Earth; and, I am very ſure, it is no Blemiſh in their Character, now they are numbered with Saints in Glory everlaſting.

If You, Madam, make an Apology for the Length of your Letter, what muſt I ſay?—I know, what the polite World would ſay, were they to ſee this tedious and indigeſted Epiſtle; that I had committed a moſt unhappy Miſtake, and ſent You my Sermon-Notes inſtead of a Letter.—But if You ſhould be ſo candid, as to meaſure the Sincerity of my Reſpect, by the Length of my Letter; and read, in the Number of my Lines, the Ardour of my Wiſhes for your Happineſs; this will be a ſingular Satisfaction to,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER LXI.

On Christ as the Place of Refuge.

Weston, Aug. 4, 1753.

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, I sent You a very long Letter; and now I take Leave, to trouble You with another. —If You ask my Reason for doing so: it is, I assure your Ladyship, principally with this View; That You may not think, I expect Letter for Letter.—No, Madam: I have a deeper Sense of the Benefits, which I have received from your Friendship, than to stand upon any such Terms; and a juster Esteem of the Honour, which I enjoy in your Correspondence, than to indulge any such Arrogance.—When You please to write, I am delighted. When You think proper to be silent, I am content. In both Cases, and at all Times, I think, I may venture to say, without Vanity or without Falshood, I am grateful. Heartily wishing, and often praying; *That our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God even our Father, may give You everlasting Consolation, and good Hope through Grace! May comfort your Heart, and establish You in every good Word and Work!*

Will your Ladyship permit me, to fill up the Remainder of my Paper with the Thoughts, which have been the Subject of our Discourse at the Tea-Table, and which are still warm on my own Mind?—The Weather being wet and tempestuous, brought to our Remembrance that chearing and comfortable Passage, where it is said of Christ Jesus; "He shall be for a Place of Refuge, and for a Covert from Storm and from Rain."

How,

How, or in what Reſpects, ſhall Chriſt anſwer theſe deſirable Purpoſes?—Becauſe, He is our Surety. He has put Himſelf in our Stead. He has undertaken to anſwer all Accuſations, that may be brought againſt Us; and to ſatisfy all Demands, that may be made upon Us.

Has the Law of God any Charge againſt Us?—It has. The Law ſaith, "Curſed is He that continueth not in all Things that are written in the Book of the Law to do them. And inſtead of continuing in ALL, We have continued in NONE. We have not *perfectly* kept any, but have repeatedly broke all the Commandments. Broke them, if not in the outward Act, yet in our Hearts—If not in the Sight of our Fellow-Creatures, yet before the all-ſeeing God—If not in the literal, yet in the ſpiritual Senſe of the Precepts. Therefore, the Law pronounces Us accurſed: and the Law cannot be broken. Heaven and Earth may paſs away, ſooner than one Iota or Tittle of its Commands ſhall be unfulfilled, or of its Threatnings unexecuted. To reſcue Us from this dreadful Condition, the bleſſed Jeſus ſaid; "Upon me be their Curſe. I am content to be treated as an accurſed Creature. Let all that Ignominy and Wrath, which are due to the vileſt Tranſgreſſors—let it all fall upon me."

Had the *Juſtice* of God any Controverſy with Us? It had. Juſtice ſolemnly declared, *The Soul that ſinneth, ſhall die.* All We have ſinned, and dealt wickedly. Death therefore is our due: Death temporal, ſpiritual, and eternal.—But our adored Redeemer put Himſelf at our Head; became reſponſible for all our Provocations; and ſaid, as it is moſt ſweetly recorded in the Book of *Job*, "Deliver them from going down into the Pit: I have found a Ranſom." "Here am I; prepared and determined to expiate their Iniquities: though it coſt me Tears and Groans, Agonies and Blood."—Accordingly, the Sword of inflexible Juſtice awoke; ſheathed

itſelf in his ſacred Heart; and took full Vengeance on the Royal and Immaculate Lord, that it might ſpare his mean and ſinful Servants.

The *Authority* of God had a Demand upon Us; That We ſhould keep the divine Law, or elſe never expect a Title to eternal Life. "This do, and Thou ſhalt live;" is a Decree, that will never be repealed.—It was impoſſible for our *fallen* Nature, to perform the heavenly Commandment, in all the Extent of its Requirements. Therefore, our ever-gracious Maſter became our Surety. He, who gave the Law, was made under the Law. He, who is Ruler over all, ſubjected Himſelf to our Obligations: in our Place, and in our Stead, He fulfilled all, that the Law commanded. On purpoſe, that He might anſwer that amiable Character, "The Lord our Righteouſneſs." On Purpoſe, ſaith the inſpired Writer, That "by *his* Obedience *We* might be made righteous." *Rom.* v. 19.

In theſe Reſpects, the Lord Jeſus is a Refuge and Shelter. A *Refuge*, ever open and free of Acceſs to all Sinners: a *Shelter*, inviolably ſecure and never to be penetrated by any Danger. *Lot* was ſafe, when He fled to *Zoar*. *Noah* was ſafe, when He was ſhut up in the Ark. The Prophet was ſafe, when Chariots of Fire and Horſes of Fire were all around Him. And are not they equally ſafe, who fly to this divinely excellent Mediator? Who are intereſted in his atoning Death, his juſtifying Righteouſneſs, his prevailing Interceſſion? They may boldly ſay; they may rejoice and ſing; "We have a ſtrong City," in our great Redeemer's Grace and Love. "Salvation," Salvation itſelf, "hath God appointed for our Walls and Bulwarks."

While Others, therefore, are haſtening to gay Amuſements: while Others are puſhing their Way to Preferments, or aſpiring after worldly Honours: may You, Madam, be purſuing the heavenly Plan, and "flying for

for Refuge to the Hope ſet before You."—Did I know a more deſirable Bleſſing, or a more diſtinguiſhed Happineſs, *this* would not be the invariable Wiſh of,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obliged humble Servant.

LETTER LXII.

On the myſtic Authors.—On the Chriſtian's Proſpects beyond the Grave.

Weſton, Sept. 3, 1753.

MADAM,

I FULLY intended to ſeize the very firſt Opportunity of acknowleging the Honour of your laſt: but have been obliged, by ſucceſſive Interruptions, to poſtpone this Satisfaction, till the preſent Moment.—I beg of your Ladyſhip never to mention the Word *forgive*, as it ſtands connected in your Letter. Expect nothing from me, but the Reſpect, which I owe to your Dignity, and the Gratitude, which I owe for your Favours.

Mr. ——— I ſeldom ſee. We rarely meet, but our Sentiments claſh, and ſome ſparring Blows intervene. This does not indeed alienate our Affections, or deſtroy our Friendſhip; but it renders our Interviews leſs pleaſing, and leſs improving.—He is inſeparably attached to his myſtic Writers, and not a little zealous to propagate their Peculiarities. He can hardly forbear obtruding them, on every Occaſion, and in every Company. Which, to my certain Knowlege, has prejudiced Some, diſguſted Others, and ſtartled More.—Whereas, when He does not ſoar in thoſe ſuper-celeſtial Heights, but condeſcends to talk on a Level with the Apprehenſions

henſions of common Chriſtians; none is more acceptable, none more uſeful.

See, Madam, what Need We have, to ſeek for Wiſdom from above! That the bleſſed God may guide Us with his Counſel, and enable Us "to behave Ourſelves wiſely in all our Ways." A Point of ſuch great Importance, that it is mentioned, and by the Holy Spirit of God, no leſs than four Times in one Chapter, concerning *David*, 1 *Sam.* xviii. 5, 14, 15, 30. Does not your Ladyſhip often remember, and as often plead in humble Prayer, ſuch Promiſes as thoſe, *Pſal.* xxxii. 8. *Iſai.* lviii. 11.

I am glad to hear, that Mr. —— is ſo full of Joy. May his Joy be laſting, as well as flowing! Though I ſincerely wiſh it, yet I hardly expect it. For I think, his Notions are calculated, to bring the Soul into Bondage; and oppreſs it with Sadneſs; rather than to create that "Peace of God, which paſſeth all Underſtanding," or ſhed abroad that Joy in the Heart, which "no Man taketh from Us."

I have no Thought of ſeeing *London*. Though to enjoy your Ladyſhip's Company, would be a very great Inducement. My frequent Infirmities are a Chain, which confines me to the Spot, where I am ſettled. When You caſt your Eye upon an aged Tree, ſay, "That is a Picture of *Hervey*." Where the One, and where the Other is fixed, there they both muſt continue. Only with this Difference, that the latter hopes, ere long, to be tranſplanted into the Courts of the living God. Then, He may be ſeen "to revive as the Corn, and grow as the Vine." Then, "his Leaf ſhall not fade;" and "look, whatſoever He doeth, it ſhall proſper."—There, I truſt to meet your Ladyſhip. There to ſee You, walking among the Angels of Light; or ſitting on a a Throne of Glory; or proſtrate at thoſe Feet, which were pierced with Irons, and nailed to the curſed Tree, for

for your Salvation. This perhaps, when we ſee clearly the Lengths and Breadths, the Heights and Depths of our adored Redeemer's Love, will be eſteemed the moſt deſirable Poſture, and the moſt delightful Employ.

Till I am admitted to this Honour, I ſhall always be ambitious to profeſs myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient
and very humble Servant.

LETTER LXIII.

On his Silence and Illneſs.

Weſton, Nov. 17, 1753.

MADAM,

I HAVE neither read nor written a ſingle Line, ſince I had the Pleaſure of peruſing your Letter. Entertainment and Buſineſs muſt both ſtand aſide, while I pay my grateful Acknowlegements to your Ladyſhip. —You are pleaſed to aſk, "If I am angry?" And You will give me Leave to anſwer without Ceremony; "That I am angry: very angry."—Can You bear ſuch Language, ſuch a Reply, from a Perſon ſo highly obliged to your Generoſity?—Yes, Madam; You will not only bear it, but approve it, when I farther declare, That all my Anger falls upon *myſelf*.

My Silence, I muſt own, ſeems ſullen and diſreſpectful. And for this I am angry, at this I am grieved, that I ſhould ſo much as *ſeem* wanting in my Duty to a valuable and honoured Friend. But my Conduct, upon Examination, may perhaps put on a different Aſpect, and appear decent and becoming. I have been very ill: indeed, Madam, I have; notwithſtanding what the

Wine-Merchant ſays: whoſe Spirits, I ſuppoſe, are like the Commodity He deals in, mantling and florid; and who will not allow me to be indiſpoſed, unleſs I keep my Chamber, or ſend for the Doctor. But my Conſtitution has been drooping, and my Spirits upon the Ebb. I have been aſhamed of myſelf, and diſſatisfied with my own Thoughts. And ſhould I, in ſuch a diſagreeable Habit, obtrude myſelf or my Sentiments on your Ladyſhip's Notice?—The whole World, I dare ſay, would pronounce my Behaviour right. The whole World would be of Opinion, That the lucid Intervals of Life ſhould be appropriated to your Correſpondence. That only my ſhining Moments, only the Gleams of Sprightlineſs and Joy (if any ſuch I have) ſhould be devoted to your Service. Theſe, however few, or however dim, they may be at preſent; I hope, they will ere long be brighter and more abundant. There is a Time, and there is a World, when "the Light of the Sun will be as the Light of ſeven Days;" when our Sun will no more go down, but ſhine with an un-intermitted and everlaſting Luſtre.—"This Hope," ſays the ſacred Writer, "We have as an Anchor of the Soul, ſure and ſtedfaſt." And this Anchor is fixed on the ineffable Merit, Righteouſneſs, and Interceſſion of our divine Redeemer. Can I wiſh You a better Bleſſing, than that You may "abound in this Hope, through the Power of the Holy Ghoſt?"—'Tis impoſſible to conceive a more real Happineſs!—May You therefore, Madam, wait all the Days of your appointed Time, confiding in Jeſus your Saviour, and "rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God!"—It is the Wiſh, and I ſhould be without Excuſe, if it was not alſo the Prayer of,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

Reflections on the Incarnation of the Lord Jesus.—Dr. Shuckford's Approbation of his Remarks.

Weston, Dec. 24, 1753.

MADAM,

I CANNOT pass this joyful Solemnity, without congratulating You on the happy Occasion. Give me Leave to address your Ladyship with the Compliments of the Season; and to assure You, that they are as sincere from me, as they are customary from all.

God made Flesh, is the greatest Honour to our Nature, and the greatest Blessing to our Persons, that can possibly be conceived. When therefore We commemorate this glorious and delightful Transaction, there justly may be amongst Us, as there was at the "Feast of Tabernacles, very great Gladness."

Now I mention the Feast of Tabernacles, might not the Celebration of that Festival be a Type of our Lord's Incarnation? The Ceremony was very remarkable, and equally pleasing: for which Reason, You will permit me to transcribe the Account. "Ye shall take the Boughs of goodly Trees, Branches of Palm-Trees, and the Boughs of thick Trees, and Willows of the Brook, and ye shall dwell in Booths seven Days."

The immediate Design of this Ordinance was, to keep up, among the *Israelites*, the Remembrance of that wonderful Period; when the whole Nation of their Ancestors, for the Space of forty Years, dwelt neither in Cities, nor Villages, nor Houses, but in Tents and in the Wilderness. For thus adds the sacred Ritual; "That your Generations may know, that I made the Children of *Israel* to dwell in Booths, when I brought them out of the Land of *Egypt*."

The

The remote, and the nobler Deſign might be, to foreſhew that far more amazing, and infinitely more benign Event, when the Son of the moſt High God condeſcended to become Man: to take up his Abode in a Tenement of Clay, and a Vale of Tears.—This ſeems probable, from the general Tenour of the *Jewiſh* Inſtitutions; which was to be a ſhadowy Repreſentation "of good Things to come."—It is ſtill more probable, from the Expreſſion made Uſe of by the inſpired Writer; "The Word was made Fleſh, and dwelt," or as the Original imports, *pitched his Tent, tabernacled among Us.*—Here, Madam, We have a ſcriptural Clue, to lead Us into the ſpiritual Senſe: and, following ſuch a Guide in our Allegories, We are ſure not to allegorize at random.

May We adore the Goodneſs of this ſtupendous Vouchſafement, and rejoice in the Benefits reſulting from it.—Hence We learn, more effectually than from all the Eloquence of Words, or from the greateſt Multiplicity of other Gifts, What Manner of Love the eternal God bears even to his fallen Creatures—Since the Lord of all was Partaker of our Fleſh and Blood, We may chearfully expect to be made Partakers of the divine Nature.—And ſince the King immortal diſdained not to inhabit our inferior World, We may humbly hope not to be denied Admittance into the everlaſting Kingdom. Not to be denied Admittance? Rather, to have an abundant Entrance. "For We know," ſays the Apoſtle, We have an aſſured Truſt, "that when our earthly Houſe of this Tabernacle is diſſolved, We have a Building of God, an Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Let me wiſh You, Madam, to abound in this bleſſed Hope, through the Power of the Holy Ghoſt. That You may live in the delightful Views of entering, in due Time, into thoſe bliſsful Manſions; and of enjoying,

ing, for ever, their magnificent and glorious Lord. This will make it Chriſtmas, or a Seaſon of Joy and Triumph, all the Year round.—To this Wiſh permit me to add, what it is as much my Ambition, as my Duty to profeſs, that I am

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

moſt obedient humble Servant.

P. S. Shall I ſubjoin an Extract from a Book lately publiſhed, by an Author remarkable and eminent in the learned World? It may look like Vanity; and, I fear, is not wholly free from it. But, I think, my principal Motive is your Ladyſhip's Satisfaction. Becauſe, it relates to a little Piece, in which You, Madam, are concerned; which indeed owes its Being to your Injunctions. Dr. *Shuckford*; to whom I am entirely unknown, and whom I know only by his celebrated Treatiſe, entitled *The Connection*, &c. is pleaſed to write thus, in his laſt Work; "How dogmatically He can abuſe the Scriptures (ſpeaking of Lord B.) not really knowing them, muſt be evident to every One, that will read Mr. H——'s moſt excellent Remarks on Lord B——'s Letters; a Treatiſe worthy Every One's attentive Conſideration."—I bleſs God, for giving it Acceptance, with ſo able a Judge; and I humbly beg, that it may be for the Honour, not of the Writer, who will ſoon be no more; but of that ſacred Word, which abideth for ever.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

On the Improbability of the Prince being pleaſed with his Writings.

Weſton, Jan. 2, 1754.

MADAM,

TO favour me with your Advice, and without delaying a ſingle Poſt, is doubly kind and obliging. I really think, You have happily ſolved my Difficulty, and properly adjuſted Matters between the *Biſhop* and the *Doctor*. To give or drop ſuch a Hint, as your Ladyſhip propoſes, in my Letter to the *Biſhop*, is all that I dare venture to do. And in doing this, I ſhall pay a due Regard to the Motion of the worthy *Doctor*, yet not act contrary to Decency and Self-diffidence.—Nevertheleſs, I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the Prince will ever reliſh, or that the Perſons about him would be willing to have Him imbibe, ſuch Notions as mine. My Notions would tell Him, that, amidſt all his Royal Grandeur, He is a poor undone Sinner; that, amidſt all his Royal Power, He is "unable to think a good Thought," or do any Thing to effect his Recovery. That, for Recovery and Salvation He muſt be obliged, wholly obliged, obliged as much as the meaneſt of his Subjects, to the Prince of Peace; to the Blood of his Croſs, and the Grace of his Spirit. And do You imagine, Madam, that ſuch Doctrines will go down at Court? Will Humility be welcome in the Head-Quarters of Vanity?—To God indeed nothing is impoſſible. The Hearts of Kings are in the Hand of the Lord. I am glad, your Ladyſhip approves my Alterations. Having received your Approbation, they are gone to the Preſs.—I ſhould have acknowledged your Goodneſs, in giving me your valuable Advice, and ſending

ſending me a freſh Supply of Franks. By the laſt Poſt I ſhould have made my Acknowlegements; but I was full of Buſineſs in preparing a ſcriptural Index for my Book. And even now it is not finiſhed; ſtill my Hands are engaged; and I have ſcarce a Moment to ſpare. Which I believe, which I am perſuaded, You will admit as an Excuſe for the Shortneſs of my Letter; and if You ſhould be pleaſed to think, the Gratitude of my Heart is the very Reverſe of the Scantineſs of my Epiſtle, You will think the Truth of,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant.

LETTER LXVI.

On Chriſtian Humility.—On true Applauſe.

Weſton, Jan. 26, 1754.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to acknowlege, with Pleaſure and Gratitude, the Receipt of your laſt obliging Letter. —This, I hope, will find your Ladyſhip recovered, from the Fatigue of attending, and from the Affliction of loſing, a valuable Friend.—Friends, though a delightful, are a precarious Poſſeſſion. Here, they are only lent Us for a few Moments: in Heaven, they will be our own for ever. Let Us then, according to our reſpective Abilities, facilitate and expedite each other's Progreſs to that Land of Life, of Love, and inviolable Security.

I am obliged to Lord *N*——, for having any tolerable Opinion of a certain Perſon and his Writings.—With regard to the Affair of the Franks, I was unſpeakably

more concerned for your Ladyſhip, than for myſelf. It grieved me to think, that You ſhould condeſcend, in my Favour, to aſk, and, on my Account, have the Mortification of a Denial. I dare ſay, You don't often do the former; and I aſſure myſelf, You have not often met with the latter.—I rejoice, however, that You are enabled to diſregard ſuch ruffling Accidents, and are ſuperior to ſuch low Vexations. They would almoſt break a proud Perſon's Heart, but will not break an humble Perſon's Reſt.—May your Ladyſhip be more and more conformed to the Example of that divine Being, who is illuſtrious and admirable for every Excellency, but for nothing more than his Humility, Meekneſs, and Lowlineſs of Mind! This may not be the *modiſh*, but it is the *real* Delicacy and Dignity. It is the Faſhion, that prevails in the Court of Heaven, and will be in Vogue through the Ages of Eternity.

What I took Leave to lay before your Ladyſhip, with regard to a late Pamphlet, was for the Sake of your own Honour; and, if Need be, for the Vindication of your Judgment. I am determined to mention it to no One beſides. For, what have I to do with Applauſe? Or, if I ſhould covet any Thing of this Nature, What is the *true* Applauſe?—The Seal of God; the Teſtimony of the Reader's Conſcience; his Saying, as He reads, "This is inſtructive; this is animating; this is comfortable. This chears my Heart, or quickens my Graces: this enlightens my Underſtanding, and *does* my Soul *Good like a Medicine*."—This is truly valuable Praiſe. After this alone I would aſpire. And this comes, not from the Voice of Fame, but from the Operations of the Bleſſed Spirit.

I believe, I am not acquainted with the Author, who was ſo happy as to pleaſe your Ladyſhip's Taſte, and to eſtabliſh your Faith. *Taylor* upon *Faith working by Love*, is what I never read; O! that I may know its Truth

Truth by happy Experience! The Love of Chriſt is the true Source of Repentance, the true Spur of Obedience, and the true Perſuaſive to Mortification. It will make even the ſtern Countenance of that dreaded Duty wear a Smile. Under its Influence, the difficult Taſk of Self-Denial becomes, not practicable only, but eaſy and eligible. We ſhall, without Reluctance, deny Ourſelves for His Sake, who has obtained Pardon of Sin and eternal Redemption for Us. We ſhall gladly renounce any alluring Vanity for His Honour, who has made Us "Children of God, and Heirs of Glory." We ſhall be "ready to diſtribute and willing to communicate," for the Relief of the afflicted Servants; when We believe, that their exalted Lord emptied even his Veins, and laid down his very Life, for our Salvation. —May that glorious God who pours the Light of Day through the Univerſe, "ſhed abroad this Love of Chriſt" in your Ladyſhip's Heart.

And O! what abundant Reaſon have We to love that all-gracious Redeemer!—You love the generous Lady, who left You all that She poſſeſſed. This eminent Act of Kindneſs endears her Memory, and encreaſes your Affection. How dear then! how tranſcendently dear and precious, ſhould the bleſſed Jeſus be to your Ladyſhip! Since he *lived* for You; *died* for You; and not only *remembered* You in his Will, but *bequeathed* to You all his *unſearchable Riches*.—I have an authentic Copy of his Will; and, when I have the Honour of writing to You again, I propoſe to tranſcribe two or three of the noble Clauſes, which ſpecify ſome of thoſe ineſtimable Legacies, given to You, Madam, and to

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient humble Servant.

LETTER LXVII.

On ſeaſonable Rains, after a Drought.—On the Scripture Promiſes.—On his Publications.

Weſton, June 1, 1754.

MADAM,

I SCARCELY know how to expreſs my Thankfulneſs for the double Favour, of excuſing my long Silence, and ſealing my Pardon by a welcome Preſent. May the great eternal God abundantly bleſs You with his Love, ſealing "You unto the Day of Redemption!"

My Brother brought the Franks. Their Number gave me a pleaſing Idea of your Ladyſhip's Generoſity. Other People will hardly come up to our Requeſts. It is your Delight to exceed our Expectations. And as it is your Delight, it is alſo your Honour and your Happineſs. This is to imitate the ſupreme Benefactor, who "prevents" poor Sinners "with the Bleſſings of his Goodneſs." Who, when We deſerved no Mercy, gave Us the moſt unſpeakably precious Gift. Gave his Son, his divine and adorable Son, "to be made Sin for Us, that We might be made the Righteouſneſs of God in Him."

We have had, after a long Succeſſion of very dry Weather, the moſt ſeaſonable and refreſhing Rains. *The God of Nature* has watered the Earth, and made it fruitful. The Meadows are covered with Herbage, and the Fields ſtand thick with Corn. "The little Hills (according to the Pſalmiſt's beautiful Deſcription) clap their Hands, and the Vallies laugh and ſing." And will *the God of Grace* with-hold his bleſſed Spirit? Will He fructify the Clods of the Ground, and leave the Souls, the immortal Souls of his People, barren and deſolate?

deſolate? No; "He hath ſpoken in his Holineſs," and ſolemnly promiſed; "I will pour Waters upon Him that is thirſty, and Rivers upon the dry Ground; I will pour my Spirit." Not drop or diſtill, but *pour*—and not Waters only, but *Rivers*—Communications of my Grace, *copious* as the liquid Treaſures, and inceſſant as the everlaſting Flow, of the majeſtic Stream. May this bleſſed Promiſe be made good to You, Madam! Fly for Refuge to Jeſus Chriſt, and it is your's. Lean upon your beloved Redeemer, and verily it ſhall be fulfilled.

I have encloſed a little Collection of ſcriptural Promiſes, relating to the moſt important Intereſts of the Chriſtian, and the moſt preſſing Exigencies of his probationary State. I have cauſed two thouſand of them to be printed: in order to diſpoſe of them among my Friends and the Poor. If paſted, the one at the Beginning, the other at the End of their Bibles, they may be a little Caſket of ſpiritual Conſolation.—Be ſo good as to accept the Trifle, and I will think of the Serpent that preſented a Roſe to Jupiter; the loweſt Reptile to the Monarch of Heaven. Should your Ladyſhip chuſe to do the Paper an Honour, by giving it to any Perſons, You will pleaſe to command a Supply. The Contents of it, I hope, will comfort, enlighten, and edify their Hearts.

May I promiſe myſelf the Benefit of your Opinion, concerning the Publication of *three* Volumes. As You know the Taſte and Temper of the polite World, I ſhould be much obliged for your Advice. And I beg You will not flatter my Vanity; but if You think, that *three* Volumes on a *religious* Subject will be *inſupportable*, be ſo kind as to tell me plainly. I would fain write, what may be acceptable, in order to write what may be uſeful; and, for my own Part, I really am

afraid, that ſo *large* a Work will be leſs likely to ſubſerve ſuch a Deſign. Your Ladyſhip's Sentiments on the Subject, would have much Weight with, and would be very welcome to, Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

and grateful humble Servant.

LETTER LXVIII.

On burning her Letters.—On her Bounty.—On Difference of Opinions.—On his Publications.

Weſton, June 16, 1754.

MADAM,

I HAVE now before me a great Favourite; who is condemned to die, and muſt ſuffer Execution, the Moment I have finiſhed my Letter to your Ladyſhip. —Can You gueſs, Who or What I mean? It is your own obliging Letter; which, with all your Favours of this Kind, hath been ſentenced to the Flames by your own Orders; and muſt, as all its Predeceſſors have done, periſh, unleſs You pleaſe to revoke the Doom.

I was guilty of a great Miſtake, in the laſt Letter which I had the Honour of writing to your Ladyſhip. I compared the encloſed Paper to the Preſent of a Roſe. Whereas, it was really a *Bank-Note:* richer than the Note, which, about a Year and Half ago, a certain Lady of Quality was pleaſed to tranſmit to a Country Gentleman, for the Benefit of his poor Neighbours.

'Tis a Note upon the Bank of Heaven: a Note under God's own Hand: a Note for Treaſures of in-

eſtimable

eſtimable Worth and everlaſting Duration.—Yet I do not pretend, Madam, to lay You under any Obligation, or to compenſate for your own Generoſity. Becauſe, I am not the Beſtower, but only the Bearer of the Gift. —May that all-ſufficient God, from whom it comes, enable You to uſe it! Enable You by Faith and Prayer, to *draw for* whatever You want—for *Grace to help in every Time of Need*—for all "the unſearchable Riches of Chriſt."

I wiſh, with your Ladyſhip, that my good Friend Mr. ——— had not been ſo laviſh in his Praiſes of Mr. ——. But I verily believe, He obeyed the Dictates of his Conſcience, in all that He wrote.—I muſt ſay likewiſe, that I am not much delighted, and not at all edified, by his partly philoſophic, partly caſuiſtic Preface. But He may intend it for the Benefit of other Readers. To thoſe, I heartily wiſh, it may be bleſſed, and all his Labours, and all his Writings, to the Honour of our common Lord.—There may be a gracious Providence, in ſuffering the Sentiments of his Servants to be ſomewhat diverſified. By this Means, every Caſe may be ſuited, and every Perſon properly addreſſed. The *Word of* GRACE, which publiſheth Life and Peace by Jeſus Chriſt, may be, like the Manna in the Wilderneſs, pleaſing to every Palate, and profitable to every *Iſraelite*.

I am much encouraged, and perhaps too much pleaſed, with the Reply of the young Lady. She has paid me ſuch a Compliment, as I know not how to acknowledge; unleſs I may be permitted to wiſh—What? That ſhe may ſhine at a Court, or be the Toaſt of the Age? No: but that She may perceive, What a Sinner, What a Rebel, What an undone Creature, lies hid under that blooming Countenance, and engaging Perſon. This will be the Way of bringing

Her to prize that adorably tender and compaſſionate Saviour, who died to deliver Her *from the Wrath to come*.—If She ſhould think this a very coarſe Return for her polite Speech, I would beg of her to caſt a Look upon the Gold in her Purſe, or the Diamond on her Ring. Theſe, She will obſerve, were firſt lodged *very low*, before they aroſe to their preſent high Eſtimation.

I have ſtill another Scruple, which reſpects not the gay and ſplendid World, but the mean and penurious. I would gladly have my Books in thoſe Hands, which hold the Plough, and ply the Diſtaff.—Becauſe, theſe Perſons are as nearly related to the all-creating God, and as highly beloved by the ever-bleſſed Jeſus, as thoſe who wear a Crown, or wield a Sceptre. But theſe will hardly be able to purchaſe *three* Volumes.

I thank your Ladyſhip for your kind Offer, in Reference to the Princeſs. But my Work is ſo far from being ready to come abroad, that it is not yet in the Preſs. The neceſſary Preliminaries, one of which is the Number of the Volumes, are not ſettled. Though, as to this Particular, I begin to be pretty well ſatisfied.

My Brother returned to London, long before I received your Commands, concerning the little printed Papers. Otherwiſe, He would have been glad of the Pleaſure of conveying them to your Ladyſhip. In this Frank, and in another, You will find half a Dozen encloſed; ſome in a larger and ſome in a ſmaller Character. I am not without Hopes, that the divine Bleſſing may accompany them. God, though infinitely exalted, does *not deſpiſe the Day of ſmall Things*. And whatever He bleſſes, whether it be great or ſmall, is bleſſed indeed. May this Bleſſing of the Moſt High ever reſt upon your Ladyſhip; and, through the Atonement and

Interceſſion of our Great High-Prieſt, never depart from, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER LXIX.

On the Plan of his Theron and Aſpaſio.

Weſton, Sept. 28, 1754.

MADAM,

I OUGHT to make an Apology for my long Silence. Yet inſtead of bringing an Apology, I come with a Requeſt.—It is not to crave a Bank-Note, which You once beſtowed. Nor to reſcue me from an Arreſt, which You generouſly projected to do; when You heard that I was under Confinement, but knew not that it was by Sickneſs. It is to requeſt the Honour of your Name; to dignify and recommend my Book, which has been, for a conſiderable Time, committed to the Preſs. It will, I believe, be entitled

THERON AND ASPASIO,

OR A

SERIES

OF

DIALOGUES

AND

LETTERS

Upon the moſt *important* and *intereſting* Subjects.

The

The Whole will conſtitute three Volumes. It will, I apprehend, makes its Appearance, about the Time appointed for the Meeting of the Parliament. And I know no Perſon, whoſe Name will give the Author more Satisfaction, or be a higher Recommendation to his Performance, than your Ladyſhip's.—I dare not, however, gratify myſelf in this Particular, without aſking your Leave; and I think, You cannot conſiſtently with Prudence grant your Leave, till You have ſeen what the Author propoſes to ſay. Permit me therefore to ſubmit the following Attempt to your Ladyſhip's Judgment. Which, I truſt, will neither be offenſive to your Delicacy, nor is incompatible with my Character as a Miniſter of the Goſpel.

To the Right Honourable

LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY, &c.——*See the Dedication to* THERON *and* ASPASIO.

I hope, Madam, You will find nothing in this Addreſs, that may be painful to Humility. And if ſo, give me Leave to promiſe Myſelf, that You will not withhold this Inſtance of your Condeſcenſion and Favour from

The Author of

Theron and *Aſpaſio*.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

On the Dedication to her.

Nov. 24.

MADAM,

ACCEPT my moſt grateful Acknowledgments for your laſt Favour. You have highly obliged me, in permitting me to grace my Work with your Name. —I have been, ever ſince I received your Ladyſhip's Letter, engaged to keep no leſs than eight Hands conſtantly employed in Printing. Which has taken up all my Time. Otherwiſe, I ſhould long before this, have given myſelf the Pleaſure, which I am now enjoying.

Be ſo kind, Madam, as to favour me with your Advice, Whether I ſhould preſent the Book to the Princeſs. I muſt, I apprehend, preſent it to the Prince's Preceptor; becauſe, He is our Dioceſan, and treated me in a very genteel Manner, when I received Inſtitution from Him.

The Piece, I believe, in a Fortnight or three Weeks, will be ready for public View.—This is the laſt Frank I have. Could You, Madam, accommodate me with a freſh Supply? At this Juncture, a few of thoſe Vehicles would be very welcome and ſerviceable. If You could indulge this Requeſt, and lodge them with Mr. *Rivington* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, He would tranſmit them in his firſt Parcel to, Madam,

Your moſt obliged

humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

On preſenting his Piece to the Princeſs.—His Letter from the Biſhop of Peterborough.

MADAM,

YOUR Favour deſerved the ſpeedieſt Acknowledgment. To grant my Requeſt, was obliging; to grant it ſo ſpeedily, was like Yourſelf. The very firſt Poſt ſhould have brought my Thanks, but my Hands were tied. Tied by the Buſineſs of the Preſs. For, We have not yet finiſhed the Book. You can hardly imagine, what Obſtructions and Miſtakes happen, in the Proceſs of ſuch a Work. Eſpecially, when the Author is at a Diſtance from the Preſs.

I take it for granted, your Ladyſhip approves of my preſenting the Piece to the Princeſs. But would You have me attempt to put into the Hands of the Prince? Dr. *Hales*'s Expreſſion ſeems to intimate ſome ſuch Thing.—But I fear, this will be looked upon, as an Act of unbecoming Forwardneſs.—I queſtion, whether the Biſhop would think it a proper Book for his Royal Highneſs's Collection. I dare ſay, Mr. *S*—— (who, I am told, is the principal Director of the Prince's Conduct) would baniſh it, not for a Term of Years, but for ever; and not to the American Colonies, but to the Country of the Hottentots.—I dare not expect, that the Biſhop Himſelf will like it.—But perhaps He will diſlike my Practice, if I do not pay Him the Compliment. When He gave Us a Charge, at his laſt Viſitation, He inveighed againſt Enthuſiaſm on the one Hand, and Profaneneſs on the other. And ſome of our reverend Brethren took Notice, that, when delivering Himſelf on the former Topic, He frequently threw

threw his Eye upon my Friend *H*—— and me. However, this I muſt ſay, That He wrote me a very handſome Letter, when I preſented Him with the Remarks on Lord *B*——; and in a private Letter, which I happened to ſee, expreſſed no Diſapprobation concerning the Meditations. All this I mention to your Ladyſhip, but to no Body elſe. And I promiſe myſelf, You will condeſcend to keep, as well as to give Counſel. I will ſpeak the Truth as it is in Jeſus, with Boldneſs and without Reſerve. But of other People, and their Sentiments or Behaviour, I would ſpeak with the utmoſt Caution, or rather not ſpeak at all.

Be ſo good, Madam, as to favour me with your Opinion on this Point. And be aſſured, I have no Ambition of obtruding my Eſſay on ſuch exalted Perſonages. I dare truſt it with Divine Providence. He, for whoſe Honour I write, has all Souls in his Hand; and can open whatever Doors, whatever Hearts He pleaſes, for the Reception of the Book.

I was pleaſed with your delicate Remark on the ſincere and honeſt Doctor's Expreſſion. And why will You not vouchſafe to make ſuch Criticiſms upon the Style and Sentiments of another Perſon? Eſpecially, in thoſe Lines which He is to have the Honour of addreſſing to your Ladyſhip in the moſt public Manner; and which may tell diſtant Nations, perhaps tell the Children that are yet unborn, that You did not diſdain to be a Friend to, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

Remarks on Adulation.

Weſton, Dec. 15, 1754.

MADAM,

GIVE me Leave to thank You, and very ſincerely, for your ingenious Criticiſms on my Dedication. This I ſhould have done ſooner, had I not waited for the Opportunity of tranſmitting the encloſed. Here You ſee the Eſſay ſomewhat altered. It is, what the Printers call, the Proof-Sheet. Incorrect and on ſlovenly Paper. This Indelicacy Your Ladyſhip will be ſo good as to excuſe. If I had ſtaid, till it was neatly finiſhed, it would be too late to receive your Opinion, at leaſt to admit of your Improvements.

Permit me to think, that the Terms *accompliſhed Perſonage*, as they ſtand connected, cannot juſtly offend your Humility. I have aſſerted nothing; the Expreſſion is general and indeterminate; and if the World ſhould make the Application to Lady *Fanny Shirley*, I am perſuaded, the Writer will neither be charged with Falſhood, nor ſuſpected of Flattery.

I know not how to part with the Words *wiſe* and *happy*. That You have choſen the *better* Part, at leaſt that You have choſen the *religious* Part, is evident to all. Blindneſs muſt ſee it, and Prejudice cannot deny it. That to do this, is true Wiſdom, and the only Way to Happineſs, muſt—for the Honour of our Lord, and the Dignity of his Cauſe—muſt be maintained. If I had ſaid, that your Ladyſhip had made the greateſt Proficiency in Religion, that You are a moſt ſhining Ornament to the Goſpel, this might reaſonably give You Offence; this, even when true, ought not to be

ſaid

ſaid to any Perſon's Face. As to this Particular, I ſuppoſe You defective. " I wiſh You may BE, what You patronize." I take the Liberty to exhort You to advance, as One that has not yet attained.

Upon the whole; I would ſtrictly guard againſt whatever had the leaſt Approach to Adulation. It is a mean Artifice: it is alſo a ſhallow Device, ſuch as defeats its own End; and inſtead of honouring, tends to diſcredit both the Giver and the Receiver.—I aſſure You, honoured Madam, it would grieve me beyond Expreſſion, if any Thing ſhould drop from my Pen, that might awaken the leaſt Vanity in your Mind, or injure that moſt precious Virtue, Humility. This would be Poiſon inſtead of Balm. The High and Holy One *that inhabits Eternity, beholds* the Vain and Conceited *afar off.* There is no greater Object of his Indignation and Abhorrence. But He *has reſpect unto the* Lowly: He dwells *with the* Humble: to them his Son Jeſus Chriſt *is precious*; and they will be *to the Praiſe of the* Glory *of his* Grace.

Would You think it proper to ſhew the Dedication to Dr. *Hales*, and hear his Judgment upon it? And will You be ſo obliging, as to favour me with your farther Sentiments upon this Subject? This Part need not be printed yet, as my Bookſeller informs me, it will be impoſſible to publiſh before Chriſtmas. He ſtays for the larger Edition, which was begun later, and proceeds but ſlowly.

The Franks are come to my Hand; and as I ſhall have Occaſion, at this Juncture, to write many Letters, a few more, when You can conveniently procure and tranſmit them, will be very acceptable to,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged

humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

On the Prince's reading his Books.

Weſton, Dec. 26, 1754.

MADAM,

PARDON me, if in my laſt I ſeemed too tenacious of my own Opinion, and not to pay a proper Deference to your Judgment. I wrote in a Hurry; but have ſince conſidered more maturely, what You propoſed, and what I remonſtrated. Have therefore attempted to alter what You diſapproved. Only You will allow me to retain the Words *accompliſhed Perſonage*, or, if You chuſe it rather, *accompliſhed Perſon.*—For the Credit of our holy Religion I would retain this Expreſſion. Becauſe, the giddy World have a Notion, or the malicious World would ſuggeſt, that None but Clowns and Ruſtics embrace the Goſpel; that Chriſtianity is to be found no where, but among the Refuſe of Humanity.—Another Reaſon is, becauſe I think, there is no Danger of your Ladyſhip's being vain, on Account of this Character. The Accompliſhments of refined Manners and genteel Behaviour, are no more to a Perſon of your Rank in Life, than a little Knowledge of Latin and Greek is, to One who has received an Academic Education. I have no Reaſon to pique myſelf on this common Acquirement, but ſhould have very great Reaſon to be aſhamed, if I was totally deſtitute of it.—Beſides, You will pleaſe to conſider, that it is by no Means ſaid, Your Ladyſhip is the accompliſhed Perſon. This, however I might think it undeniably true, I could not be ſo adulatory as to ſpeak directly to your Face; nor imagine You ſo indelicate, as to be pleaſed with ſo groſs a Compliment.

If

If You have not deſtroyed the Proof-Sheet, pleaſe to ſuppoſe all that is printed, from Page vi. Line 4. expunged; and read as follows;

Is there any Thing in the Amuſements of the Gay, &c. See the Dedication.

Favour me, good Madam, with your impartial Sentiments. This Part of my Book, You ſee, is printed in a remarkable Manner; and being the firſt that meets the Reader's Eye, being dignified alſo with your Ladyſhip's Name, it will be more nicely obſerved, and more critically examined.

I have a freſh Obligation to Your Ladyſhip, for procuring me the Opinion of good Dr. *Hales*. I cannot but be pleaſed with his Approbation, and hope I ſhall be thankful to God, for giving me Favour and good Underſtanding in the Eyes of ſo valuable a Perſon. But I really fear, He ſuffers his friendly Temper to draw the Veil over his critical Diſcernment. Or elſe, let me ſpeak it in Confidence of your Ladyſhip's Secrecy, I think, the Doctor does not know the World, nor underſtand Mankind. I do not apprehend, indeed I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the Biſhop will undertake to preſent the Books, or even conſent to his Royal Pupil's reading them.—In Caſe the Biſhop ſhould preſent them, who knows in what Manner He may do it? Suppoſe, He ſhould ſhrug his Shoulders, and ſay; An ambitious and conceited Clergyman of his Dioceſe by the Importunity of Requeſt, in a Manner, forced Him upon this Office. How ungraceful would the Affair appear, and how unſuitable to Decorum of Conduct! —Upon the whole, I am in a State of real Perplexity. I would not ſeem to ſlight the *Doctor*'s Opinion, much leſs reject his Solicitation, yet I cannot prevail on myſelf to think, that to execute the Propoſal would be the Propriety of Action.—I hope, Madam, You will

give me your free Advice, and help to extricate me from this Embarraſſment, into which Yourſelf, yes, You Yourſelf have led me. For I ſhould never have been known to ſuch grand Perſonages, if You had not condeſcended to introduce me. My Name had never been heard by a Royal Ear, if it had not received ſome Credit by your Ladyſhip's Notice.

Above all, may the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that Wonderful Counſellor, vouchſafe to direct me in all my Ways! May I aim at nothing but the Honour of his bleſſed Name, nothing but the Furtherance of his glorious Goſpel, and may He be, according to his faithful Promiſe, *my Sun and my Shield!* May *He be* alſo *the Strength of your Heart*, the Joy of your Life, and *your Portion for ever!*—I am, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER LXXIV.

On Illneſs.—On Reſignation to the divine Will.—On his Diſagreement with Mr. John Weſley.

Weſton, Jan. 9, 1755.

MADAM,

LAST Night I had the Honour of your Letter. And the Pleaſure was as great as the Honour. Therefore, on this Day, the very firſt Opportunity, I beg Leave to make my truly grateful Acknowlegements.—I would alſo thank the gracious God, who has reſtored to your Ladyſhip that beſt of earthly Bleſſings, Health. May this be your inſeparable Attendant on the left Hand; while Peace of Conſcience is your un-

divided Companion on the right; and the bleſſed Spirit of God, teſtifying of Jeſus Chriſt, goes before You, as an unerring Guide. Thus circumſtanced, the Journey through the Wilderneſs of Life, will be rendered agreeable; and the Paſſage through the Shades of Death, not dreadful.

Your Ladyſhip's conjecture is too true. I have indeed been very much out of Order. Viſited with a Cough, which almoſt tore me to Pieces. I verily thought, it would have rent the Houſe of Clay, and ſet the oppreſſed Inhabitant free. It ſtill hangs upon me, but is ſomewhat leſs vehement. O for that happy World, where theſe frail, ſickly, languiſhing Bodies will be made like unto Chriſt's Body. And who can deſcribe, or who can imagine the Beauty, the Majeſty, the Perfection of that wonderful Body? For my Part, I ſtedfaſtly believe, that it is by far the moſt highly finiſhed and the moſt exquiſitely fine Formation, that God ever brought into Exiſtence through all the Extent of material Nature. May I not congratulate You, Madam, on the Thought—that ſuch a Dwelling is intended, ſuch a Shrine is provided, for the everlaſting Abode of your precious Soul?

The Advice You gave Mr. ——, is a Leſſon for a Saint, or a Hermit. To have our own Wills ſubdued, reſigned, and ſacrificed to God's, is a high Attainment in the Chriſtian Life. If We think, that the Lord acts in an arbitrary Manner; diſappoints and afflicts Us, to ſhew his Sovereignty; or becauſe He is reſolved to break our Humour, and curb our Inclination; We ſhall rather be inclined to fret and murmur, than dutifully and chearfully to acquieſce. Here then, as in all other Caſes, We muſt *walk by Faith*, and the thorny Path will be ſmooth, the ſteep Aſcent will be a Plain. If We believe, that God wounded his dear Son with the Sword of an Enemy and Avenger, but chaſtiſes Us

with the Rod of a Father; that, through the great Propitiation, Wrath is removed, and all Diſpenſations proceed from Love, all Events work together for our Good; then We ſhall be reconciled to the Cup. The Draught is not Poiſon, but Medicine. Nothing will make it go down ſo readily, or ſit ſo eaſily, as this Conſideration. In this Faith may your Ladyſhip grow ſtrong, even as your bodily Strength encreaſes; and, I truſt, will encreaſe, till your Health is eſtabliſhed, as well as reſtored.

It becomes me to thank You, for your continued Kindneſs to Mr. ——. Though I am ſatisfied You do not much deſire Thanks from either of Us, but that We both thank God on your Behalf. To bring ſome Glory to God, is the Height of your Ladyſhip's Ambition. Prime Miniſters and Conquerors may have a different, but I am very ſure, they cannot have a nobler Ambition.—I ſpeak without Flattery, when I take Leave to declare, that your Indignation was truly becoming, when it was expreſſed againſt the untractable and capricious Temper of ——. If the poor Man relates what You ſaid, I fancy, He will not venture to preſerve the Emphaſis of your Air and Accent. I wiſh, therefore, the vain ſelfiſh Creature had ſeen and heard You. Becauſe, "as the North-Wind driveth away Rain, ſo doth an angry Countenance" a ſilly froward Humour,—I am not certain, that You expect to have the encloſed Letter returned; and though I am ſufficiently certain, that it is not worth your Expectation, yet as it is your Ladyſhip's Property, I dare not with-hold it. The Perſon hinted at, is Mr. *John Weſley*. He takes me very roundly to Taſk, on the Score of Predeſtination. At which I am much ſurprized. Becauſe a Reader, ten Times leſs penetrating than He is, may eaſily ſee, that this Doctrine (be it true or falſe) makes no Part of my Scheme; never comes under Conſideration; is purpoſely

poſely and carefully avoided. I cannot but fear, He has ſome ſiniſter Deſign. Put the Wolf's Skin on the Sheep, and the Flock will ſhun Him, the Dogs will worry Him. I do not charge ſuch an Artifice, but ſometimes I cannot help forming a Suſpicion.—If I live to do myſelf the Honour of writing again to your Ladyſhip, I hope, You will give me Leave to relate the whole Affair, as it ſtands between Mr. *Weſley* and myſelf.—It is well, Madam, that You are pretty much recovered; otherwiſe, this long Letter would tire your Spirits; and now, I imagine, it will try your Patience. But if, while it tries, it improves it, You will be a Gainer even from the officious Prolixity of,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obedient humble Servant.

LETTER LXXV.

On the Dedication of Theron and Aſpaſio to her.

Weſton, Feb. 9, 1755.

MADAM,

TO write is a Favour, and not to write, for the Reaſon, which your Ladyſhip mentions, is a Favour. So that You have the Art, to make, both, your Letters and your Silence obliging.

The Bookſeller has at laſt informed me, that my Preſents will be ready to be ſent on *Wedneſday*. So that now I have Abundance of Letters to write, by Way of Introduction to *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*. And firſt let me addreſs their Patroneſs.—From *You*, Madam, I ſhall only beg Pardon, for deviating from the common Strain of Dedication. I have written more like your Paſtor,

than your Flatterer. And as One who ſeems deſirous to make You happy, rather than vain. Methinks, I hear ſome *petit Maitre*—if any ſuch ſhould be at the Pains to go through one of the Pages—ſay; "Why this Clown is ſolicitous to point out the Way to *Heaven*, rather than to ſay all Manner of fine Things of her *Ladyſhip*."—Be it ſo, Sir; her Ladyſhip forgives me; nay, more, approves my Conduct; and there is ſuch a Thing as *Conſcience*, with which You are little acquainted, that adds its Approbation to all. And, having all this to countenance and ſupport me, I believe, I ſhall ſit very calm and eaſy under your Cenſures.

Let me once more return my Thanks to your Ladyſhip, for permitting me to grace my Eſſay with your Name. I truſt, it is a Name, that is written in the Book of Life, and written on the Palms of our exalted Redeemer's Hands. I hope to ſhew my Gratitude to its Owner, by imploring for Her all ſpiritual Bleſſings, and that the Piece which ſhe reads, may teſtify of Chriſt to her Soul. Then that, even *that*, will be one, though the leaſt of the Bleſſings which I wiſh.—I will order the Books to be delivered, by the very firſt Meſſenger on *Wedneſday*, and according to your Directions.

I hope, when You receive *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*, You will favour me with your *free* Sentiments concerning them. And if they are taken any Notice of by the polite World, be ſo kind, Madam, as to give me a Hint of their Opinion. You need not be afraid of grieving their Author. He remembers what his divine Maſter ſays, "Bleſſed is He, that ſhall not be offended in me!" Intimating, that Multitudes *will* be offended. —Beſides, by learning what prejudices and diſguſts the elegant Reader, I ſhall be the better enabled to obviate ſuch Prejudices, and attempt a Reconciliation of the Judgment to my Doctrines.

This

This Day I propoſe, with the divine Aſſiſtance, to open and apply to my People, that invaluable Text, *Acts* iii. 26. May You, Madam, abundantly enjoy the Bleſſing, and may it be clearly, convincingly, acceptably diſplayed by

Your moſt obedient,

humble Servant.

LETTER LXXVI.

On a Preſent being intended for him; his Wiſh for Houbigant's Hebrew Bible.

Weſton, Feb. 23, 1755.

MADAM,

I WRITE this, in ſome Meaſure to beg Pardon for the prodigious Haſte and Rapidity, with which I was obliged to write my laſt Letter. In ſome Meaſure to beg your Ladyſhip's Opinion upon a Hint, which your own Letter has occaſioned.

You was pleaſed to tell me, your Sentiments were aſked, concerning ſome Preſent, which a certain Lady intended to make to the Author of *Theron and Aſpaſio.* I aſſure You, Madam, He had no Expectation of any, only that his Books might be favourably accepted, and attended with the divine Bleſſing. If they might be the Means of ſpreading abroad the Savour of Chriſt's Name; of promoting the Knowlege of his glorious Excellency, his free Grace, and everlaſting Righteouſneſs, He ſhall think Himſelf unſpeakably indebted to the Giver of all Good.

But ſince the afore-mentioned Affair was ſtarted, give me Leave to ſay, that my Thirſt after Books is very much

much allayed; I have bid adieu to the curious and entertaining Inventions of Wit or Diſcoveries of Science; my principal Attention is now devoted to the ſacred Oracles of Inſpiration. Theſe I ſhould be glad to have in their nobleſt Form and higheſt Perfection. And I find, there is now publiſhed a very fine Edition of the Hebrew Scriptures by Father *Houbigant*.—If the Point ſhould ever come upon the Carpet again, be pleaſed, *if You think it proper*, juſt to ſuggeſt, that You dare venture to affirm, from a general Knowlege of his Taſte, that *ſuch* a Preſent would be ſingularly acceptable, and, I hope, it would be beneficial.

I do not know the Price. Though I fear it will be coſtly; as it conſiſts of four *Tomes* in *Folio*, and as *Hebrew* Printing is uncommonly expenſive. In the encloſed Paper, the Book is advertiſed, and ſome ſmall Account given of its Contents. I have marked the Paſſages with Croſſes, that your Ladyſhip may not have Trouble of ſearching.—After all I leave the whole to your Ladyſhip's Diſcretion; and ſhall think my Intereſts very ſafe, and the Propriety of my Conduct equally ſecure, if You will condeſcend to undertake for both.

Good Mr. *Whitefield*, I am informed, meets with great Favour, and preaches with great Succeſs in our Colonies. The Lord makes Him, as the Prophet ſpeaks, "like his goodly Horſe in the Battle. He goes forth conquering and to conquer." May You alſo, my honourable Madam, go forth in the Strength of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and travel "with Singing unto Sion, where everlaſting Joy ſhall be upon your Head." And there, among "the innumerable Company of Juſt Men made perfect," may You ſee

Your moſt obliged, humble Servant.

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LETTER LXXVII.

On his Works.—Remarks on Mr. Law's Writings.

Weſton, March 1, 1755.

MADAM,

WHAT a Pleaſure ſhall I enjoy, if the Lord Jeſus vouchſafes to make my Books acceptable to your Ladyſhip, and edifying to your Soul! I ſay *acceptable*; for, You may depend upon it, many People will be diſguſted with them and their Sentiments. You remember, Who it is that ſays, "Bleſſed is He, whoſoever ſhall not be offended in Me."—Chriſt himſelf was a Sign, that ſhould be ſpoken againſt; his Doctrine was to ſome *Fooliſhneſs*, and to others *a Stumbling-Block*; and the Preachers of it, were ſometimes pronounced *mad*, and generally treated as the *Offſcouring of all Things*. So that You will not be ſurpriſed, if You ſhould ſee the Book, which is adorned with your Ladyſhip's Name, fiercely attacked, ſeverely cenſured, and illiberally reproached. Not that I have as yet received any ſuch Compliments, but I have long ago given myſelf Warning of their Approach.

Pray, Madam, do not be ſo injurious to Yourſelf, as to ſuppoſe that what You write, can be diſagreeable to me. I never ſee any Thing diſagreeable in your Letters, unleſs it be what the Printers call *The large Whites*.—Mr. *Law*'s laſt Book I have not ſeen; neither indeed do I deſire to ſee it: eſpecially if it be written in the ſame Strain, as one of his Letters upon Divine Love, which happened to fall in my Way. *Fall in my Way!* No, truly. It did not *fall*, but ſoared. Soared in myſtical Flights and metaphyſical Subtilties, far too high for my groveling Apprehenſions to follow. And not

not *in my Way*, but as far remote from my trite and vulgar Way of thinking, as *Britain* is from *Japan*.—O! Madam, let Us adhere to the Scriptures; as new-born Babes desire the sincere Milk of the Word; and implore the Influences of the blessed Spirit, that We may grow thereby.

I should be uneasy about the Contents of my last Letter, were they in any other Hands, but your Ladyship's. If what I mentioned be an improper Proposal, You will have such a kind Regard to the unadvised Writer, as to stifle and suppress his Project. And I do assure You, Madam, I can bear to have it suppressed. My Heart is not set upon that or any other Book. As I have the Bible in its pure and sacred Original, I can dispense with the Circumstance of a grand and pompous Form.

I have received a very friendly Letter from the *Bishop*: and Dr. *Hales* has transmitted to me the Thanks of her Royal Highness. Alas, Madam! What Good does this do me? Or, if I were presented to a Deanery, what Service would that do me, when I stand at the great Tribunal? Blessed Jesus, let not my poor Endeavours be rewarded with such Chaff. Be Thou glorified; let Souls be edified; and then *they* who read, and *he* who wrote, may one Day rejoice together.

You see, Madam, I do not leave much of the *large White*, when I have the Honour of subscribing myself,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

humble Servant.

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LETTER LXXVIII.

On receiving a Preſent of Books from her.

Weſton, March 16, 1755.

MADAM,

YESTERDAY I received your noble Preſent—a magnificent and beautiful Sett of Books! The Paper fine, the Type grand, the Binding rich, the principal Contents invaluable. What the Notes are, I am not able to judge; not having, as yet, Time to make an Examination.—When I think of this Inſtance of your Ladyſhip's Munificence; the Care, the Trouble, the Expence to which You have ſubmitted; when I reflect on the free, generous, obliging Air, with which all was undertaken, all diſpatched, and all preſented; may I not very juſtly turn, what was ſometimes uſed by Way of Imprecation, into an Act of Devotion and an Expreſſion of Gratitude? "The Lord," the good Lord, "do ſo to You," Madam, "and more alſo!"—And there is great Reaſon to truſt, that He will not only anſwer, but *outdo* and infinitely ſurpaſs even the warmeſt Wiſhes, which a grateful Heart can form. For thus I find it written, in that ſacred Book which You have been pleaſed to put into my Poſſeſſion; thus it is declared by the Spirit of divine Inſpiration; "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto You; and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have Mercy upon You: for the Lord is a God of Judgment, bleſſed are all they that wait for Him."

I wonder, how your Ladyſhip found the Books. If I remember right, there was no Direction of this Sort, in the printed Advertiſement.

The Franks likewiſe are come; and tell me, what a *condeſcending* as well as *liberal* Friend I have in Lady

FRANCES

FRANCES SHIRLEY. Who neither disdains small, nor grudges large and expensive Offices of Kindness; but whether it be the Case of a Letter, or a superb and costly Volume, is *ready to distribute and willing to communicate.* May the Lord Jesus Christ be your Friend and Portion; be your Shield, my dear and honourable Madam, and your exceeding great Reward. And when I forget to pray for these Blessings, then let me no longer enjoy the Pleasure of professing myself

Your Ladyship's most obliged

and most obedient humble Servant.

P. S. The Bookseller fully executed your Ladyship's Orders, for the Books were nicely packed up, and came without the least Injury, and are the *finest* Volumes in my Study. May they also be the most useful!

LETTER LXXIX.

Requests to hear what Faults are found with his Writings.

March 22, 1755.

MADAM,

I AM not a little glad, if any Thing that *Theron* or *Aspasio* say, meets with your Approbation. May the Lord Jesus Christ make me thankful, and make the Essay a Blessing to your Soul. How mighty is his Arm, and how gracious is his Heart! He *can* work by the *weakest* Instruments, and often *does* work by the *unworthiest.* When I remember this, I have Hope; when I forget or disbelieve it, I am discouraged.

Though nothing would please me more, than to furnish out the Page of Pleasure and Improvement for your Ladyship;

Ladyſhip; yet I ſhould be very much obliged, if, in your tender and delicate Manner, You would point out the Faults: what You *hear* to be Faults: or what You *think* to be Faults. The harſheſt Truths, communicated in ſuch a Way, would ceaſe to be offenſive. But I aſſure You, they would not be harſh to me. I expect, that, in a Work of this Size, there are Eſcapes and Improprieties not a few. Be ſo good therefore as to ſay, *This* Expreſſion was inelegant, and diſguſted me; *this* was obſcure, and puzzled me. *Here* the Sentiments are redundant; *there* the Argument is defective. In *one* Place, your Perſons ſpeak too much like the mere Scholar; in *another*, they make too near an Approach to the Dialect of the Ruſtic. I heard *ſuch a Paſſage* blamed at one Time; and *ſuch an Opinion* cenſured at another.

Is not Mr. ——— an Author? Has not He written the Roman Hiſtory? If He be the Gentleman I apprehend, He has an Eagle's Eye, and will eaſily diſcern the Defects, which if in Converſation You would learn, and in a Letter would pleaſe to tranſmit, the Information might be highly ſerviceable, as it would be truly acceptable.—I expect to receive more Advantage from my Enemies, than my Friends. The latter peruſe with Partiality; the former will examine with Rigour. Yet I have been prevailed on, by the Solicitations of my Bookſeller, to commit another Edition to the Preſs, before any of my Adverſaries, or rather Adverſaries to my *Doctrine*, have appeared on the Stage.

It gives me Satisfaction to hear, that your Ladyſhip approves Letter V. This is really the Corner-Stone, which ſupports the Whole; the Hinge, on which the precious Privilege of a Saviour's imputed Righteouſneſs turns. May your Ladyſhip be enabled, every Day, to ſee more and more the glorious Excellency of this diſtin-

distinguished Prerogative, and live in the habitual Enjoyment of the unspeakable Blessing. To wish this, and turn such Wishes into Prayer, is the only Way in which I can duly express my Gratitude for your Generosity to, Madam,

Your most obliged

humble Servant.

LETTER LXXX.

On her early rising.—On his Manner of Preaching.

Weston, April 1, 1755.

MADAM,

FOR the Sake of my honourable and honoured Patroness, I rejoice and bless God, if He pleases to give my Books any favourable Acceptance. O! may his eternal Spirit vouchsafe to breathe upon the tender Plant! Then *its Branches shall spread, and its Smell shall be as Lebanon. Its Branches shall spread*; it shall be received with Approbation; it shall find its Way into many Hands; and be diffused far and near. *Its Smell shall be as Lebanon*; welcome to the Reader, as the Gales which have swept that odoriferous Mountain, are to the Traveller; when they meet Him on his sultry Journey, and refresh Him with their Coolness, and delight Him with their Fragrance.—Thus shall it be with the Books, which the Lord God Omnipotent condescends to countenance and honour. *Hosea* xiv. 6.

I am glad, your Ladyship approves the closing Part. Give me Leave to wish, that it may be woven into the very Texture of your Heart. May You experience all that

that *Aſpaſio* ſays! And *be found in Chriſt—be one with Chriſt—be complete in Chriſt.* Happy then, ſubſtantially happy will You be, in Life; and happy, beyond all Imagination happy, at Death.

Breakfaſt at Four in the Morning! Is it really F—O—U—R? Or have I miſtook your Characters? As You have honoured me with ſo many Letters, I have Reaſon to be pretty well acquainted with the Turn of your Pen. Yet I can hardly believe my own Eyes. Does Lady Frances Shirley ever riſe ſo early, for the Sake of ſerious Converſation and ſpiritual Improvement? At this Rate, Madam, You enjoy a Day, before the Generality of Perſons of Quality begin it.—This was the Practice of our divine Maſter. He frequently *roſe up a great while before Day*, for the important Exerciſe of Devotion. At thoſe early Hours, may You enjoy much of his heavenly Preſence, and drink in large Draughts of Conſolation from thoſe *Wells of Salvation*—the Scriptures!

The Method which Mr. *H*——— takes to obtain Comfort, is perfectly right. *Hannah* was *a Woman of a ſorrowful Spirit*; She was *in Bitterneſs of Soul*; but *She prayed to the Lord, and her Countenance was no more ſad.*—The Word of God was written for this very End, that *We through Patience and Comfort of the Scriptures might have Hope.* We ſhould therefore treaſure it up in our Memories, and beſeech God to write it on our Hearts, that it may be a Cordial to our Spirits in the Hour of Trouble. This is what I earneſtly recommend to my People, and frame all my public Diſcourſes, ſo as to promote and facilitate this deſirable End. Having named the Text, when I come to handle the Subject, I ſelect ſome precious Portion of Scripture; deſire my Hearers to *turn to it in their Bibles*; and then (as God enables) enlarge upon it. By this Means, Perſons of the weakeſt Memory may, if not carry away, yet retrieve

trieve the Subſtance of the Sermon. May, like the bleſſed Virgin, lay it up in their Minds, and *ponder it in their Hearts*. My laſt Text was *Heb.* x. 14. From this I endeavoured to ſhew, that Chriſt has obtained perfect Redemption for Sinners—perfect Deliverance from Hell, *Zech.* ix. 11.—perfect Peace with God, *Coloſſ.* i. 20.—a free Admittance into Heaven, *Rev.* vii. 14, 15.—the Gift of true Sanctification, *Heb.* xiii. 20, 21. And all this by *one* Offering, becauſe it is divine, all-ſufficient, and of infinite Value.—Now, in Caſe my Hearers ſhould forget every Part of the Miniſter's Diſcourſe, yet if they *recollect*, and *ponder*, and *pray over* theſe Portions of God's Word, they may have abundant Matter for Edification.—I believe, You love to crop a *Snow-Drop* or an *Hepatica* with your own Hand. For which Reaſon, I have not tranſcribed thoſe Paſſages, that You may have the Pleaſure of gathering for Yourſelf thoſe Flowers of Heaven. With theſe may your Soul be richly repleniſhed, and be a *Garden encloſed* for Jeſus to walk in.

Your moſt obliged,

humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXI.

On his Letter from the Biſhop on the Excellency of Chriſt.

Weſton, June 1, 1755.

MADAM,

I SHOULD be the moſt unreaſonable of Creatures, if I did not firmly believe, what You are pleaſed, with ſo much condeſcending Goodneſs, to aſſure me of—That I have a real Friend, in my truly honourable and

and highly honoured Correſpondent. Yet let me not make too free with Generoſity and Beneficence. I had no Thoughts, when I wrote about the Bibles, of any Thing but an Application to Mr. K——. I did not know, but He might be glad of ſuch an Opportunity to do good; and therefore all that I deſired, was, to have it put in his Way.—To tell Your Ladyſhip the real Truth, I do not want ſuch Books for myſelf. Bleſſed be God, my own Writings are a Fund for ſuch charitable Expences. But I had ſome other Miniſters, whoſe Circumſtances are leſs affluent, in my Eye.—Theſe I propoſed to ſupply with a few Bibles; by diſpoſing of which, in a judicious Manner, among their Neighbours, they may win their Affections, and promote their Salvation.—Having laid before You, Madam, the Truth of the Caſe, act as You think proper. Reverſe or execute your Intention, juſt as You pleaſe. Either Way, I ſhall be ſatisfied, obliged, and thankful.

I fear, I ſhould put your Ladyſhip to too much Trouble, if I ſhould beg a ſhort Account of Mr. G———'s Treatment.—I hope Mr. Campbell, when He pleads the Cauſe, will be, as the Prophet *Jeremiah* ſpeaks, "valiant for the Truth." Our *Biſhop*, I preſume, was not concerned in the Affair. This Week He ſent me a very friendly and polite Letter; ſweetened with much Approbation, and ſeaſoned with ſome Remarks, of a critical and refined Nature. It is the ſecond his Lordſhip has favoured me with on the Subject. As it relates to *your own* Book, perhaps it may not be diſagreeable to your Ladyſhip to peruſe it. I will therefore take the Liberty to encloſe it, together with the young Man's from Biddeford. That You may ſee, at one View, the Sentiments of the Courtier and the Mechanic, the improved Scholar and the Man of natural Senſe. The latter Letter You will pleaſe to commit to the Flames, that it may not enflame my

Vanity; the firſt You will be ſo good as to return, that it may tend to the Improvement of *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*. Though, I muſt confeſs, the Obſervations, all but the laſt, come too late to have due Regard paid to them.

The vain Amuſements and empty Pleaſures of the World, I hope, will endear the Motto and its Subject to your Affections. In Jeſus is infinite Dignity and everlaſting Righteouſneſs. To contemplate Him, is a Source of the ſublimeſt Pleaſure; to call Him our own, is a Foundation for the moſt ſolid Happineſs.—That both, that *all* theſe may be your Ladyſhip's Portion, is the ſincere Prayer of, Madam,

Your moſt obliged

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER LXXXII.

On the Bible and his Letters.

Weſton, June 19.

MADAM,

YOU will obſerve, from the Frank which encloſes this Letter, that I have received your Ladyſhip's Favour. The Books are come; and noble Books they are. The Lord Jeſus enable me to diſpoſe of them in ſuch a Manner, that Glory may redound to his Name, and Good be communicated to his People!—The Franks alſo are arrived. May I be aſſiſted to make a proper Uſe of theſe alſo! That they may be the Vehicle of ſome edifying Truths, and a Means of diffuſing the Knowledge of a crucified Redeemer!—O that the firſt (the Bibles I mean) might be like the Pillar of Fire in

the Wilderneſs, or the meridian Sun in the Firmament; the latter (my epiſtolary Correſpondence) like a burning Coal, or a glowing Spark from the Altar, to enkindle the Love of the Lord our Righteouſneſs!

For both theſe Preſents You will pleaſe to accept my beſt Thanks; and may the good Lord turn my poor Thanks into heavenly Bleſſings!

Almoſt all my former Letters have been moſt unfaſhionably, moſt ungenteelly prolix. For once I will endeavour to be politely conciſe: nor give your Ladyſhip the Trouble of turning the Paper, and reading a tedious Scrawl, but only beg the Honour of ſubſcribing myſelf, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and very humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXIII.

On various Subjects.

Weſton, July 5, 1755.

MADAM,

WHEN I commend your Judgment in ſpiritual Things, I do it not from Flattery, but from a conſcious Joy. I bleſs God on this Behalf myſelf, and I give your Ladyſhip Occaſion to praiſe his Holy Name on the ſame Account. And not only to praiſe Him for paſt Mercies, but to hope more chearfully and aſſuredly for a Continuation, or rather for an Augmentation of them. All the Lord's Gifts are a Pledge and an Earneſt of richer Favours. Methinks, they come inſcribed with this delightful and encouraging Motto, "Thou ſhalt ſee greater Things than theſe."

Ah, Madam! do not wonder, if you obſerve in worldly People an Enmity againſt the Children of God and the Servants of Chriſt. As ſoon may Fire and Water incorporate, as the Contrarieties of their Temper be reconciled. You know Who hath ſaid, "If they have perſecuted Me, they will alſo perſecute You." This, though the natural Tendency of Men's Spirits, is over-ruled by the Higheſt for the Good of his People. *David*, when perſecuted by *Saul*, could fly even to an idolatrous City, *Gath*. And ſhall not the Followers of Jeſus fly to their everlaſting Father's Arms, when they are calumniated or cruelly treated by their Fellow-Creatures? Eſpecially, ſince He has declared, that He "will gather them, as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her Wings." With infinite Compaſſion He will *receive* them, and with Almighty Power *protect* them.—I do not wiſh my honoured Lady to be a Partaker of Perſecution; but I moſt heartily wiſh her a perpetual Reſidence under thoſe Wings of eternal Love. That She may have all the Safety, Repoſe, and Comfort, without any of the embittering Circumſtances. Being led thither by Choice, not driven thither by the Scourge.

I am glad to hear, that the Report of Sir J—— L———r's Death is falſe. Glad, becauſe He is ſo complaiſant to my noble Friend, and ſo generous to my worthy Soldier.—I hope, He (the Soldier, I mean) is a real Child of God. And ſee! by what unthought of, wonderful Ways the great immortal Father provides for the Welfare of his Children! Who would have ſuſpected, that a common Soldier in Captain R———'s Troop, who, a few Months ago, had not ſo much as heard of Lady Frances Shirley's Name, ſhould now be brought to her Knowledge; be honoured with her Regard; and obtain his Deſires by her Intereſt? Who would

would not covet, who would not be ambitious, to be a Child of the Moſt High? Since He can influence any or all Hearts in Favour of his Sons and Daughters.—My good Madam, prize this Privilege above all your Honours. Prize it far beyond all your high Titles or illuſtrious Lineage. You are by Birth the Daughter of an Earl; but by Grace You are a Child of God. As ſuch, go to Him with Pleaſure and Confidence; make known all your Requeſts in his indulgent Ear; expect from Him all ſpiritual Bleſſings in this World, and *an Inheritance incorruptible and undefiled* in another World. And may We bleſs, for ever bleſs the divine Jeſus, through whoſe Humiliation and Death We enjoy this great Prerogative. "Ye are the Children of God," ſays the Apoſtle, "through Faith in Jeſus Chriſt." To which our Lord himſelf adds, *I go to My Father and Your Father*; firſt *my* Father, and then *yours*; yours becauſe of me, your Relation to me, and Union with me.

I have juſt now read, advertiſed in the Magazine, the following Book, "An Epiſtle from Charles Weſley to John Weſley." Has your Ladyſhip ſeen or heard of it? If You have, be ſo good as to inform me of the Deſign and Contents. I hope, there is no Hoſtility commenced between the Brothers. I have no Connection nor Correſpondence with them, but ſhould be ſorry for ſuch an Event. For your Account of this Piece I ſhall be, as for your Account of Mr. G——r's Treatment, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and obedient humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXIV.

On a Visit from Mr. T——.—Remarks on Dr. Crisp.

Weston, Oct. 14, 1755.

MADAM,

I FULLY intended myself the Pleasure of writing to your Ladyship by the last Post: but, by an unexpected Visit from a Relation, was prevented.—I hope, Mr. T——— has, before this Time, delivered my Letter; and that my Acknowledgments, poor as they are, have been honoured with your Acceptance.

Mr. T——— staid with me but a little while. He came, just as I was going to take Horse, for a little Air and Exercise. We had some Discourse, at our first Interview, on the matchless Excellencies and *unsearchable Riches of Christ*. The holy Scriptures were the Subject of our next Conversation. We encouraged one another to *search* them, and to enrich our Memories with them. That from them, accompanied by the Divine Spirit, We may be *thoroughly furnished* for our ministerial Office, and for *every good Work*. O! that they may *dwell in us richly*; and be *mixed with Faith*, while We read them, contemplate them, talk of them.

I am pleased with your Ladyship's Criticisms upon the Books You peruse. They shew, that You remember the Apostle's Rule, *Prove all Things*. May You also be enabled to follow his excellent Direction, *Hold fast that which is good*.—Dr. *Crisp* proceeds upon that important, but too much disregarded Principle, That We should work, not *for* Life, but *from* Life. Our Works should proceed from the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, dwelling in our Hearts; and then they will be truly good. They should aim, not at obtaining Salvation

tion for Ourſelves, but at glorifying Him, who hath obtained eternal Redemption for Us; and then they will be truly acceptable.

The Apoſtle ſays, as You rightly obſerve, *Repent and be baptized.* But if a poor Sinner had aſked Him this Queſtion, How ſhall I repent? What ſhall melt my ſtony Heart? What ſhall make me abhor myſelf and my moſt beloved Luſts? To this Effect He would probably have replied—Nothing but the Grace of God manifeſted in Chriſt. Believe, that the Lord hath delivered up his deareſt Son to die in your Stead. Believe, that the bleſſed Jeſus has borne every one of your Sins, in his bleeding Body, and on the curſed Tree. This, under the Influence of the Holy Ghoſt, will ſoften the hard Heart. This will alienate your Affections from all Iniquity. By this You will be taught godly Sorrow, *Zech.* xii. 10. and evangelical Humiliation, *Ezek.* xxxvi.

Your two Books upon the *Catechiſm* ſhall be diſpoſed of. I wiſh, they may prove a Bleſſing, wherever they go. Is not this a proper Treatiſe, to be admitted into the Catalogue of *the Society for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge?*—May He that *was dead, but is alive for evermore,* be the Delight of your Heart and the Strength of your Salvation! In the mean Time, or rather at all Times, permit me to be, Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

as I am your moſt obliged,

humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXV.

Remarks on Predeſtination.

Weſton, Nov. 25.

MADAM,

I HAD taken Paper out of my Drawers, on purpoſe to acknowledge the Receipt of your *double* Favour, by the laſt Poſt. But when I came to addreſs myſelf to the pleaſing Buſineſs, I could not find your firſt Letter. This Inſtant, opening Dr. *Criſp*, it made its Appearance.

I am not at all ſurpriſed, my good Lady, to find You or Mr. K—— making Objections to the Doctrine of Predeſtination. I wiſh Mr. K—— would paſs over thoſe few and ſhort Paſſages, which treat of that controverted Point. I did not, in any wiſe, recommend this Book, on Account of thoſe Paſſages; but on Account of what is plain and edifying, of univerſal Concernment and exceedingly comfortable. Suppoſe, a Reader diſapproves that particular Tenet; methinks, He ſhould not be prejudiced, purely on ſuch a Conſideration, againſt thoſe Truths, which are worthy of all Acceptation.

Predeſtination is an Abyſs, in which our Thoughts may be drowned; eſpecially, if We have not "our Senſes exerciſed to diſcern both Good and Evil." But there are pleaſant Streams in our Author, which are not too deep for our Capacity, and which afford Us the ſweeteſt Refreſhment. To theſe let Us advert; by theſe let Us fix our Abode. As to the other Points, let Us ſay with the moderate and judicious *Elihu* (not, "I am certain it cannot be ſo:"—This does not beſpeak an humble child-like Spirit. But) *that which I ſee not, teach Thou me.*

There

There is, doubtleſs, Abundance to be ſaid againſt Predeſtination. And Abundance has been ſaid, with great Force of Argument, for its Support; and that, by Men of the moſt eminent Learning and exalted Piety. As this is the Caſe; and as it is not neceſſary to Faith and Salvation, either that We ſhould embrace, or that We ſhould reject the Doctrine; I think, We may prudently and ſafely acquieſce in the Advice of a great Scholar and a great Saint; "Let a Man go to the Grammar-School of Faith and Holineſs, before He enters the Univerſity of Election and Predeſtination." I am at the Grammar-School; and there, perhaps, I ſhall continue, till I hear the Voice from Heaven, ſaying; *Come up hither, and I will ſhew Thee*, what Thou couldſt not comprehend in the Regions below.—Madam, ſhall I have the Honour of your Ladyſhip for a Form-Fellow? *You* ſhall be the Head-Scholar; only be content to allow Us your Company, and do not leave Us for a higher Claſs. Let Us ſtudy the Glories of Chriſt's Perſon, and the Love of his Heart; let Us contemplate his infinite Satisfaction and everlaſting Righteouſneſs. May the Knowledge of theſe grand Doctrines be revealed in our Hearts by the bleſſed Spirit! May the Faith of theſe unſpeakable Privileges comfort our Souls, purify our Affections, and *work by Love!* Then, We ſhall, ere long, ſee every dark myſterious Point cleared up to our full Satisfaction. We ſhall ſee, without a Veil, the ſhining and adorable Perfections of our God. We ſhall know his unſearchable Counſels and wonderful Ways, *even as We are known.*

In the mean Time, if worthy Mr. K—— diſlikes the Book, there is no great Harm done, as it was not a very expenſive Purchaſe. I would beg Leave to decline all Controverſy. I can very freely converſe or correſpond with Perſons, who either adopt or diſcard Predeſtination. Provided, they will not drag in the litigated

litigated Propoſition, and force me to engage in Diſputation. But if they are determined to obtrude the Bone of Contention, I had much rather remain alone and in Silence. For I readily confeſs, that I am not Maſter of the Subject. Therefore, it would be very unadviſed in me, to undertake either its Eſtabliſhment or Refutation.

I believe, I muſt deſire your Ladyſhip to return this Letter, with your free Remarks upon it. Becauſe, I do not know, but I ſhall be obliged to explain myſelf on this Subject, before the Public. Becauſe, a Perſon who makes a great Figure in the religious World, has ſent me ſome critical Remarks and pretty keen Cenſures on my late Work; but inveighs particularly againſt my Predeſtination Principles. At which I am ſomewhat ſurpriſed. Becauſe, I have (whatever my Sentiments are) ſtudiouſly avoided this Peculiarity; I have but barely mentioned it; in the Apoſtle's own Words; only in an incidental Manner; and without explaining, enlarging upon, or inculcating it. My Paper permits me to do no more, than that I am,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient
and moſt humble Servant.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Enquiring after her Health.

Weſton, Dec. 13, 1755.

MADAM,

YOUR laſt very much alarmed me. I hope, this will find You abundantly better. I hope, our great Phyſician has *rebuked the Fever*, and reſtored You

to

to Health. And I humbly beg of God, that your Ladyſhip may live in the Exerciſe of that important Duty, and in the Enjoyment of that precious Promiſe, mentioned by the Prophet—" They that wait upon the Lord, ſhall renew their Strength."

Be ſo good, Madam, as to rejoice my Heart by a Line, and ſend me the welcome News, that your Recovery is completed. I will then, when your Spirits are recruited, venture to trouble your Ladyſhip with a longer Letter. I will then return the Manuſcript encloſed in your laſt; and I will truſt, ere long, to meet your Ladyſhip in thoſe happy Regions—" where the Inhabitant ſhall no more ſay, I am ſick"—where " Death ſhall be ſwallowed up in Victory"—where " the Lord God will wipe away all Tears from our Eyes"—and, what is unſpeakably more deſirable, will remove all Ignorance from our Underſtanding, and all Corruption from our Heart.—Bleſſed Hope! May it, every Day, ſhine brighter and brighter upon your Ladyſhip, and upon, Madam,

Your moſt obliged

and obedient Servant.

LETTER LXXXVII.

On the Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

London, Jan. 16, 1756.

MADAM,

NO, my Lady: I do not preſume to *give Advice,* when I have the Honour of writing to your Ladyſhip. My Letters come on no ſuch Errand; but with more humble and decent Views. They wait upon your

your Ladyſhip, not to dictate Precepts, but to propoſe ſome Points of Importance to *your own* Conſideration. They come, on much the ſame Deſign, and in the very ſame Capacity, as the Servant at *Philip*'s Door: where He was ordered to repeat daily that inſtructive Admonition, "Sir, remember That You muſt die." Which was nothing more, than reminding the Monarch of what He knew, but might not ſo habitually advert to.

I hope, your Ladyſhip is more and more delighted with that incomparable Book, the BIBLE: juſtly ſo called, by way of diſtinguiſhed Superiority to all other Compoſitions in the World. I heartily wiſh, your Ladyſhip may ſee the Glories, and taſte the Sweetneſs, of the divine Word. Your Ladyſhip will then have Reaſon to ſay, "Among all the Libraries of the Learned, among all the Entertainments of the Polite, There is None, there is Nothing like IT."

The Scriptures, my Lady, are intended by their ever-bleſſed Author, for the moſt deſirable and gracious Purpoſes. Inſomuch, that a royal and inſpired Penman knew not how to expreſs his Gratitude for ſuch an ineſtimable Treaſure. "Lord, what Love have I unto thy Law!" It's Worth is ſo great; my Eſteem for it is ſo dear; that I have no adequate Words, to declare either the One or the Other. But, where my Tongue is defective, there let my Practice ſpeak. *All the Day long is my Study in it.*—A Commendation this, which your Ladyſhip will eaſily diſcern, to be far more emphatical than all the Strains of Eloquence. A Commendation which, I flatter myſelf, your Ladyſhip will adopt; and, as it came from the Mouth of a King, will not be aſhamed to make it your own.

If We take a Survey of all our Wants, We ſhall find an abundant Supply in this heavenly Magazine.—Are We in Queſt of *Knowledge?* The Scriptures are calculated

calculated to communicate this Bleſſing. " When thy Word goeth forth, it giveth Light and Underſtanding unto the Simple." It is called, *A Light ſhining in a dark Place*; illuminating the dark Corners, (can your Ladyſhip bear the Expreſſion? if I add) the gloomy Dungeon, of the human Heart. The Pſalmiſt moſt elegantly compares the holy Word of God to the magnificent Lamp of Day. *That* as richly furniſhed to pour ſacred Wiſdom through the Soul, as *this* to diffuſe meaner Splendors through the Firmament. It is, to ſay all in a Word, " able to make wiſe unto Salvation, through the Faith which is in Jeſus Chriſt."

Do We want that precious *Faith*, mentioned in the preceding Quotation? This, though the Gift of God, is wrought by his Word. *Faith cometh by hearing*, by reading, by meditating on, the Oracles of eternal Truth. Theſe teſtify of Chriſt. They diſplay his almighty Power, and infinite Goodneſs; the Fulneſs of his Grace, and the Freeneſs of his Merits. In them, He is evidently ſet forth, both crucified, and exalted: moſt beautifully pourtrayed, in his ſublime Honours, *and unſearchable Riches*.—They therefore are admirably ſuited, to create a ſupreme Eſteem *of Chriſt*; to excite an ardent Longing *for Chriſt*; and produce an unfeigned Acquieſcence *in Chriſt*. Thus are they fitted, by way of noble Inſtrument, to work that leading Chriſtian Grace, a lively Faith.

Are We deſirous of being renewed after the *divine Likeneſs?*—This is the very Eſſence of Religion. A Qualification, indiſpenſably neceſſary for our Enjoyment of future Bleſſedneſs. An Endowment, in Compariſon of which, Sceptres and Coronets are empty Toys. The Apoſtle ſays upon this Subject, and his Words are worthy to be written on the Tables of every Heart; " God has given Us exceeding Great and precious

Promiſes, that by theſe Ye might be Partakers of the divine Nature." Theſe are a Refiner's Fire, to burn up the Droſs of inbred Corruption; and a ſacred Seal, to inſtamp the amiable Image of our Redeemer on the Mind. In ſhort; thoſe Volumes of Inſpiration are adapted and ordained by unerring Wiſdom, " to make the Man of God perfect; thoroughly furniſhed to every good Work."—I believe, it would not be improper, if your Ladyſhip addreſſed Yourſelf to the Study of the Bible, with theſe grand Advantages in View. And I aſſure your Ladyſhip, I ſhall not ceaſe to pray, that You may not only partake of them, but be filled with them; or, as One of your favourite Authors expreſſes Himſelf, *be filled with all the Fulneſs of God.*—Thus would I make my Acknowledgments to your Ladyſhip, for the Favour of your Letter, and for allowing me the Honour of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

and obliged Servant.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Reflections on Sickneſs.

Weſton, Thurſday Morning.

MADAM,

LAST Night, I had the Honour of your Letter. It found me, though recovered from my Fever, extremely weak. My Feet can hardly ſupport the Body, and my Hands but feebly hold the Pen. Otherwiſe, I had ſooner acknowledged your Ladyſhip's preceding Favour.

I hope,

I hope, our wonderful Counſellor will, by theſe Diſorders, teach me to prize more highly that Inheritance, which *is incorruptible, undefiled, and never fades. Undefiled*, I ſuppoſe, means—Has nothing to cloud its Luſtre or embitter its Sweets; has Health without Sickneſs, and Expectation without Diſappointment; where Holineſs ſhall neither feel Corruption, nor fear Temptation; and Happineſs ſhall know neither Meaſure, Decline, nor End.

May your Ladyſhip have this bliſsful Inheritance ever in View—have a lively Hope of poſſeſſing it through *the Reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt from the Dead*—and under the Influence of this bleſſed Hope, be enabled *to purify Yourſelf, even as He is pure.*

You was pleaſed to enquire, Whether I have laid aſide the Thoughts of publiſhing a little Piece. One Scheme which I had formed, I believe, will prove entirely abortive. Another, which I had projected, I am ſtill inclined to execute. Which is, to print two or three Sermons, preached on the late *Faſt-Days*. Theſe, for ſome particular Reaſons, I happened to take down in Short-hand. As I have ſeen no Diſcourſes on this Occaſion, that were ſufficiently *evangelical*, I have a ſtrong Deſire, for the Supply of this *one* Defect *only*, to appear on the Stage.—Will You be ſo good as to favour with your Advice, and beg of God all-wiſe to direct, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

humble Servant.

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LETTER LXXXIX.

On the King of Pruſſia.—Chriſt All in All.—On Building.

MADAM,

I AM much pleaſed with, therefore ought to be very thankful for, your Account of the King of *Pruſſia*'s Behaviour. It is truly noble, and ſpeaks a ſincere Senſe of Religion. Only I want to have his Religion wear the *Image* and *Superſcription* of the Goſpel. So that we might truly call it *Chriſtian*. This, in due Time, I truſt, will be accompliſhed; and He "will honour the Son even as He honours the Father."

Indeed, Madam, in true Religion, Chriſt is the "Alpha and Omega; the firſt and the laſt;" the All in All.—Would any One "come to the Father?" It is only "by Him that We have Acceſs."—Are We accepted *before* God? It is wholly "in the beloved Son," and his conſummate Righteouſneſs.—Would We have Comfort now? Chriſt is "the Conſolation of *Iſrael*." The Works, which He has performed; the Death, which He has ſuffered; theſe pleaſe God, and ſatisfy Juſtice; theſe therefore quiet the Sinner's Conſcience, and enable Him to go "on his Way rejoicing."—Would We enter into the Realms of Glory, and ſtand before the Throne of God? Having waſhed our Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb, We are admitted to this Honour, and partake of this Bleſſedneſs.—May your Ladyſhip grow daily in the Knowlege of this divinely excellent Saviour! Becauſe this is the Way to *grow in Grace*, in *Peace*, and in *all Godlineſs*.—I beg Leave to be, with the deepeſt Reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient Servant.

P. S.

P. S. Will You be ſo good as to inform me, what Mr. *How* ſaid upon the Subject of Building. A Saying, at which one of your Letters hinted. The Maſons are going on apace with my new Houſe. But I have no Trouble about them; having agreed with the Architect, to execute the Work for ſuch a Sum. The Reſtoration of my Health, after which You are ſo obliging as to enquire, is "like the Sun in Gibeon." I have but juſt ventured into the Air; never yet ſo far as the Church. May your Health, Madam, be as the Sun, "when He goeth forth in his Strength!"—I hope for the Pleaſure of hearing, that my honoured Patroneſs, the Counteſs of *Cheſterfield*, is recovered of her Cold.

LETTER XC.

On openly acknowledging the Saviour.—Why he prints His Name in Capitals.

Weſton, March 9.

MADAM,

YOUR Prudence and your Kindneſs lay an equal Claim to my grateful Acknowlegements. The Step You have taken, is much more judicious, than any that I could have ſuggeſted; and as You Yourſelf are willing to defray Part of the Expence, is much more generous than I ought to have expected.—May the bleſſed Jeſus fulfil his Promiſe, and more than recompenſe all my Obligations; May He guide You continually; give You an eſtabliſhed, an aſſured Intereſt in his unſpeakable Treaſures; and "ſupply all Your Need according to his Riches in Glory!"

My Bookſeller informs me, that *Theron and Aſpaſio* meet with a favourable Reception from the Public. God is pleaſed to give them Acceptance in the Sight of the World. Inſomuch that He is entering upon another Edition, though the firſt was very numerous. See, Madam, if God will bleſs, who can blaſt? If He will proſper, how needleſs are all little Artifices and inferior Recommendations!

I remember, a very ingenious Gentleman once ſhewed me a Compoſition in Manuſcript. He intended it for the Preſs, and aſked my Opinion. It was moral, it was delicate, it was highly finiſhed. But I ventured to tell Him, There was *one Thing* wanting. The Name and the Merits of the divinely excellent Jeſus: without which, I feared, the God of Heaven would not accompany it with his Grace; and without which, I was very ſure, the Enemy of Souls would *laugh it to Scorn*.—The Gentleman ſeemed to be ſtruck with Surpriſe. The Name of Jeſus, He replied! This ſingle Circumſtance would fruſtrate all my Expectations; would infallibly obſtruct the Sale; and make every Reader of Refinement throw it aſide with Diſdain.—Now, Madam, I am willing to put the Matter to a Trial, and myſelf to practice the Advice I gave. So far from ſecreting the amiable, the majeſtic Names of Jeſus and the adorable Trinity, that I have printed them in grand and conſpicuous Capitals. That all the World may ſee, I look upon it as my higheſt Honour, to acknowlege, to venerate, to magnify my God and Saviour. And if He has no Power over the Hearts of Men, or nothing to do with the Events of the World; if Acceptance and Succeſs are none of his Gifts, have no Dependance on his Smile; then I am content, perfectly content to be without them.

You chide me for encloſing my Letters to your Ladyſhip in a Frank. But I promiſe myſelf, You will not be

be very angry with me, on this Account. Nay, You cannot, You muſt not, be angry with me at all. You muſt not conſtrain me to be *unjuſt*. And what will it be, but abſolute Injuſtice, to make You pay Sixpence, for that which is not worth any Thing? which is more than paid for, by your Ladyſhip's Acceptance.

I wiſh, Lady —— may be enabled by Faith "to ſee the Lord's Chriſt." That is the only Way to have Comfort in Affliction, and to ſing, like the three *Hebrew* Youths, in the fiery Furnace: that is the only Way to depart, like good old *Simeon*, in Peace, and with Hopes full of Immortality. Let me wiſh the ſame Bleſſing for Lady *Frances Shirley*; becauſe this is the only Method to ſweeten and exalt Life; to make it a Privilege to live, or Gain to die. Permit my Pen to add, what my very Heart dictates, that I am, Madam,

Your much obliged

and moſt grateful Servant.

LETTER XCI.

On entire Devotedneſs to God.

WHY does Lady FRANCES mention the Word *Condeſcention*, when She is pleaſed to honour me with a Letter? Indeed, Madam, You have nothing to do with that Word. It is mine by an excluſive Right. It expreſſes what You alone can practiſe, and what I alone muſt acknowlege.

How does your Ladyſhip know, that I "ſpeak to my People an Hour together?"—I muſt confeſs, I do ſo ſometimes. But I always blame myſelf for it. It detains the Congregation too long. It renders the Diſ-

courſe tireſome to be heard, and almoſt impoſſible to be remembered. This is one of the Inconveniences attending the extempore Method of Preaching. We forget how the Time paſſes away; We advert not to the Length of our Harangue; and, being deſirous of impreſſing our Hearers, are inſenſibly betrayed into an undue Prolixity.

I congratulate Mr. *K*—— on his Wiſdom and Happineſs, in giving up Himſelf without Reſerve to the bleſſed God. Ah! why ſhould We delay this important Duty? Why ſhould We be reluctant in this delightful Affair?—One Cauſe of our Backwardneſs is our ſtubborn Selfiſhneſs and ſtrong Corruption. Another Reaſon is, that We do not attempt it in the proper Way. We conſider perhaps the Reaſonableneſs of it; We urge on our Conſciences the Neceſſity of it; and We labour with our Hearts, if by any Means we may bring them to the Practice of it. But we ſeldom apply the endearing Motives of the Goſpel. St. *Paul* ſays; "I beſeech You therefore Brethren, by the Mercies of God, that ye preſent your Bodies a living Sacrifice." Here, the Duty of ſurrendering Ourſelves to the Almighty, is inculcated; and the eaſy, the expeditious Manner of doing it, is diſplayed.—We are to preſent *our Bodies*; not in Contradiſtinction to our Souls, but in Alluſion to the whole burnt Offerings of old. In which, not a ſingle Joint, or the Fat on the Kidneys only, but the Whole of the Animal was ſet apart for the Victim. So we are to devote, not this Talent or that only, but ALL We have and ALL We are, to the Glory of his Name, and to the Good Pleaſure of his Will.—"A living Sacrifice:" not dead in carnal Pleaſure, not aſleep in ſpiritual Indolence. But awake and active for our divine Maſter; fervent and zealous in his ſacred Service.—What ſhould engage Us to all This? The moſt inviting and the moſt forcible of Inducements; "the Mercies of our God."

He

He has given Himſelf and all his ſublime Perfections, to be our Portion. He has given his Son, his infinite Atonement and everlaſting Righteouſneſs, to be our Salvation. He has given his Spirit, to teſtify of Chriſt in our Hearts, to apply this great Salvation to our Souls, and to make all Grace abound towards Us. All this He has given freely, irrevocably, eternally.—And can We, under the Influence of ſuch a Faith, can We forbear the Enquiry of the Pſalmiſt, "What Return ſhall I make unto the Lord, for all the Benefits that He hath done unto me?" Such a Faith will overcome the Perverſeneſs of our Inclinations. Such a Faith will make the Work of Reſignation pleaſing. Between the Mind, actuated with ſuch a Faith, and deſtitute of it, there is as much Difference, as between the liquid and the ſolid Metal. In this precious Faith, therefore, may your Ladyſhip ever abide, and ever advance!

Mr. ——'s Pamphlet I have not ſeen. When it comes to my Hand, I will, without any Diſguiſe, inform your Ladyſhip, how it affects me on the Peruſal; whether with Delight or Diſguſt.—Let me obſerve the Humility of the Apoſtle, in the Verſe quoted above. "I beſeech You, Brethren." Though He might command, as inveſted with the Authority of Chriſt, He rather beſeeches. And though he was the chiefeſt of Saints, He calls the weakeſt, meaneſt Chriſtian, his Brother. As You have imitated Him in theſe, may You imitate Him in all Reſpects; and being like Him on Earth, be with Him in Heaven.

Your moſt obliged

humble Servant.

LETTER XCII.

On a Poem called the Arbour.—On Prayer.

Weſton, June 12, 1756.

MADAM,

I BEG Pardon for being ſo tardy in acknowledging your laſt Favour. Indeed, I intended to have paid the Debt of Gratitude much ſooner. But ſometimes Weakneſs un-nerved, at other Times Buſineſs had my Hands.

Your Ladyſhip is obeyed. I will publiſh nothing as yet. But ſhall be glad to hear the Reaſons, which You have to alledge. Theſe will make my Obedience rational, and the Reſult of Judgment. Whereas now it is implicit, and the Exerciſe of Duty.

Indeed, Madam, I know how to pity You, when neceſſitated to go through Scenes of Pomp and Hurry. To me they would be irkſome to the laſt Degree. I wiſh, we had the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Reſidence at *Weſton*. Our Manor-Houſe is occupied by a Gentleman, who greatly diſlikes my Doctrine. A Brother-Clergyman too!

The *Arbour* you rightly gueſs, is no Performance of mine. I have not ſeen the Poem; but I ſaw an Extract from it, which was very pictureſque and pleaſing. I fancy, there is one Peculiarity wanting in it, which, I hope, will always attend and adorn, whatever this Pen writes, or this Tongue utters. I mean, the Name, the Grace, the Righteouſneſs and Death of Jeſus Chriſt. Without this, I ſhould think every Diſcourſe and every Compoſition, like the Ring without the Diamond, or the Body without the Soul.

Yes,

Yes, Madam; I will with Pleaſure pray for my honoured Benefactreſs. And if I forget to ſhew my Thankfulneſs for your Favour in this Manner, *let my right Hand forget her Cunning.* And I have the Satisfaction to inform You, that an infinitely nobler Advocate prays for You. He, who ſees Angels worſhipping at his Feet, is an Interceſſor for your Ladyſhip. And what is the Subject of his Interceſſion, We learn *John* xiv. 16. Charming Text! Ineſtimable Privilege! Methinks, I ſhould not interrupt or divert your Attention, while You are meditating on ſo precious a Portion of Scripture. Give me Leave therefore to withdraw; only allowing me the Honour, before I retire, to profeſs myſelf, Madam,

Your moſt obliged

humble Servant.

LETTER XCIII.

Dr. Criſp's Sermons recommended.—On Mr. T——.

MADAM,

I HOPE, before this Time, You are acquainted with the true Reaſon of my neglecting to write by Sunday's Poſt. It was not, "becauſe I have nothing to ſay." Was I to addreſs many other Perſons of Quality, I ſhould certainly find my Thoughts and my Pen hampered with this Difficulty. But as your Ladyſhip permits me to expatiate upon Religion, I ſhall never be at a Loſs for a Subject. I have a Fund of Materials, various as the Contents of the Bible; vaſt as the Perfections of our God; and, like the Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, abſolutely inexhauſtible.

Do not harbour any Fear, Madam, concerning the Propriety of your ſending Dr. *Criſp*'s Sermons to Mr. *K*——. They are, I think, the very Diſcourſes which He wants. Eſpecially, if He is inclined to Diſtreſs of Conſcience, on Account of his ſpiritual State. I know not any Treatiſes more proper, or more excellently calculated, to adminiſter ſolid Conſolation. They are, under the divine Influence, one of my firſt Counſellors, and principal Comforters. They often drop *Manna* and *Balm* upon my fainting and ſickly Graces. The Lord Jeſus Chriſt grant, that your Ladyſhip may experience the Soul-chearing, Conſcience-healing, Heart-reviving Power of theſe precious Doctrines!

The Doctor has, as You juſtly obſerve, ſome Expreſſions, which ſeem to contradict poſitive Commands or peremptory Aſſertions of Scripture. But theſe Expreſſions, when examined and explained, will generally be found to coincide with the *Truth as it is in Jeſus*. They are not contrary to the pure Word of the Goſpel, but to our pre-conceived and legal Ideas. We have not been accuſtomed to the joyful Sound of Grace and Salvation—infinitely rich Grace, and perfectly free Salvation—therefore they are a *ſtrange* Language to our Ears. O! that We may more frequently hear, and more diligently read, till, like the *Coloſſian* Converts, We *know the Grace of God in Truth!*

I hope, Mr. *T*—— will prove a ſerious and uſeful Miniſter. He ſeems not to diſlike, but to reliſh Chriſtian Converſation; ſuch as the Apoſtle calls *good*, and adapted *to the Uſe of edifying*. Who knows, but the God of all Wiſdom may make his Interviews with your Ladyſhip a Bleſſing to his Soul? If the deepeſt Reſpect for your high Station and fine Accompliſhments can influence, You have ſingular Advantages on your Side. But theſe Madam, You have learned to poſſeſs, as

though

though You poſſeſſed them not. You place no Dependence on them, but on Him only, who is the Light of the World; who *has the ſeven Stars in his right Hand*; and qualifies Miniſters for the Diſcharge of their important Office. Do not You remember one of your own Sex, celebrated by the greateſt eccleſiaſtic Hiſtorian in the World, who taught even a moſt eloquent Teacher? Who *expounded to Him*, with much Acceptance, and with equal Succeſs, *the Way of God more perfectly?*

Mr. *T*—— was right in his Conjecture relating to my Sermons. I have never, ſince I was Miniſter of this Place, uſed written Notes. So that all my public Diſcourſes are vaniſhed into Air; unleſs the bleſſed Spirit has left any Traces of them, on the Hearts of the Hearers. And though I have many Diſcourſes, that were written before I diſcontinued the Uſe of Notes, they are all penned in Short-hand, and are intelligible to none but the Writer.—You will eaſily conclude, from the preceding Lines, that your Ladyſhip's Favour, dated on Tueſday, was duly received, and it is gratefully acknowledged by, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

and very obedient humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER XCIV.

On Mr. K——.—On Dr. Crisp's Writings.

Weston, Nov. 15.

MADAM,

I JOIN my Thanks with your's, to the God of our Life and Health, for delivering You from your late Indisposition. May the Hand, that restored, preserve the Vigour and Activity of your Constitution; and enable you to devote every renewed Power, every remaining Moment, to Him *who died for your Sins, and rose again for your Justification!*

May I beg Leave to ask your Ladyship, What Authors Mr. *K*—— has principally read, and what are his favourite Books? He seems to write somewhat in the Strain of the *Hutchinsonians*.—I do not wonder, that People object to Dr. *Crisp*, and such Divines as magnify the exalted Saviour, who sits at God's right Hand; but pour Contempt upon the fallen Creatures, who dwell in Houses of Clay: who would represent the divine Redeemer, as the meridian Sun, and all the Race of Adam, as Glow-Worms of the Night.—There was a Time, when I should have joined, most heartily joined in the Opposition. For then I sought *to establish my own Righteousness*. I would fain *be* something; would fain *do* something, to *inherit eternal Life*; and could not brook a total *Submission to the Righteousness of God*. But repeated Infirmities, repeated Sins, and repeated Sorrows, have been the Means, under the Influence of the Spirit, to cure me of this arrogant Temper.—It is now the daily Desire of my Soul, to see more and more the Littleness, the Insufficiency, the Meanness of all that is called my own. But to delight myself in the *unsearch-*

unſearchable Riches, and triumph in the tranſcendent Excellencies of Chriſt Jeſus *my* Lord.—And I do aſſure You, Madam, that when I wander from this Path, I *ſtumble upon dark Mountains*; I fall into Briars and Thorns; I loſe my Peace, my Tranquility, my Hope.—If this be the Caſe, as it really is, your Ladyſhip will allow, that I have Reaſon, notwithſtanding every contrary Suggeſtion, to adhere inſeparably to *this Way*.

I beg Pardon for ſpeaking ſo much of *Self*, that deſpicable Idol Self. Many, I am ſenſible, would look upon it as inexcuſable Folly and Vanity. But I write to a Friend, the Candour of whoſe Mind is equal to the Dignity of her Station; who will give me Leave to uſe the Freedom of an Aſſociate, even while I addreſs a Superior, a Benefactor, a Patroneſs.

Mr. T——t reminds me of a humourous but judicious Anſwer, which Dr. *Cheney* (who was reckoned as un-orthodox in Phyſic, as Dr. Criſp in Divinity) gave to a Perſon, conſulting Him about the Recovery of his Health. "Sir, you are not bad enough for me." None but the deeply diſordered would ſubmit to *Cheney*'s mortifying Preſcriptions. And none but the *weary and heavy-laden* will come to Chriſt, or reliſh a *Criſp*.

You make me ſmile, when you place me in the Pontific Chair. No, Madam; this ſhall not be my Station, as, I am ſure, it is not my Ambition. But, if You pleaſe, I will act as your Gentleman-Uſher; I will endeavour to perform the ſame Office for your Ladyſhip, as Philip executed for thoſe Greeks, who ſaid, *Sir, We would ſee Jeſus*.—They were come to Jeruſalem at a grand Feſtival. But all the Entertainments, and all the Diverſions of the Seaſon, were to them inſipid Things, compared with the Pleaſure of converſing with Chriſt.—Wiſe and exemplary Strangers! May my honoured Correſpondent imitate You, in this Particular! Count nothing dear, nothing grand, nothing

nothing desirable, in comparison of seeing—Jesus and his Glories—Jesus and his Righteousness—Jesus and his eternal Heaven! and O! may She see all these as HER OWN!

Mr. R——— will have at Northampton, a large Church to preach in, and a large Sphere to act in. May his Zeal and his Success be larger than both! I have not heard of the Earthquake, which You mention. It is awful indeed, to have the Foundations of the Earth shake, and its Surface reek with the Blood of the Slain. May these Events, and whatever else indicates the Displeasure of the Most High, teach Us to prize the great Propitiation, incite Us to fly into the inviolable Sanctuary, Jesus Christ.

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

and very humble Servant.

LETTER XCV.

On being confined by Sickness.—Recommending a Servant.—On Mr. Whitefield's Conduct.

Weston, Nov. 25.

MADAM,

WILL You give me Leave, for once, to indulge a Conjecture, that I over-hear your Thoughts? Hear You reasoning within Yourself—"Two Letters sent: And neither of them answered! Are these his Expressions of Gratitude?—However, I can forgive; and ascribe his Conduct to any Thing, rather than an evil Principle."—Can your Ladyship forgive me? That is more than I could do to myself, if I had not too substantial a Reason for my late Silence.—The Reason

is,

is, what Many might be aſhamed to tell, in ſuch plain Language as I uſe, when I inform your Ladyſhip, That I have been arreſted. Have been in cloſe Confinement for ſeveral Days. And could find None, no not One, that was both willing and able to bail me.—Now, Madam, for your Chriſtian Courage; Dare You riſque your Reputation, by taking Notice of a Priſoner? Can a Lady of Quality ſtoop to correſpond with ſuch a contemptible Creature?—" Yes, You reply. I hope, I ſhall always think it my Honour, to acknowledge my divine Maſter, even in the meaneſt of his People. I hope, I ſhall never be aſhamed of his Miniſters, though they were in *Bonds*, in *Impriſonments*, in *Deaths*.—He was *higher* than all *Heavens*, and has *a Name above every Name*. Yet, for my Sake, how willingly, how chearfully, did He ſubmit to be *numbered* with Malefactors; and to be nailed, as a Spectacle of Infamy, on the curſed Tree! Surely then I ſhall reckon my Character, my Dignity, my Fortune, only ſo far valuable, as they may bring Glory to his Name, and do Service to his Cauſe."

To keep your Ladyſhip no longer in Suſpenſe. I really am a Priſoner; and, in ſome Senſe, the Priſoner of Jeſus Chriſt. The Writ that was ſerved on me, is his ſovereign and holy Will. The Action, that lies againſt me, is my Sinfulneſs, and Mis-Improvement of my Talent. The Officer, that arreſted me, is Sickneſs. And the Place of my Confinement, is my Chamber.—This Repreſentation of my Caſe, I truſt, will incline your Ladyſhip to excuſe my Remiſſneſs in acknowledging your late Favours; and incite You to put up a compaſſionate Prayer in my Behalf, That I may be enabled to bleſs the Hand, and kiſs the Rod, that ſmites me. I thank the Phyſician, that preſcribes my Medicines, though diſguſtful and expenſive. I thank the Surgeon,

Surgeon, that has pierced my Vein, and taken away even Part of my vital Blood. Becauſe, I am aſſured, they intend my Welfare. And is there not infinitely greater Reaſon, to thank the unerring and tender Providence of my God, who never *afflicts* arbitrarily, but graciouſly; nor *grieves the Children of Men*, but for their ſpiritual and eternal Good?

I am much obliged to You, Madam, for tranſmitting to me without Diſguiſe, the Remarks made on my Pamphlet.—I was myſelf much in Doubt, concerning the Propriety of "*Hannibal*'s oracular Doom." Had determined to expunge it; or to have mentioned it, only as the Opinion of an eminent Commentator; but not to have laid any Streſs at all upon it. Meeting accidentally with the Paſſage from Mr. *Ridley*'s Sermon, I was induced, upon his Authority, to retain it. Pray, is it objected That the Tranſlation is improper? Or, that the Fact is of no Weight, though the Tranſlation ſhould be allowed?—With regard to the Change of Sentiment introduced in that Clauſe, Bleſſed *be*, &c. I fear, I have miſtaken the Senſe of ſacred Writ: have departed from the moſt eaſy and natural Interpretation of the Words; have dropped the Doctrine, which gives the greateſt Glory to God, and ſuggeſts the moſt important Admonition to Man. I ſhould be glad to learn from the ingenious Critic, (for a Critic He is, and truly perſpicacious) what that fine Idea may be, which I have been ſo unhappy as to loſe. I have ſettled in my own Mind, what other Senſe I would propoſe; and ſhould be deſirous to ſee, whether his and mine coincide.

I aſſure You, Madam, I had much rather ſee my Errors corrected, than hear my Praiſes trumpeted: And ſhall be ready, not only without Reluctance, but with unfeigned Pleaſure, to retract my Opinion, and confeſs my

my Miſtake, wherever the leaſt Iota or Tittle of divine Truth has been injured by my Pen.—Be ſo good as to communicate ſuch Animadverſions, when they occur in Converſation.

Does your Ladyſhip want a Maid-Servant? Or know of any mild-tempered, condeſcending, ſerious Lady that wants a Maid to wait on Her? There is in my Pariſh a young Woman, who, I think, would make, in all Reſpects, a valuable Servant. Very neat, and has a genteel Air. Good-natured, and perfectly honeſt. Quite ſenſible, and has a fine Hand with her Needle, or at ironing. Some Years ago, being out of Place, ſhe lived in our Family, rather than have no Employ. Continued with Us more than a Year, but deſerved a much better Place. A better Place ſhe got, and for ſeveral Years held. But is now out of Service again. I verily think, ſhe would give great Satisfaction, where-ever ſhe was employed; otherwiſe, I would not preſume to mention Her, in this Manner to your Ladyſhip.

Your Query about my dear Friend *Whitefield*'s Intention, I am not Caſuiſt enough to anſwer. Indeed I am quite an Ignoramus in the *Canons*. I ſhould apprehend, in a Land of Liberty and Toleration, none can hinder or hurt him. Indeed if He expects to enjoy the Emoluments of the Eſtabliſhment, He muſt conform to its Orders. But theſe, You know, he neither claims nor covets. If He proceeds, as He propoſes, they will ſay He is a *Separatiſt*, or call Him a *Fanatic*. This they do *now*: and this, I imagine, is all they *can* do, in caſe He puts his Deſign in Practice.

Perhaps, your Ladyſhip is ready to ſay, A pretty long Epiſtle this, from a Sick Man. If Sickneſs makes him ſo long-winded, I ſhall wiſh, for my own, as well as for his Eaſe, that He may ſoon recover, and not quickly relapſe.—And I ſhall not ceaſe to wiſh, that the Voice of Joy and Health may be in your Dwellings below;

below; till you enter into the Joy and Honour of your Lord, in the Manſions above. And though I, for my Part, have no Hope of the former; may ſome Share of the Latter fall to the Lot of, Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged

and obedient Servant.

LETTER XCVI.

On her lending Theron and Aſpaſio.—On Mr. T——'s Character of him.

MADAM,

ASCRIBE it not to Inſenſibility; aſcribe it not to Indolence; aſcribe it rather to a deep Engagement in Buſineſs, that I have not made my Acknowledgments for the Honour of your laſt Letter, by an earlier Poſt. I was ſo engaged, that I did but juſt accompliſh my Purpoſe, notwithſtanding I took Leave to rely on your Ladyſhip's Indulgence, and poſtpone the Payment of my Debt of Gratitude.

So you lend *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*, Madam! You are not aſhamed of ſuch old-faſhioned Gentry! Nay, by ſending them abroad, You make them itinerant Preachers; and what is more, You countenance their Meſſage, and avow their Doctrine. May the God of all Grace likewiſe vouchſafe to countenance their Meſſage, and accompany it with his divine Spirit! Then it will be no Diſgrace to your Ladyſhip, at leaſt in another Scene of Things, to have honoured them with your Name; neither will it be any Grief of Heart, at leaſt in a dying Hour, to have ſeconded and furthered their Deſign.

Will

Will You promiſe, Madam, not to ſuſpect me of Flattery? And will You aſcribe all the Glory to our gracious God? if I venture to ſay that Lady *F—s S—y* is a better Caſuiſt, has juſter Notions of Divinity, than his Lordſhip of ——. I dare not write the Word at length. I hardly dare ſpecify the initial and final Letters. I durſt not mention them. But indeed, with regard to the Purport of Page 70. Vol. II. I muſt appeal from the *Lawn* to the *Brocade*. And I know you will not be offended, if I take Leave to refer You to a fine Prayer, ſuitable to the Occaſion, and infinitely important; *Phil.* i. 9, 10, 11.

I am pleaſed, exceedingly pleaſed, at your very humane and candid Manner of aſcribing this Inaccuracy of Judgment, to Haſte, to Hurry, to any Thing, rather than deliberate Thought. Well, Madam; if no Body learns any Thing valuable from my Books, I will endeavour to learn *Candour* from your Remark occaſioned by them.

Pray, let me know, what that Term of Honour is, by which the General is pleaſed to diſtinguiſh our worthy Soldier. I ſhall be eager to know, whether the Report is true, which You heard concerning the General's ſudden Death. Such alarming Providences cry, "Be Ye alſo ready!" O! that we may look unto Jeſus; confiding in his Blood, and conforming to his Image! Then let the laſt Enemy come. We have nothing to fear. "There is no Condemnation to them that are in Jeſus Chriſt."

I am ſurprized at the Character, which Mr. *T*—— gave of *J*—— *H*——. I thought, I had been looked upon, by my Brethren the Clergy, in a very contemptible Light. I would be humbly thankful to God, if He keeps me from diſhonouring my ſacred Profeſſion. But O! what a Happineſs is it, and what a high Diſtinction, to be enabled to "adorn the Goſpel of God our Saviour." May this be the Privilege of your Ladyſhip's

Life and Converſation; then You will have no Cauſe to regret the Want of a ducal Coronet.—I am an utter Stranger to Mr. *T*——. Never ſpoke to Him, nor ſo much as perſonally know Him. I can therefore no otherwiſe contribute to the Accompliſhment of your Deſire, than by adding my Prayers to your Wiſhes—that He, and all the Clergy may *preach* and *teach* Jeſus Chriſt; may *ſpend* and *be ſpent* in the ſacred Service; may have their Labours attended with a general Welcome, and with abundant Succeſs. And if I pray for Others, You Madam can never be forgotten by

Your moſt obedient

and moſt obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XCVII.

On building a new Houſe.

MADAM,

YOU Once gave me Reaſon to hope, that I ſhould receive from your Pen, the Hiſtory of poor *R*——. May I take Leave to remind your Ladyſhip of what, I believe, has ſlipt from *your*, though not from *my* Memory.

I have been much encumbered with Buſineſs of a Nature which I do not like. Neceſſitated I am to build a new Houſe, even though myſelf am tottering over the Grave; that "Houſe appointed for all Living." May your Ladyſhip's Thoughts be on "the Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens." Thither our bleſſed Redeemer is gone; there He "is entered as our Forerunner;" and has taken Poſſeſſion of thoſe bliſsful Manſions in our Name. And is not this a moſt

engaging

engaging Motive to remember them; to have our Converſation in them; and to walk as becomes the Heirs of Glory?

Have I not often tired your Patience by the monſtrous Length of my Letters? My Thoughts ſhall now ſtand in *a white Sheet*, by Way of Penance for the Treſpaſſes committed by, Madam,

Your frequently offending,

but not quite incorrigible,

humble Servant.

LETTER XCVIII.

On the Danger of the World.—On Impatience of Temper.

MADAM,

IT grieves me, that I have not anſwered your laſt Letter with more Speed. Becauſe your laſt Letter ſeemed to breathe an Air of Tenderneſs and Anxiety, which gave me a ſympathizing Pain. The Cauſe of my Delay was a Diſorder in my Health; which brought me under the Surgeon's Lancet, and the Phyſician's Diſcipline. My poor enfeebled Conſtitution is not yet recovered. Though, I bleſs the Divine Providence, I was enabled to give my People the uſual Lecture laſt Night.

Indeed, my Lady, I pity your Situation. I know the Enmity which the World bears to all that is ſerious and ſacred. But "this is the Victory, which overcometh the World, even our Faith." Faith—of what? Of thoſe two Privileges, which made a Part of our public Diſcourſe; on the laſt Lord's Day; "Chriſt died for our Sins." 1 *Cor.* xv. 3. "This is the Record, that

God hath given to Us eternal Life." 1 *John* v. 11. The Believer, comforting Himself in this Word of the Lord, says; Though I am a Mark to be shot at by the Arrows of the Tongue, yet, blessed be God, my Sins are done away; the Lord hath laid on Christ all my Iniquities; and "there is no Condemnation" for me. Though the Enemies of Religion would embitter, by their envenomed Reflections, my Portion on Earth; yet, Thanks to redeeming Grace, I have "an Inheritance" in Heaven, that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and never fades."—May my honoured Lady drink deep of these spiritual Consolations! and be refreshed in her Christian Warfare!

Why does your Ladyship mention some little Impatience in your Temper? Why acknowlege a Weakness and Imperfection? This might lessen You in the Esteem of Others; but it makes me admire and love your Sincerity. Yet I am afraid to trust myself with such Secrets; and shall immediately commit the Letter, as, in Obedience to your positive Orders, I have committed all your other epistolary Favours, to the Flames. Ah, Madam! Who is there, that does not more or less experience, what You complain of? But what is our Remedy? Shall we pore upon our Blemishes, and fasten our Eyes upon our Wounds? This will encrease our Anguish. Let us rather turn our View to Him, who was typefied by the brazen Serpent. "By his Stripes we are healed." Let Us look to Jesus Christ, the blessed Son of God, delivered to Death for these our Faults, and for all our Sins. Consider—not what I have done? What I have deserved? But what Christ hath done; what Christ hath deserved. Here the glorious Gospel answers; "Christ hath done all Things well," and this is the Ground of thy Justification. Christ has deserved eternal Life; and this, not for Himself, but for Thee.—He that diverts his Attention from

this divinely excellent Object, must unavoidably fall into Distress and Perplexity.—I think, if I remember right, You have no *Motto* to your Coat of Arms. Will your Ladyship give me Leave to recommend one? Yet, not to be engraven on your Seal, but on your Heart.—However, I shall not offer to suggest it, till I have your Permission. As soon as I know, that You indulge me in this Liberty, I will transmit the Sentence, together with the Reasons for my Choice.—I am now going to write to Dr. *Hales*, to desire his Interest with the Princess of Wales in Behalf of a worthy religious Man, a Trooper in General *Ligonier*'s Regiment; who has served his Majesty 16 Years, and having a Wife and Family, would now be glad to be dismissed, and to enjoy some of the Bounty Money which is frequently allowed to disbanded Soldiers. Do, Madam, second my Application to the Doctor.

Your most, &c. &c.

LETTER XCIX.

On the Righteous rejoicing at the Day of Judgment.

Weston, Jan. 8, 1757.

MADAM,

YOU are pleased to ask; "How I dare write to You as a Casuist?"—To which Expostulation I reply; That You must thank Yourself if I have been so daring. Why have You been so obliging on all Occasions, as to make me lay aside even my natural Timidity? Why have You been so "Condescending to One of low Estate," as to make me almost forget, that the Writer is a poor Rustic, and his Correspondent

a Lady of Quality?—You ſee, Madam, I mend one Fault, by committing another; I have the additional Impudence, to charge my audacious Language upon your own diſtinguiſhed Goodneſs.

Let me beg Leave, *very ſeriouſly* to aſſure your Ladyſhip; that, if I had the Honour of waiting on You in Perſon, I ſhould more frequently aſk your Opinion, concerning Texts of Scripture. Becauſe this Book is your Study and your Delight. Becauſe theſe Inquiries would lead You to conſider important Paſſages with more Attention; and ſuch a Practice would tend to aſſiſt me in underſtanding them, and to direct me in explaining them.—From your Anſwer, I have learned my own Blunder. Your Anſwer as far as it goes, is perfectly right. But I was defective in ſtating the Caſe. I did not make my right honourable Expoſitor ſenſible of the Difficulty, which lay before me. This was the puzzling Point; How the Pſalmiſt could repreſent it, as Matter of *Joy*, that the Lord God omnipotent was coming to *judge* the Earth? Is not this the moſt ſtartling and tremendous Proſpect imaginable?—Should it be replied; No. The Righteous are exhorted to be "looking for and haſting to the Coming of the Day of God." To them it will be a Day of glorious Recompence: to them, therefore, it may well be the Object of joyful Expectation.—True. But the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks of *the Earth*. He means not the few Righteous, that were to be found in it; but the Inhabitants of the Earth in general. Who were in no Condition to rejoice at the coming of an infinitely holy Judge, who was to try the very Secrets of their Hearts.

I ſee no poſſible Way of removing this Objection, but by giving a ſingular or peculiar Interpretation to the Word, *Judge*. Let it denote what the *Judges* of old, thoſe illuſtrious Conquerors and Deliverers, did for the afflicted Iſraelites. The ſame, only in a ſpiritual

Capacity,

Capacity, will the Lord Redeemer do for a ruined World. Then the Paſſage will convey the following, truly delightful Senſe—" Let the Heavens rejoice, and let the Earth be glad: let the Sea make a Noiſe, and all that therein is: for He cometh," not to ſummon the guilty Nations to his Tribunal, but to deliver them from the Guilt of Sin, and from the Damnation of Hell. " He cometh" (tranſporting News! ineffable Grace!) to give Himſelf for their Ranſom; and, by this immenſely grand Atonement, to redeem them from all Iniquity; from its deſtructive Conſequences, and from its domineering Power.

I hope, poor *R*—— will have Reaſon to bleſs God for your Ladyſhip. Then I ſhall not regret, that I was inſtrumental in introducing Him to your Notice.—I am obliged to you, Madam, for lending *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*. It is like putting the Mite into Exchange. O! may our bleſſed and heavenly Maſter, at his Coming, receive his own with Uſury!—You need not doubt, but my beſt Prayers attend Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY. And She has no Reaſon to doubt, She has abundant Cauſe to be aſſured, that He who ſits at God's right Hand, maketh Interceſſion for Her. If You pleaſe to command me, I will endeavour to prove this from Scripture, and make it as plain, as if She was mentioned by Name.—Permit me the Pleaſure of wiſhing You, Madam, many happy new Years; and the Honour of profeſſing myſelf

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged

and obedient Servant.

LETTER C.

On various Subjects.

Weſton, Jan. 19, 1757.

MADAM,

IT was not without ſome uneaſy Reflections, that I neglected, by the laſt Poſt, to acknowlege the Favour of your Letter. But I then was, and ſtill am very buſy, in tranſcribing a little Piece, which may poſſibly ſee the Light. If ever it ſhould come to your Hands, You will hardly believe your own Eyes. I believe, I muſt not offer to make a Preſent of it to your Ladyſhip, or to any Perſon; there will be ſo little in it, that tends to Edification. I ſometimes am ready to blame myſelf for intermeddling; but I had a ſtrange, almoſt irreſiſtible Inclination. May He, "in whom are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowlege," fulfil his Promiſe; and guide the Blind, in the Way which they know not.

Thanks, many Thanks to your Ladyſhip, for your very genteel Reprimand of the *Doctor*. I hope, it did Him Good, when He received it; I aſſure You, it gave me no ſmall Pleaſure to read it.

I hope, God will make Lord *D——th* "ſtedfaſt and immoveable;" enable Him "always to encreaſe in Faith, and always to abound in the Works of the Lord." —May Succeſs attend your generous Endeavours to ſerve that worthy Man, *R——*. And may unerring Wiſdom direct your Heart, and guide your Hand, in the other Affair You mention. I am, I may ſay, a perfect Stranger to Mr. ——. I ſaw Him, indeed, once or twice in *London*, but have heard nothing of Him ſince that Time; and ſhould not know Him, if I were

to

to meet Him. He ſeemed, if I remember right, to be under Diſtreſs of Mind, and not to have a clear View of the rich Grace of the Goſpel. May I take the Liberty to aſk, What the Sin is, with which Mr. —— is charged? I will then tell your Ladyſhip, what I have frequently thought to be the meaning of the Paſſage You quote; *There is a Sin unto Death, I do not ſay, that He ſhall pray for it.*—Never aſk me, good Madam, whether You ſhall give away *Theron* and *Aſpaſio*. I ſhall be ſure to anſwer, like the two Daughters of the Horſeleech, *Prov.* xxx. 15. Or, as the wiſe Man, "In the Morning ſow thy Seed, and in the Evening with-hold not thine Hand. For thou knoweſt not, which may proſper, this or that."—I very rarely ſee Mr. *R*——. He has ſo much Buſineſs upon his Hands, and his Neighbour ſo ſeldom ſtirs abroad.—I wiſh, the unhappy Youth in *Newgate* may prove a ſecond *Oneſimus*. That He may ſee the Goodneſs of God, in giving Him your Ladyſhip's favourable Regard; but ſee it ten thouſand Times more, in giving his own Son to make Reconciliation for the Sins of the People. May this tranſcendent Goodneſs be revealed more and more in all our Hearts! fill Us with Joy; animate Us to Obedience; and ſweetly lead us to evangelical Repentance! Permit me to be, amidſt the Sincerity of ſuch Wiſhes,

Madam,

Your ever obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER CI.

On the Conduct towards those who cause Offence.

Weston, Jan. 27, 1757.

MADAM,

INDEED, Madam, I know not what to say, in relation to your Command, of giving my Opinion a second Time. The Case, which your Ladyship has represented, is enough to make one shudder. Lord, what is Man, if forsaken by thy Spirit! O, do Thou "never leave Us, nor forsake Us;" but deliver Us from every evil Work, and preserve Us to thy heavenly Kingdom!

The Apostle, who was not inferior to the present Christians in Tenderness and Benevolence, says, "If any One who is called a Brother," who has made a public and distinguishing Profession of Christianity, be a *&c.* "with such a One neither converse, nor so much as eat." Have no Intercourse with Him; renounce his Acquaintance. That he may be brought to a Sense of his Guilt, and return to God by Faith in Jesus Christ. —If your Ladyship pleases to take any Notice of his Letter, I think it would not be amiss to hint at the horrid Story; and ask him, whether he has ever read such a Text, as 1 Cor. v. 11. Then I hope, the Wisdom of God will direct your Proceedings, and the Mercy of God will heal his Backslidings.

Do you know, Madam, whether Mr. —— was in Connection with ———, when this dark Transaction came abroad! Does He still associate with them, and is He still acknowledged by them? It puts me in Mind of that very important and very delightful Portion of Scripture, *Tit.* ii. 11, 12, 13, 14. Which shews Us the evangelical, and the only effectual Method, of be-

coming pure in Heart, and of being freed from the Dominion of Sin. May this Grace be more and more revealed in your Ladyſhip's Mind; appearing in all its celeſtial Richneſs, and appearing as your own Inheritance!

The Book You mention, was intended to be no more than a Pamphlet; and I begin to think, it will prove to be a mere nothing. There is in it but little of the Serious, and too much of the Humourous. Which ſeems not very conſiſtent with my Office, and not likely to bring Glory to my divine Maſter. I believe, therefore, it will, like the Snows which covered our Houſes while I was writing, ſink, diſappear, and be as though it had never been.

When You have an Opportunity of procuring Franks, be pleaſed, Madam, to remember, and then I am ſure You need not be ſollicited to oblige

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obedient humble Servant.

LETTER CII.

On the Freedom of divine Mercy.

Weſton, Feb. 19, 1757.

MADAM,

FOR Forty Franks, how many Acknowlegements do I owe! Which are more peculiarly welcome, as I read in them an Expreſſion of your Ladyſhip's friendly Regard, and as they came, not after a long Delay, or upon repeated Sollicitation, but upon the very firſt Intimation of my Wants. This is obliging indeed! This is acting like Yourſelf; with a Beneficence as ſuperior and diſtinguiſhed as your Quality.

Do

Do I ſay this by Way of Compliment or to flatter my honourable Lady? Far from it. I mention it, in order to aſſiſt Us in taking a clearer View, or rather a better Glimpſe of the divine Benignity. Do You ſcorn, Madam, to do ungenerous or little Things? Do You beſtow your Favours, with that genteel and noble Air, which becomes your exalted Station? How much more certainly will our God act conformably to his immenſely glorious and amiable Perfections? Eſpecially as his great Decree is, To do all for the Diſplay and Honour of his Grace. How rich then muſt his Gifts be, infinitely beyond all Patterns or Models; infinitely beyond all Words or Thoughts!

When He gives Chriſt, a Portion more precious than all Worlds, to poor Sinners freely—When He gives eternal Life and heavenly Happineſs to poor Sinners freely—When He gives his moſt bleſſed Spirit and all ſpiritual Bleſſings, to poor Sinners freely—Then He acts in Conformity to his ſublimely great and gracious Attributes. Theſe Mercies then let us chearfully and confidently expect. Not becauſe We are, or ſhall be, *worthy*; but becauſe God is inconceivably Good. Becauſe his Juſtice being glorified in Chriſt Jeſus, there is no End of his Compaſſion, there is no Meaſure of his Liberality.

Pleaſing Subject! May your Ladyſhip's Thoughts purſue it, with much Delight and to great Advantage! —I am called away to attend on other Buſineſs. But let me firſt beg the Favour of receiving, what You partly promiſed, the Account of poor *R*——; of his Misfortunes; and, I hope, You will be able to add, of his ſingular Relief by Means of your Ladyſhip's Intereſt. —May I alſo aſk to know, how you thought proper to proceed, in the Affair relating to Mr. ——? The Packet directed to Mr. *R*——, ſhall be ſent To-morrow. Laſt Week, He was ſo kind as to give me

his

his Company at *Weſton*. When we talked of our common Benefactreſs, and wiſhed her "everlaſting Conſolation and good Hope through Grace." In which Wiſh, though Multitudes concur, yet None more cordially or more ardently than,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged

and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER CIII.

On States of Coldneſs.—Marſhall's Myſtery of Sanctification recommended.

March 5, 1757.

MADAM,

I DESIRE to bleſs God, if any Sentence from this Pen has been ſo happy, as to give You the leaſt Pleaſure, Comfort, or Advantage. Were my Abilities equal to my Wiſhes, or proportioned to my Obligations, the *little* ſhould ſoon become *great*.—It is owing to the Influence of God's bleſſed Spirit, if any Thing that We ſpeak or write, is rendered efficacious. And this good Spirit, I truſt, He will pour upon your Ladyſhip more and more copiouſly. Becauſe, it is ſaid by our Divine Maſter; "I came, that they might have Life, and that they might have more abundantly." Becauſe, it is elſewhere declared by Him; "I will pray the Father, and He ſhall give You another Comforter, that He may abide with You for ever."—See, Madam, on what a ſtrong Foundation our Hopes are built! To procure for Us a Title to theſe Bleſſings, and aſcertain to Us the Enjoyment of theſe Bleſſings, was the great End of our

our Lord's Coming in the Fleſh, is the grand Import of his Interceſſion in Heaven.

We ſhall often feel our Devotion (as You very properly expreſs it) *benumbed*; and though not really, yet ſeemingly dead. That is the Time, in which Faith ſhould exert itſelf. Then We ſhould ſay with the Prophet; *Behold, God is my Salvation; I will truſt and not be afraid.* The Blood of my incarnate God makes me whiter than Snow; in his Obedience I am completely righteous; and through his Interceſſion I am eternally ſafe. Thus ſhould Faith be as an Ever-Green, while all our other Graces are like the Boughs of yonder Elm, in its preſent leafleſs and forlorn Condition. This is the Way to have our Deadneſs enlivened, and to make our ſpiritual Numbneſs glow. It is by Means of this precious Faith, that *the Wilderneſs buds and bloſſoms as a Roſe.*

Poor Mr. ——— ! I pity his Circumſtances. They are certainly very miſerable. And abundantly more ſo, becauſe the Miſery is but too deſerved. To labour under ſuch Infamy, and have no Conſolation in Chriſt! To be a Burthen to Himſelf, and a Reproach to his Religion! How cutting, how afflictive!—What does He do for a Livelihood! I wonder, how his Wife and Children ſubſiſt.—I think, it would not be proper for your Ladyſhip, to allow Him the Honour of waiting upon You. Yet if I might have Leave to ſpeak, I ſhould be very apt to plead a little in his Behalf. Not becauſe he is *worthy*, but becauſe He is (as We all were, when Chriſt became our Salvation) *wretched, helpleſs, ruined. O Iſrael*, ſays the compaſſionate Redeemer, *thou haſt deſtroyed Thyſelf, but* IN ME *is thy Help found.*

Has your Ladyſhip ſeen a Book, entitled *The Goſpel Myſtery of Sanctification*, written by Mr. *Marſhall*; now re-publiſhed, with a recommendatory Letter by Mr. *Hervey*?

Hervey? It is a Book, which has been and is ſingularly comforting, edifying, beneficial to my own Heart; and from an earneſt Deſire, that it might be made equally or more eminently ſo to your's, I would venture to recommend it to your Ladyſhip. The Reading of this Book, I have ſometimes thought, is like the Eating of Olives. Which, on the firſt Trial, are generally inſipid, if not diſguſtful. But upon a repeated Uſe, they become palatable, pleaſing, and delicious.—I return Mr. ———'s Letter, I ſhall hope for Mr. R———'s Hiſtory, and beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Madam, Your moſt obedient,

and very humble Servant.

LETTER CIV.

On the Spring.—On Faith.

Weſton, April 2, 1757.

MADAM,

IT is long ſince I had the Pleaſure of writing to You; longer ſtill, ſince I had the Honour of hearing from You. My Loſs, I hope, does not proceed from your Illneſs, or any afflictive Indiſpoſition. Engagements, I preſume, of the genteel or beneficent Kind, whereby You oblige the Polite, or ſuccour the Diſtreſſed, have made a Demand upon your Time larger than ordinary.

I wiſh your Ladyſhip a confirmed State of Health, to enjoy the Delights of this opening Seaſon. Now the Year is putting on her beautiful Attire. God is ſending forth his Spirit in order to renew the Face of the Earth. It is extremely pleaſing to obſerve, how the Hedges begin to bud. The Buds, every Day, ſwell

ſwell more and more upon the Sight. The univerſal Green is continually enlarging in its Extent, or brightening its Aſpect.——Thus may your Ladyſhip's Faith in Chriſt grow and encreaſe. That precious Faith, which brings Honour to his holy Name, and Comfort to the Sinner's Soul. Which regards and treats Him according to his infinite Glory, and infinite Grace; as the true God; as the great God; as God over all, bleſſed for evermore.

This noble Faith acknowledges and uſes Him, as an All-ſufficient Saviour from the *Guilt*, and an Almighty Saviour from the *Power* of Sin. It firmly truſts, that the Death of Jeſus has *finiſhed Tranſgreſſion*, and *made Reconciliation for Iniquity*; that the Spirit of Chriſt will ſubdue Corruption, *renew Us after the Image of God*, and animate Us to all the Duties of Religion.—This is Faith: the *Faith of the Operation of God*; whoſe *Fruit is Holineſs, and the End everlaſting Life.* Can I then wiſh my honoured Friend a greater Bleſſing, than that this Faith may be operative and progreſſive in her Heart, as the Bloom and Verdure will ſoon be diffuſive over all the Face of Nature?

Could I think of a more exalted or more comprehenſive Bleſſing, this ſhould not be the habitual Wiſh of, Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt obliged Servant.

LET-

LETTER CV.

On Chriſtian Converſation.

May 31, 1757.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to wiſh You many edifying and delightful Interviews with Lord D———th and his Lady. Of ſuch Interviews, I think, We may uſe the Words, which I have juſt been ſpeaking upon to my Family; *It is good for Us to be Here.* Oftentimes, while We are talking, Grace is adminiſtered, and the Fire kindles. We have brighter Views of Chriſt, and firmer Faith in his infinitely rich Atonement. So may *the Hearts* of my honourable Friend and her noble Acquaintance *burn within them,* whenever they confer about *the Lamb that was ſlain,* and the ineſtimable Fruits of his Blood.

This, I hope, will find your Ladyſhip ſafely returned from your late Excurſion. Not without Gratitude to that eternal Providence, which is about our Path, and keeps Us in all our Ways. Which hath ſaid of his People; *Leſt any hurt them, I will keep them Night and Day.*

Your Opinion, concerning my Intention to publiſh two or three Sermons, I acknowledge as a real Favour. And I think, your Ladyſhip has ſome Reaſon to grant me ſuch Favours, becauſe You are ſenſible, they are not beſtowed in vain. Witneſs the Deſign, relating to a Diſcourſe, lately publiſhed by our Biſhop elect.

I began to officiate for myſelf on Sunday; but was much diſordered by the Buſineſs. Yeſterday under Apprehenſions of a Relapſe. Still it is uncertain, whether the Die will turn up Sickneſs or Health. It puts

me in Mind of that emphatical Expreſſion, and that deſirable Change, *Mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up of Life.*

With the utmoſt Eſteem, and ſincereſt Gratitude, I beg Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,

humble Servant.

LETTER CVI.

On the Excellency of Chriſt.—Jenks recommended.

MADAM,

IT is indeed a delightful Sight, to ſee a Perſon of Lord D———th's Dignity and Politeneſs, cloſing his Letter with the Name of Jeſus Chriſt. May We all know more and more of that Juſt One! Then it will appear meet and right; not a pious Extravagance, but a moſt rational Determination, *to count all Things but Loſs for the Excellency of Chriſt Jeſus our Lord.* He is higher than the Heavens, and more illuſtrious than the Angels; He is the very *Brightneſs of his Father's Glory*, and in *Him dwells all the Fulneſs of the Godhead. To whom then*, may He juſtly ſay, *will ye liken me? Or what Likeneſs will ye compare unto me?* Gold, ſure, muſt be ſordid Duſt, compared with his *unſearchable Riches*; and human Righteouſneſs no better than *filthy Rags*, ſet in Competition with his moſt perfect Obedience and meritorious Sufferings.

I think, I ſhall never have Reaſon to be aſhamed of recommending Mr. *Jenks*. He is one of thoſe Authors, who, though not ſo captivating on the firſt Glance, will be

be more pleaſing and profitable, the more We converſe, and the better We are acquainted with them.

Your Obſervation, I acknowledge, is very juſt, with regard to the Writings of Mr. *Adam* and Mr. *Hervey*. Mine are not fit for ordinary People; I never give them to ſuch Perſons; and diſſuade this Claſs of Men from procuring them. O! that, accompanied by God's bleſſed Spirit, they may be of ſome Service to the more refined Part of the World! May teſtify of his Grace, and exalt the divine Saviour; which, I am perſuaded, is the moſt effectual Way to introduce Newneſs of Heart, and promote Holineſs of Life.

To pray for your Ladyſhip I can never forget, ſo long as there remains a Spark of Gratitude in my Heart. And I beſeech You to remember—ever remember—that You have a better Advocate, than ten thouſand of the greateſt Saints on Earth. *He ever lives to make Interceſſion for You*, who is ſet down on the right Hand of the Majeſty on high, and ſees all Things put under his Feet. Bleſſed be his holy Name! He was our Sacrifice on the Croſs; He is our Advocate in Heaven; and He will be our Portion to Eternity.—Permit me, Madam, to profeſs myſelf,

Your moſt obliged,

and obedient Servant.

LETTER CVII.

On preſenting a Publication.

Weſton, Aug. 27, 1757.

INDEED, Madam, I did think it long, very long, ſince I had the Pleaſure of hearing from You; and was determined, this Morning, to have enquired after your Ladyſhip's Health. Bleſſed be God, that your Silence was not owing to Sickneſs; that neither Pain nor Indiſpoſition laid the Embargo upon your Pen.

Be pleaſed to accept my beſt Thanks for your unwearied Generoſity to poor *R*———. Indeed, I believe, He will anſwer the Character, which your Candour has given Him; and I hope your charitable Endeavours to ſerve him will not be in vain. To Yourſelf, I am ſure, they will not. Becauſe, He has ſaid, who is Truth and Goodneſs; *A Cup of cold Water, given to a poor Creature, becauſe He belongs to Me, ſhall in no wiſe loſe its Reward.* May the Love of that moſt beneficent Redeemer, be ever warm in your Ladyſhip's Heart; and ever prompt your Hand, your Tongue, your Pen, to every good Word and Work!

You ſet me a hard Taſk, Madam, when You command me to ſay, What ſhould be done in the Caſe of unhappy ———. Permit me to declare, that I cannot anſwer this Queſtion to my own Satisfaction. How then can I think of giving an Anſwer ſatisfactory to your Ladyſhip?

Shall I beg of your Ladyſhip to accept a little Eſſay, that is going to make its Appearance in the Form of Sermons? They will be ſent, by the Bookſeller, to Lady *A*—— *F*——'s, directed for Yourſelf. May I alſo requeſt the Favour of your Prayers in their Behalf?

half? That the God of Almighty Power would vouchſafe to accompany them with his Bleſſing; bid them ſound an Alarm to the Careleſs, and adminiſter Conſolation to the Awakened; bid them teſtify of his infinitely free Grace, and glorify his moſt beloved Son. *Whom* to know, is *Wiſdom*: whom to receive, is *Happineſs*.

What will the Biſhop of *Peterborough* think? Will He ſuſpect *Himſelf* to be meant in the Preface? Read it, I preſume He will. Curioſity will prompt Him to ſee, what proceeds from a Clergyman of his own *Dioceſe*. O! that it may not exaſperate, but *admoniſh* Him. I was once, in the Days of my Self-Righteouſneſs, admoniſhed by a Perſon, as much my Inferior, in Point of Education and Literature, as the Author of thoſe Sermons is inferior, in every Thing, to my Lord of *Peterborough*.—Upon ſecond Thoughts, I fancy, all ſuch Hints or Remonſtrances will be reckoned utterly beneath the Notice of our great People. They will ſcorn to beſtow a Thought upon them. How then ſhould We admire the Condeſcenſion of the exalted Jehovah, who does *not deſpiſe the Day of ſmall Things!* Does not diſdain to ſmile even upon ſuch low and feeble Attempts to magnify his Name, and edify his People!

Will your Ladyſhip excuſe my not ſending a Frank? And will You, for *your own Sake*, as well as for mine, remember, as You have often done, your impoveriſhed, but

moſt obedient,

humble Servant.

LETTER CVIII.

On her Preſent of Sweet-Meats.—On burning her Letter.

Weſton, Sept. 9, 1757.

MADAM,

YESTERDAY I received your very kind, and very valuable Preſent. Hardly knowing how to expreſs my Gratitude, or return my Thanks, for your ready Attention to all my Requeſts, and generous Supply of all my Wants. May the Lord, *who is rich in Mercy*, enable You to know Him, and imitate Him in this lovely Attribute ever more and more!

For the Sweet-Meats permit me to wiſh, That the holy Word of God, revealing Chriſt, and free Juſtification through his Righteouſneſs, may be *ſweeter* to your Ladyſhip's Taſte, *than Honey and the Honey-Comb.* —As to the Franks, I humbly beg of God, that I may uſe them to his Glory, and make them a Means of ſpreading abroad the Savour of Chriſt Jeſus's Name.

I think, my Bookſeller acted injudiciouſly, in cloathing the Sermons with Black. It has too ſolemn and melancholy an Aſpect. I would have my Diſcourſes on a *Faſt-Day* dreſſed, as our divine Maſter directs Us to dreſs Ourſelves. *Thou, when Thou faſteſt, anoint thy Head, and waſh thy Face.*

If You do any of my Sermons the Honour, of putting them into the Hand of Sir *William S——e*, I moſt heartily beſeech the Omnipotent God to accompany them with a Bleſſing. That they may not be *as Clouds without Water*, but may *drop as the Rain, and diſtil as the Dew.*

Strange indeed was the Controverſy between your Ladyſhip and your generous Neighbour. I hope, You was vanquiſhed, and He carried his Point. If ſuch was the

the Spirit, and ſuch the Nature of our Controverſies, I ſhould be glad to ſee them become general, and ſhould wiſh to have all the World ſet together by the Ears. Then, our Lord's memorable Words would expreſs the *intended*, as they now expreſs the *eventual*, Effect of his Coming; *Think Ye, that I came to ſend Peace on Earth, I tell You, nay; but rather Diviſion.*

Whenever You enjoin me to ſpeak, or to be ſilent, I truſt, You will find me all Conformity and Duty. One Inſtance, and no inconſiderable one, of my Punctuality in this Reſpect, I can give. Which is, that of all the Letters, with which your Ladyſhip has been pleaſed to honour me, I have one, *only one* remaining. And on that, the Place, the Initials of your Name, every tell-tale Peculiarity, are expunged. This will declare, more expreſſively than my Pen, how ſincerely and thoroughly I am,

Your Ladyſhip's obedient,

and dutiful Servant.

LETTER CIX.

On Joy in believing.

Weſton, Oct. 8, 1757.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to beg Pardon; and what is more, permit me to promiſe myſelf Pardon; though I have too long deferred to acknowledge your laſt Letter; the Honour it did me, and the Pleaſure it gave me. Thurſday laſt was, with Us, ſo very dirty below, and very rainy above, that I could hardly prevail with myſelf to ſend my Servant to the Poſt-Office.

But if my beſt Wiſhes and Prayers might prevail, this will find your Ladyſhip perfectly recovered from your late Indiſpoſition; and *filled with all Joy and Peace in believing*.—It is obſervable, the Apoſtle ſays, *all* Joy, *all* Peace, is to be derived, not from practiſing, but *believing*; not from any Thing in Ourſelves, but from the Fullneſs that is in Chriſt.—From believing, that our Sins are laid upon the bleſſed Jeſus; and removed from Us, *as far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt*. That Chriſt, the Lord of Glory, is *made unto Us Righteouſneſs:* his Integrity and Obedience, his Duties and Graces, his moſt perfect Deeds and Sufferings, being *imputed* to Us. Inſomuch that We ſtand before God, are regarded and ſhall be treated of God, as if We Ourſelves had actually performed and exerciſed all this conſummate Holineſs. Juſt as the late Elizabeth, when united by the matrimonial Band, to the Emperor of the Muſcovites, was no longer regarded as the Woman of low Birth, but as the Conſort of the greateſt Monarch on Earth.

I bleſs God for the ſignal Mercy, if He is pleaſed to give my Sermons any Favour and Acceptance. I humbly beſeech Him, to make them as a pointed Arrow, that they may enter; as a barbed Arrow, that they may abide.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt obliged

humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER CX.

On the Excellency of Chriſt.

Weſton, Nov. 2, 1757.

MADAM,

I AM truly ſenſible of the Honour You do me, in admitting me to ſuch a Degree of your Confidence, and communicating your Thoughts with ſo little Reſerve. I hope, your Ladyſhip will never have Reaſon to complain, that I make an undue Uſe of ſuch Condeſcenſion; either by making the Purport of your Letters the Subject of inconſiderate Tattle, or by forgetting the Dignity and Superiority of your Station.

I truſt, my dear Friend's Sermon will be to your Ladyſhip's Soul, *as a Dew from the Lord.* Refreſhing your Heart, and invigorating your Faith, as the Morning Dews revive and quicken the languiſhing Herbs. The Caſe of the impotent Man at Bethesda, is too juſt a Repreſentation of our Faith. Was our Faith ſtronger; did We *ſtedfaſtly* believe in our Incarnate God; *believe,* that every one of our Iniquities are laid on Him; that whatever He did and ſuffered for the Redemption of Sinners, He did and ſuffered for Us—were We *rooted and grounded* in this Belief, how would it cheer our Thoughts, and enliven our Hopes! How would it draw the Thorn from our Conſciences, and pour Balm, the Balm of Heaven, on our Souls!

While Wars diſtreſs many Parts of the World, and Rumours of Wars alarm almoſt all the World, may that be fulfilled to You, Madam, which is ſpoken by the Prophet *Iſaiah*; "My People ſhall dwell in a peaceable Habitation, and in ſure Dwellings, and in quiet Reſting-Places." This Reſting-Place is Chriſt, his precious

precious Blood and everlasting Righteousness. Here I leave You. Here may every Change of Circumstance find You. Then You will be found as safe and happy, as is most unfeignedly wished by

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and obedient Servant.

LETTER CXI.

On various Subjects.

Weston, Dec. 17, 1757.

MADAM,

I BEG Pardon for being silent so long, and not enquiring after your Health. One Cause was, the Loss of my own. Which delivered me over to the Hands of the Physician and Surgeon, to the Discipline of the Draught and the Lancet. Which have, I bless God, relieved me from a violent Cold, attended with a Fever.—I hope, the Divine Providence has preserved your Ladyship from such Afflictions; and I beseech the Divine Majesty to grant, that You may long enjoy that Balm of Nature Health, and eternally enjoy that Balm of Heaven Christ!

Mrs. Lefevre's Letters, I have never seen, and shall most thankfully receive them, as a Present from your Ladyship. Hoping, that as You are pleased to give me the Book, the Lord Jesus will endow You, Madam, with the Spirit it breathes.

I have been extremely hurried for a considerable Time, and all my Family in much Disorder, by removing into a new Abode; in order to have my old

one

one taken down and rebuilt. Nor even yet have We completed the troubleſome Affair.

When Lady *Frances* favours me with the intended Preſent, ſhall I beg of Her to add a few Franks to the Gift? Theſe are particularly ſerviceable to me. Becauſe, ſome of my remote Correſpondents are unable to procure them; and I muſt either furniſh them, or elſe have no Benefit from this Privilege of Parliament. So that I frequently ſend a Letter, with a Frank encloſed. Which cauſes a larger Conſumption than ordinary.

Permit me to ſelect a Promiſe from the Book of *Iſaiah*, as my Wiſh for your Ladyſhip, at the enſuing Solemnity; "The Ranſomed of the Lord ſhall return and come to Sion with Songs, and everlaſting Joy ſhall be upon their Heads." "They ſhall obtain Joy and Gladneſs," from the Righteouſneſs, the Blood, the infinite Merit of their incarnate God, "and Sorrow and Sighing ſhall flee away."—Amidſt the Sincerity and Ardour of ſuch Wiſhes, I beg Leave to profeſs myſelf,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

humble Servant.

LETTER CXII.

On her Kindneſs to him.

Weſton, Jan. 3, 1758.

TEN thouſand Thanks to my honoured Lady, for her very valuable, and very obliging Preſent. The Sweet-Meats were the latter; the Franks and the Book

Book the former. I know not how to expreſs my Gratitude, unleſs it be by wiſhing for your Ladyſhip, what was the Subject of my ſhort Exhortation to my Family laſt Night; *I will give you the ſure Mercies of David.* May this be the magnificent and glorious New-Year's Gift of Jehovah, to them, to my People, and more abundantly to You, Madam.

I have not read, only juſt dipped into, Mrs. Lefevre's Letters. For indeed I have been exceedingly ill, ſince I had the Honour of writing to your Ladyſhip laſt. So ill, that the current Report was, "Mr. Hervey is dead." This is the firſt Letter I have attempted to write, ſince this ſevere Attack.

Be ſo good, Madam, as to return my moſt grateful Acknowledgments to the generous Lord D——th; together with my ardent Wiſhes, that he may *ſhine as a Light in the Midſt of a crooked and perverſe Generation.* Shine before God, in the immaculate and everlaſting Righteouſneſs of Chriſt; ſhine before Men, in all the Beauties of evangelical Holineſs.

When You mention the Houſekeeper's Readineſs to ſerve me, I ſay; *Whence is this to me?* Doubtleſs, becauſe Lady Frances condeſcends to expreſs a Regard for me. And will not Angels and Arch-Angels be much more ready to do Us Service? Will not *the King immortal and inviſible* be much more willing to bleſs Us? Since the divinely excellent Jeſus has owned Us, loved Us, died for Us?

For your late, as well as for many preceding Favours, moſt amiably and politely conferred, I muſt always be,

Madam,

Your greatly obliged

and very obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER CXIII.

On the Mercy of Chriſt a Support in Weakneſs.

Weſton, Jan. 21, 1758.

MADAM,

YOUR very obliging Letter deſerved a more ſpeedy Acknowledgment; but my late Illneſs has brought me ſo very low, and rendered me ſo extremely weak, that my Hand is ſcarce able to execute the Dictates of my Heart. I do not go out of my Room till Dinner-Time; and then it is rather to ſee my Relations eat, than to take Refreſhment myſelf.

Amidſt all the Languors of decaying Nature, this, Madam, is the moſt ſovereign Support.—Free Juſtification through Jeſus Chriſt. A comfortable Perſuaſion, that "He has removed our Sins from Us, as far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt;" that "He has caſt them all into the Depths of the Sea;" and will "preſent Us to Himſelf, not having Spot, or Wrinkle, or any ſuch Thing." May this ineſtimable Bleſſing be your Ladyſhip's Joy in Life, and Conſolation in Death!

Your Advice concerning the great People, I will endeavour to obſerve; and am ſorry for the Report, which gave Occaſion to it.—Will your Ladyſhip excuſe my enfeebled Hand, if it adds nothing more than the deep Reſpect and unfeigned Gratitude of,

Madam,

Your greatly obliged

and very obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER CXIV.

On his Illneſs.—Remarks on the King of Pruſſia.

Weſton, Feb. 5, 1758.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to pay, my Thanks at leaſt for your valuable Preſcription. My Siſter has made the Broth, it is pleaſing to the Stomach, and chearing to the Spirits. But I am ſtill ſurpriſingly weak and languid. O! that I may be "ſtrong in Faith, ſteadfaſt in Hope, and rooted in Charity!" And not I only, but your Ladyſhip alſo.

It is extremely obliging in your Ladyſhip to excuſe my ſhort and dilatory Letters. And more ſo, to favour me with an important Article of News. I rejoice to hear, that the King of Pruſſia is a real Chriſtian. Yet I cannot but wonder, that nothing of the chriſtian Spirit appears in any of his Compoſitions. His late Hymn was written juſt in the Taſte of the ancient Heathens. And in an Ode, which He compoſed on the Subject of Death, I do not remember any Acknowledgment of Chriſt or his Atonement, no, nor ſo much as a Hint at that illuſtrious Conqueror of our laſt Enemy. Whoſe Blood takes away Sin; makes the Soul more free from Guilt, than theſe new-fallen Snows are from Stain; and thereby Death is unſtung. So, and ſo only, it becomes Gain to die.

I hope, your Ladyſhip will ere long honour me with another Line; and, by acquainting me with the Continuance of your Health, give me ſome Conſolation under the Declenſion of mine. Who begs Leave to be,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER CXV.

On his Illneſs.—His Proſpect beyond the Grave.

March 12, 1758.

MADAM,

YOUR Orders are executed. The Letters are burnt. So—ſaid One, who ſat by, and ſaw the Papers periſhing in the Flames—So let our carnal Affections, and corrupt Deſires, periſh under His Influence, who acts as a Refiner's Fire; who "baptizes with the Holy Ghoſt and with Fire;" who will ere long "be revealed in flaming Fire, to take Vengeance on them that obey not his Goſpel."

Your Ladyſhip's kind Enquiries after my Health, demand my beſt Acknowledgments, and a ſpeedy Anſwer. I wiſh, I could anſwer in ſuch a Manner, as might give Pleaſure to your benevolent Heart. But I am not yet able to preach. Have not been at Church ſince *Chriſtmas*. —Why do I enlarge on this Subject? Let me obſerve the Rule enjoined, concerning the Dead and the Abſent; "Either ſay Good of them, or elſe ſay nothing about them."—Well; there is a Time coming, when We ſhall ſerve our gracious God, without Wearineſs and without Intermiſſion, Day and Night, for ever and ever. —On that happy Period may our Eye and our Expectation be fixed. That happy State may We look upon as our own, freely given to Us of God, in Conſideration of his dear Son's inconceivably precious Propitiation. Thus may we be "looking for and haſting to the Coming of the Day of God." This is the powerful Means of enlivening, what your Ladyſhip truly calls our dull, and of elevating our earthly Minds. For "He that hath this Hope, purifieth Himſelf." The

natural Tendency of ſuch Hope, is, to refine the Temper, and exalt the Soul. Somewhat like the continual Influx of pure tranſparent Water from the Spring Head, after the River has been ſwollen, diſcoloured, and defiled by long and heavy Rains.

I ſhould have eſteemed Mr. ——'s Company a Favour. And had He not the perſonal Recommendations of good Senſe and Serioufneſs, his Coming from your Ladyſhip or bringing News of your Health, would have entitled Him to all the Reſpect and Civility I was able to ſhew.

I think, I once ſaw Mr. *How*'s Meditations. But it was juſt ſo as the Man, of whom St. *James* ſpeaks, ſeeth his natural Face in a Glaſs. " He goeth his Way, and ſtraitway forgetteth what Manner of Perſon He is."

Let me tell You, Madam, You committed a little Miſtake, in the laſt Clauſe of your Letter. " Your Brother, You ſay, is as kind to me in *his* Way, as You are in yours." Your Thoughts were in a Hurry. Your Attention was diverted. Otherwiſe You muſt have written, as You always love to write Truth, to this Effect—" He has as much Reaſon to be grateful, as You." And I dare anſwer for it, the Obligation would have been as readily acknowledged by Him, as it is and ever will be, by

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER CXVI.

On her Benevolence.—On the Prince of Wales.

Weſton, May 6, 1758.

MADAM,

PERMIT me to congratulate You, on the frequent Opportunities You enjoy, of doing Good to our poor Fellow-Creatures. On this alſo let me congratulate your Ladyſhip, that You have a Heart to make Uſe of the valuable Occaſions; and, at the ſame Time, an Underſtanding to diſcern their utter Inſufficiency in the great Concern of Juſtification before God.—You know, that Your "Peace is made, not by corruptible Things, Silver or Gold, but by" that which is greater than the Earth; higher than the Heavens; more glorious than the Angels of Light, grander than all the Creation of God; even by the infinitely "precious Blood of Chriſt."

You are entitled to my Thanks, as well as to poor *R*——'s, for every Exertion of your Intereſt in his Behalf. As the Waters, exhaled from the Ocean, return in fruitful Showers all over the Land; ſo, I truſt, theſe Acts of your Beneficence, exerciſed to me and to Others, will return in copious Bleſſings on your Heart, your Life, and all your Ways.

The little Piece inſerted in the *Britiſh Chronicle*, found its Way thither, without my Direction, and without my Knowledge. It was written at the Requeſt of Dr. *S*———, and by *Him* tranſmitted to the Preſs. There is a Paſſage or two, that wants Correction. But, as it is likely to ſink, and riſe no more, Improvement is not very material.

It is reported in the Country, that the *Prince of Wales* is remarkably ſerious; exemplary in his Attendance on

the public Worſhip of God; and not intoxicated with the *Circean* Cup of the Court. May I aſk, whether your Ladyſhip hears ſuch an Account from Dr. *Hales*, and can confirm it by ſuch an authentic Teſtimony?

Your polite Acknowledgments to Dr. *S*——— ſhall be communicated in a Ticket this Day; and your manifold Favours to his Friend will be acknowleged ſo long as he is

JAMES HERVEY.

LETTER CXVII.

Remarks on modern Prophecies.—Reflections on Whit-Sunday.

May 13, 1758.

MADAM,

I AM glad to hear, that Mr. *Whitefield* was honoured with ſuch Company; and that ſuch honourable Company were bleſſed with his Converſation. I am ſure, He did "not keep Silence from good Words." May his Words, which he whiſpers in the Ear in Cloſets, and "proclaims" as with a Trumpet "on the Houſe-Tops, be the Power of God to the Salvation of the Hearers!"

I never ſaw the Predictions, which your Ladyſhip mentions. I am, to all ſuch Intruſions into Futurity and their boaſted Diſcoveries, an incorrigible Sceptic. —The Letters of a tender, ſenſible, religious Wife, written to a Huſband preparing for Execution, muſt, I apprehend, be very affecting. I had rather ſee two ſuch Pieces, than two hundred modern Prophecies.

We are now going to commemorate the Miſſion of the eternal Spirit. Whoſe Office is, to "purify the Heart" and make the Sinner *holy*. This He executes, by "teſtifying

" teſtifying of Chriſt;" by ſhewing Us our Pardon and Juſtification, our Salvation and Happineſs, in that moſt glorious Surety. Thus He comforts the Soul; and thus " eſtabliſhes" it, " in every good Word, and Work," and Temper.—May your Ladyſhip enjoy more and more of his ſacred Influences; and ſee more and more your Completeneſs in Chriſt! This will diſpoſe You to love God, to keep his Commandments, and promote his Glory. Juſt as lively Spirits and a joyous State of Mind, diſpoſe People to be affable in their Converſation and chearful in their Carriage.

Your Ladyſhip will allow me the Honour of profeſſing myſelf

Your moſt obedient
humble Servant.

LETTER CXVIII.

On his Sickneſs.

Weſton-Favell, * *Dec.* 16, 1758.

MADAM,

I HAVE received your Ladyſhip's Favour, and ſhould have anſwered it before now; but I have been extremely ill, and ſtill remain ſo bad, as to be obliged to make Uſe of the Pen of Another, to inform your Ladyſhip, that I am, Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient, humble Servant.

* Mr. HERVEY died on the 25th of this Month.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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